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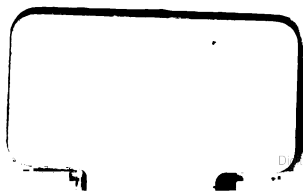
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6.3
ADÉLE;

OR,

THE TOMB OF MY MOTHER.

A Nobel.

—
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
—

BY

PAUL SEBRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF COINCIDENCE, OR THE SOOTHSAYER, &c. &c.

As sits the cunning snake to hear
The early signs and sibilations
Of her young brood; so I, with cheer,
Do mark the certain indications
Of charms, of plots, of conjurations,
Of scenes all sad, of breaking raptures,
Of such a shining brood of chapters;
Of—*Attendez!* *Prosper Lecaché.*

VOL. I.

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1824.

789

PREFACE.



*À Monsieur Monsieur Prosper Lecaché,
Boulevard du Roi, à Versailles.*

DEAR PROSPER,

YOU will be in wonder that my manuscript has lain so long unprinted, and will desire to hear an author's story of an author's griefs. You know that a vivid hope is a polished spur, and that with me an object hoped is one attempted. I prosecuted my work, till, in the full maturity of four volumes, Adèle, her form perfect in sweetness, and her life holy by innocence and misfortune, was completed.

VOL. I.

B

You

You know how ardently I spoke and speculated, and how, to make my story interesting, and tell my travels, by the Loire, the Seine, and the Escaut, I paced with you, very bright in my imaginings, and very positive in my conjectures. I could rage; but, *ira furor brevis est*, my dear Prosper, and it is in vain to rage, when there are none to heed. It is among possible things that I thought my work a very excellent one, and fated to immortality; and who indeed, by looking upon the brow of an infant, shall say he will not be a Fielding or a Sterne, a Cervantes or Lesage. I pray you, my dear Prosper, to say nothing of this my confession, for the very virtue of friendship is to disguise, or nicely palliate, the follies of our friends. But the very aim of this letter is, to tell you how great a chance it is that not one
of

of my visions be realized—not one of my hopes accomplished. It is more than possible that I be not like, that I be not comparable, to either of the four gentlemen mentioned above; but there is no reason on earth why I should not be fully equal to any human being extant. Those of the past are always the best; a vein of equality runs through existing things. But mark me, Prosper—you know it was my intention to address myself to our English ladies, my own countrywomen, and to pray them to take Adèle, one of the fairest of their countrywomen, under their protection; but, *malheur à l'écrivain nouveau!* our English ladies have abandoned their own, and ranged themselves, *pour ainsi dire*, where they hear not English, see not English, serve not English. The Edgeworths, the Opies, the Porters,

and the Owensons, are forsaken by them, and a surly yet hidden sorcerer has breathed a blight upon them, and they are fallen into his snare. Every wind has taken his tainting, and now blows to his profit, or changing from the quarter in which it had slightly set, cowers to his bidding, and comes full and fiercely from the north. But this were nothing, if the ladies were not like the needle, ever pointing in that direction. But they are lapsed! a power stronger than themselves seems to compel them; and for me, who am nothing north by feeling or by habit, there is no hope. For Adèle too, there is no hope—not even a magazine hope; for no magazine is there which does not lift its sail to the *ventus aquilonalis*. And more, my dear Prosper! This sad sorcerer has many imps girt with his power, and congregate with himself,

himself, so that his attacks against any who oppose him, are many and very strong, and, withal, so rapid, that a breathing space is barely sufficient for a last sigh. If I could fight him, I would fight him; but he is hidden, and is, as I have said, incorporate with many: if I could beard him, I would beard him, but it is guessed he is seated high, and you know I have not growth to reach far: if I could overthrow him, I would overthrow him, but it is said his seat will not be cast down, for it is weighty, and will not burn, for it is stone. *Occidit, occidit spes omnis et fortuna nostri nominis.* Yes! I am without hope, for I have lost all means of vindicating Adèle, or of revenging her: she has virtues which should be known, yet an opponent whom I cannot reach; so that my life is imbittered by her wrongs

and mine own spleen, and, *je suis malheureux!* Prosper—*je suis malheureux!*

Before I say adieu, I must thank you for the prefatory lines which you have furnished to each chapter. I have the best reason to be pleased with them; they are cheery and gentle, and if they were any where else, might win a smile from fair face. I have shewn them to some of my college friends, and they think well of them. Make the best of your translation of Adèle, and teach *les dames Françaises* to foster that daughter of England, whom the ladies of England, held no doubt by the sorcerer, will have neglected.

Yours, ever and ever,

P.

Dec. 1st, 1823.

A D È L E .

CHAPTER I.

Res est non parva, yet before

Whate'er is most important's rear'd;

Sceptre, or sword, or *croix d'or*,

Some sign, loved, revered, or feared:

No instrument strikes full at once

Into the depth and heart of tube,

But with a flourish doth announce

What notes may be expected soon:

And thus, while deeper music lingers,

I do but exercise my fingers.

Nous verrons!

Prosper Lecaché.

AS I have now before me some two or three months of summer, and am infinitely urged to make that known which has been concealed too long, I am but held

in delay by the difficulty of choosing. Two ways of exercising wit, learning, and judgment, are before me. I might turn to an epic poem—I might look over some very extraordinary and singularly interesting papers which are come down to me. Now two or three months would not formerly have sufficed for the writing of an epic: but, at present, epics decline much of their laboriousness, without losing any of their interest. I think I might write an interesting and unlaboured epic in three months. However, as I prefer truth to falsehood, and have perhaps as much judgment as imagination, I will forego the poem, and look over my papers. The power of fancy, it may be thought, can be little necessary to the revision of things written. It may not. But where fancy is, it will not slip aside, because its presence may not be necessary. One power mingles with and confuses the other; and sometimes produces so great a richness by the confusion, as to make it difficult to distinguish

distinguish fancy from learning, or judgment from fancy. Thus, though I have only two or three months, and do not choose to write an epic, I may develop all my powers, though they should be very great powers, upon the revision of my papers.

It is very well known that Kent is the doorway of England, and that that doorway is built up of chalky cliffs. I speak not, of course, of the part adjoining London; that part is as the fosse of a fair city, dank, and not to be endured by a lover of free air and wide view. I speak of that part which ribs the sea; which frowns upon the sea, though in alliance with it; which frowns upon France, though in alliance with her; which frowns upon whatsoever it rears above, and yet, when gained, is like the genius of the isle, something changeful and capricious, but fair and admirable. At a few miles west of Dover, there are two stages of cliffs; the first stage remains high above the sea; but the

B 5

second,

second, taking a semicircular sweep, and rising high above the first, leaves it as a rich and beautiful valley, marked by deeper glens, by villages, by small groves, small towns, so widening, but dying westward into the plains and hills of Sussex. For the space of five or six miles it is a kind of plain, subject always to the variations I have mentioned, which seems divided and sheltered from England by the northern boundary, or stage of cliff by which it is defined: nor has it much to do, in soil, or climate, with the terrene beyond. The soil is better, and I am determined to maintain that the climate is more genial. It is the finest part of the island, and its neighbourhood is the most illustrated by great events; for here it was that the island was striven for by Gauls and Romans. Near the centre of this interrupted plain, upon the brow of a glen which runs to the sea, is the church of Cheriton; it stands almost alone; for the village of the same name, as if in respect,
not

not only to its sanctity, but to the beauty of its situation, is removed to a little distance northward. The glen upon the brow of which the church stands is most chosen as the situation of one house, or of two houses; and accordingly, in front of the church, upon the side of the opposing acclivity, is a house, or was one, in the days of queen Anne: I choose to call it Cheriton House, or manor. Again, on the right of the church, almost touching the mall of the churchyard, and, as it were, in face of the manor, I believe to be, or to have been, the parsonage. The manor was a little the largest, yet the two houses were much of the same fashion of building: they were large in-and-out structures of the time of Elizabeth, with enormous porches, and balcony-bowed windows. Without intending wrong to any present lords of manors, I will say, that in the days of Anne, the Richboroughs were the lords here: yet for some ages the manor had been abandoned, or yielded to the

B 6

disposal

disposal of the vicar of Cheriton; and now, at the time of which I am writing, it was held at his disposition.

People of discernment would have wondered that George Trellis, the present vicar, should content himself with so undistinguished a spot as was Cheriton; but, fortunately, the vicar was not troubled by people of discernment. I do not know that I shall describe the vicar; he will have to do in these first periods of our memoirs, and we shall know him by his doings. But if one may speak of looks, and little flourishes of exterior appearance, it was really strange, it must be acknowledged, that a man so favoured as the vicar, should have passed so much of his life in so quiet, so very obscure a situation: he had an air which never failed to impress, and a vivacity which seldom failed to enliven: his look and his manner were in the highest degree courtly, but peculiarly his own; for address and air may be courtly, and yet common. Perhaps there
were

were moments when he was a little elaborate; but these were when he happened to be in very high ton: perhaps to avoid these moments, he avoided society; or it may be for he avoided society, that these moments were thus marked. It is certain, however, that here he was in Cheriton, removed from most about him by education and demeanour, yet attached to all about him by the ties of friendly and fatherly offices.

For the matter of earthly comfort, the vicar had enough; and though it would not do for most men to be satisfied with a house looking upon the sea, with an elderly man, an elderly woman, and an elderly pad pony, for domestics and companions, yet as Heaven and his patron had given to the vicar but these, of these he set about making the most he could, and with these, acting in his little sphere, he did much. Redolent with country air, and health, and with content, his eyes shone with joyous thankfulness, and he
walked

walked his round, a parent, in whose way love and honour strove to throw their fairest and purest tributes.

Now we touch the cream of our memoirs. In the house opposite to the vicarage—call it Cheriton House, or Cheriton Manor—was a very extraordinary neighbour; I say an extraordinary neighbour, for it was altogether in the power of the vicar to admit or to eject a tenant to that house—and the vicar was a little fastidious; and yet I do not know that the choice of the vicar had been consulted in the admission of his present neighbour; yet I do think that his concurrence would not have been refused. It seemed that his neighbour had dropped from some brighter climate or better world than ours, by commission to shew us how pure and exquisite are the graces of brighter climates and better worlds. Sudden had been her appearance, and very lovely she was; and as there were few people of discernment at Cheriton, no trace of the star
to

to which she had appertained, or might yet appertain, had been remarked. Some fishermen, or rather some wives of fishermen (for the men mended their nets upon the shore, while the women sat near and talked), had surmised that she was a foreigner. One of them, who had formerly visited Spain in a trading vessel, had declared her to be Spanish, while another, who, with her husband, had been prisoner in France, declared, that though this stranger spoke English as well as she could, yet that she was French—that her domestics were French, and that her conversation with all but the vicar was carried on in French. It was, however, on all hands decided, that she was very high, very beautiful, and whether French or Spanish, worthy to be accounted English.

Mystery is not the sphere for woman. Madame Adèle was at Cheriton under circumstances of great mystery; and yet I know not why that should be said: she was a stranger, and her name was foreign, and

and her domestics were French. There are some in whose looks one confides, and is deceived; while there are others so certainly good, as well as irresistibly fair, that one cannot be deceived in them. So with Adèle; she was one of these. One should not call her a recluse: she had mountain-range, and she did not hide herself: she had Cheriton House, with—and he absorbed all interest and seemed to be her very life—an infant son. There, at Cheriton, was she seen, attended by her matron and her domestic, and in all counselled and guided by the vicar.

It was strange again—she was Roman Catholic: yet was her child taught to pray by the vicar. It was evidently an obligation, rather than a desire on the part of the mother, to bring up her son to the principles and doctrines of the English church; for, by a look from the vicar, when he was about to teach the child some simple elementary question, was the mother warned to leave the room. This, to
one

one sincere in her faith, was but the beginning of more than mortification—of a deep and stinging grief. I am glad to say that I shall have but little to do with these matters, and but hint them here, that all which I know of Adèle and her perplexities, may be known to others, and that the full interest of her situation, if not here felt, may at least be indicated.

At the moment of the opening of my memoirs, the vicar has received a message from Cheriton Manor, praying his presence there, for the purpose of an introduction to a friend of the fair mistress of the manor. The vicar has received this message, and all the household of the vicar, with the exception of the pad pony, is put in requisition. The vicar had never been so happy, and never so important as since the residence of Adèle at Cheriton House. This residence had been productive of cost to the vicar, in the matter of powder, of new cassocks, and indeed in the matter of general exhibition. He is now at the top
of

of his polished oak staircase, calling upon his servant Julius: the father of this man, a schoolmaster, had heard of one Julius Cæsar, and so given the name of Julius to his son. The vicar dwelt hard upon the title, and seldom, when he was in vein, omitted all the matter of jest with which its application could furnish him. Sometimes he contracted it into July; and sometimes, when his squire happened to be very black (which, by the bye, happened very often), he would call him Juliet. The vicar is at the top of the stairs, and calling for his bands and his Canterbury breeches. But these Debby cannot find, nor can she find Julius; so whipping up the shirt, silk stockings, and high-heeled pumps of the vicar, she mounts with these.

“Mors et furia!” cried the vicar; “where are my Canterbury breeches?”

“Fury nothing about them, your honour,” replied Debby; “for it never shall be said that they are lost.—Look here, your worship—look!” cried Debby, as she drew

drew out a pair of black satin breeches, with knee-buckles of Bristol stone.—“Look!” cried Debby, as she breathed upon the buckles, and then polished them with her apron.

“Powder another wig,” commanded the vicar, as he began wiping his head with a damask napkin—“powder another wig; and having scouted July, sine misericordiâ, dispatch him hither, where I will read him another lecture.”

Away tripped Debby, and the vicar, when he had almost finished his dressing, seized his cassock, and with it in his hand, went and placed himself opposite a large swing-glass. His coat was of a silky-looking stuff, without collar, and was embellished with a short, tufty black silk fringe. His singlet was of satin, and over his Canterbury breeches he was about to tie his cassock: but, at the moment, the glitter of the right knee-buckle catching his eye, he delayed the placing of the cassock. Julius entered; and the vicar, fearful

ful of being caught in this paroxysm of vanity, threw up his knee, and shooting his slipper in the line of Julius's advance, turned to see the effect of this greeting. Julius knew his humour, so stood at a distance, with the expected wig mounted upon his right hand, and held before, as in defence against the other slipper. Perhaps a duller toad never sat at a good man's table; yet Julius had sat at the vicar's table for many years, and was certain to remain there at his own list, which would be during life. The vicar liked his dullness, and amused himself with it, and protected it from the play of others. Perhaps Julius was one upon whom if one had reflected much, one should have found one's view of human nature a little humiliated. But the vicar sharpened his own vivacity against him; and in making him useful, in giving him station, he made him pleased, and happy, and, in a degree, respectable. And now, there he stood, engirt by a very dingy apron, his small grey eyes

eyes essaying archness, his head curved a little to the right, exposing a patch of baldness, and with what remained to it of hair drawn close at the sides, and screwed into a tail behind.

“ Lay down thine arms !” cried the vicar.

“ An’ please your reverence——” began Julius.

“ It doth not please me !” intruded the vicar ; “ it never shall please me. Down with my wig !”

“ An’ please your reverence,” cried Julius, starting upon a thought—“ an’ please your worship, I have heard your worship say, that the Whigs should be put down.”

“ Dost thou fight by shifts ?” asked the vicar. “ Dost thou traduce me ? Thou subtle and wily, and at the same time delicately-insinuating one !”

“ An’ please your worship, I am none of those things,” asserted Julius.

“ Wilt thou be pleased to tell me what thou art then ?” asked the vicar : “ I have long studied thee, and have yet no trace
of

of what thou really art. 'Thou art a mysterious kind of being, and like a Whig, inasmuch as there is no saying what thou art.'

"With service to your worship," cried Julius, "I hide from nobody."

"Why, there," resumed the vicar, "in the look and tone of that, thy lofty vindication, thou art that man of Rome, Augustus et superbus; thou art the veritable Cæsar."

"Pshaw, your reverence!"

"Do, if thou darest!" menaced the vicar. "Wilt thou presume to pshaw my reverence? Come hither; let me confront thy falsehood! Thou sayest thou art nor Cæsar, nor a Whig, and that thou hidest from no man. Primo, where hast thou been?"

"A-brewing, an' service to your worship!"

"I thought so!" retorted quickly the vicar, putting up his hand—"I thought so. Thine eyes are dull, and there is an odour

odour about thee which is hoppy and somnific. I will question thee no more! thou makest me infinitely happy. Give me my wig! Stretch out thine arm to the full, that I do not smell thy drowsiness: so——”

And Julius, endeavouring to lift forward the full-bottomed wig, whipped a volley of powder towards his master.

“What, dost thou throw dust into mine eyes, thou flaunting eagle?” resumed the vicar: “shoot me in the eye with mine own powder, reprobate! To turn a man’s wig against his own pate, is a pitch of human depravity beyond human conception. So—come—caparison my feet, while I arrange my wig. Verily, Cæsar, thou wert born to be the affliction of mine eye and my nose: thou art dark to see, and dull to smell: that vile hoppy smell which makes thy very atmosphere, doth more offend me than I have power of protestation. Go with thee!—go!—wait at the door with my cocked hat and cane.

Be

Be thou quick, but the least hoppy possible! Away! away! I come."

Julius slipped down to the hall, and stood ready with the cocked hat and cane, and with the door open. This was a signal for Debby, who always, upon these occasions, made a point of arranging herself on one side the porch, while Julius occupied the other. There was a courtesy to give, some little word to receive; there was to see the vicar in high state, and to declare, after the passing of the vicar, that his worship's leg was a model.

The good man came on, sailing majestically: but that his garb wanted the finer taste of that worn in the day of Henry the Eighth, one might have taken him for the lord chancellor More, the formality of office a little correcting the merriness of eye. His short, but full, doughty-looking coat, preserved a regular bob from side to side, as, with measured pace, he marched along; and his heels, as high indeed as the iron-plated heels of our chivalrous days, but
not

not so noisy, knapped lightly, but methodically, with every step he took.

"Is there much wind, Debby?" inquired the vicar.

"But a breath at the head of the glen, an' please your worship!" answered Debby, with a courtesy.

"So then! so!" responded the vicar, and smiling on his assembled household, he passed. With his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his cane in the other, he continued his march to Cheriton Manor.

"His worship's leg is a model!" cried Debby, in an ecstasy.

"It is a marvellous leg, sure!" adjoined Julius, in admiration.

The vicar proceeded slowly, for it was September, and the morning was warm. It must be premised that all the ceremony of this affair was on the part of the vicar. To his own surprise, he had been thus for the last two years accustomed to the society of a lady; and such was the vicar's reverence for the person and character of

Adèle, that thus ceremonious was he always when he was called to her society. Company was for the most part a burden to the vicar; but not the company of Adèle. He wondered at it, and wondered more that his society should be found agreeable; yet because it was so, he was the better pleased, both with his fair neighbour and himself; he had never seen so much loveliness and sweetness coupled with so fine a feeling, and so admirable a sense; and sometimes he said to himself —“ If there be many such in society, I must wish that I had not so entirely given myself to the dead.”

In truth, there was that distinctiveness in Adèle, which attaches to persons whose fortunes have not only not cast them among the multitude, but have guarded them out of the sphere of its variety; there was that untaintedness of little views, which pleased the vicar, and at the same time there was that full comprehension of the dearer interests of the world, which could

could only be admitted by a vigorous intellect, and which the vicar, in finding here, could not but find so doubly interesting and delightful. Here was a daughter worthy of the vicar, and the vicar in her presence was not only in his holyday suit and manners, but in a glow of parental love, which was of the heart and intellect. The vicar had never before seen, in man or woman, so noble a simplicity, and not often in either had he found conceptions so penetrating, just, and lofty. Adèle, indeed, had been educated at a convent in Douai*, to which, in the time of Anne, the daughters of the higher nobility in France were very generally referred for education. She had since but little mingled with the world, and the untarnished effects of a very scrupulous but brilliant course of instruction were seen blending with her natural

C 2

graces.

* The house, gardens, and noble possessions, of this institution, now no longer appertain to a community; they are become the property of a *ci-devant aubergiste*, who, while the great and holy were being led to the scaffold, knew how to profit by the confusion.

graces. No wonder then that the vicar was thus ceremonious, and yet thus delighted, when he was to see Adèle.

The vicar crossed the dell, and ascended to Cheriton House. The great door was open, and Leclerc, a middle-aged domestic, was prepared to usher in the vicar; but, to the vicar's great consternation, there was another standing ready to receive him—one, who had lately lost no opportunity of receiving him—one, whose attentions were the most troublesome and incomprehensible—one, who essayed every art to please, yet pleased him never—one, who if not mad, was likely to drive the vicar mad—one, who from being a Frenchwoman, was endeavouring to appear an Englishwoman, and with no earthly purpose in the endeavour of which the vicar could have patience to think—one, who, forgetting her own condition, and presuming upon those politenesses which the vicar thought necessary appendages to the state of every woman, dared to make a
French

French spring over distances, and to thrust herself upon a footing with the vicar—one, indeed, who having her own notions, and those French notions, did not choose to remember that ministers of her church marry not, that ministers of the English church marry, in conformity with their dignity. This one, mademoiselle Justine Papon, the nurse, or *bonne*, of madame Adèle, now arrayed in tawdry fashion, yet in English fashion of the days of Anne, presented herself before the vicar. She thought to gladden him, and already was the usual pretext of presenting the vicar to *son cher—son petit—son enfant—son Charles*, upon her lips. The vicar looked aghast; he was come to see the mother of Charles; but mademoiselle Justine was fully determined that he should first see herself. She had, as she said, made come from London, a puffed gown of pink stuff; this gown was drawn up on each side drapery fashion, exposing a sky-blue petticoat; that petticoat was it-

c 3

self

self exposed in its round by means of enormous cushions, which were as rests to the elbows of the lady, and yet the elbows of the lady were scarcely allowed to rest upon them, for fear of ruffling a pair of lace ruffles, which depended from them; silk stockings of her mistress, a little wore, contrasted with a scarlet Spanish slipper of the pertest heel. But who shall tell the airy wonder of her head! The curls ran high, and on them was placed a machine of quillings; flaps and lappets breezed in gay profusion, and floated and played, and now and then rested, upon a neck which was hardly snow, and hardly any thing less fair.

In this state did mademoiselle Justine Papon present herself to the eye of the vicar. Never had he seen her so wild before, and he dreaded her wildness now. It was unfortunate that the vicar, remembering the reproaches which the French are said to make against us, always addressed mademoiselle Justine with more than

than ordinary politeness; remembering this, I say, the vicar always smiled the sweeter; this was that ruinous smile which had undone him, which undid mademoiselle; she saw cause in it—so indeed there was; but she ventured no further than herself in seeking that cause, whereas her country was participant in that cause. This was wrong; the vicar, in smiling, smiled the most innocently in the world, not knowing, from any experience he had had in the world, that smiles were dangerous things: smiles indeed became him like Malvolio, and he smiled; but he knew not of the fire enkindled by his smiles in the heart of mademoiselle.

The vicar smiled now, but against his conscience. Mademoiselle made her reverence now with a reserve, which she had learned in England—a reserve against her conscience—“Monsieur, j’ai l’honneur de vous saluer——” began mademoiselle.

“In English, if you please, mademoiselle!” interrupted the vicar, with a flourish

rish of the hand, which was meant to be the height of high English breeding, adapted to French taste, "in English, if you please; I am, you know, no French scholar."

"Ah, oui, il ne vous manque que cela: ah, dat is, you would be so near parfait, if you could but to know de French. But I do love de English! d'English is charmante!—she is—beautiful rolling language!—But, monsieur vicaire, shall I shew you mon petit trésor—de little Charles?"

"I thank you, mademoiselle," cried the vicar, as he looked at his watch: "I am contented that he is well. It is time that you present me to madame Adèle."

"Oh dear, no, not at all in de world!" urged mademoiselle: "I must have de pleasure to you shew mon petit. C'est un enfant qui—dat is, he is wonderful shild—very quite wonderful! and he speak d'English and de French as I do tell him. C'est un veritable plaisir—it is pleasure d'entendre parler dat."

"From

"From whence," thought the vicar, as he slowly followed mademoiselle, seeing that he must even submit to speak to her nursling, "from whence," thought the vicar, "comes that *entendre*? there are so many *tendres* in that language, are they from the Latin *tendo*, and its dependencies?" Just as he put the question to himself, not at all attending to mademoiselle, his eyes fixed on the ground, his right foot upon the first step of the stairs he was to ascend, he put up his hand to beat off a fly which was infesting his forehead. It happened not to be a fly, but one of the streamers of mademoiselle; the vicar, unconscious of its actual nature and importance, caught and drew it with a jerk.

"Mon Dieu, que vous êtes mal-adroit! que vous êtes gauche*!" screamed mademoiselle.

The vicar looked up, and saw indeed that it was as much as mademoiselle could

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do

* Dear, you are awkward! you are clumsy!

do to keep together, with both hands, the various materials of her tower; as it was, those materials were astray; curls were fallen, cushions were askew, and in front was a patch of bareness, which denoted the natural unadornedness of that front.

“ Oh dear !” continued mademoiselle, as she ran up stairs, leaving the vicar and Leclerc to look after her, and to hear her lamentations, “ oh dear ! vas dere ever any ting in de world like dis ! Je m’en vais ! Excuse me, sir, if you please ! Dear me ! mon Dieu, quel malheur !”

“ Pardon ! pardon !” shouted the vicar, sorry for the confusion of mademoiselle, but heartily glad to escape her besieging, “ pardon, mademoiselle ! the accident is reparable—pardon !”

“ Oui, je vous pardonne !” shrieked mademoiselle, “ je vous pardonne ! mais—but dear, oh, dear, it is a sad ting !” and the vicar was left to be guided by Leclerc into the presence of madame Adèle.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

As sits the cunning snake to hear
 The early signs and sibilations
 Of her young brood, so I, with cheer,
 Do mark the growing indications
 Of charms, of plots, of conjurations,
 Of scenes all sad, of breaking raptures,
 Of such a shining brood of chapters;
 Of—*Attendez !* *Prosper Lecaché.*

LECLERC, bowing, threw open the door of his lady's ordinary sitting-room, and ushered in the vicar. No sooner was he entered, than he felt his hand grasped by the two fair hands of his fair hostess, and in addition to the morning salutation, which came upon him in the softest and most silvery cadence, he heard too an introduction to a father Adrian.

“ Father Adrian !” cried Adèle: “ Mr. Plumer, if you will ! Mr. Plumer here, in
 c 6 England ;

England; but still, with me, father Adrian."

The vicar saw a placid-looking man, of something more than his own age, and in a garb which he had never seen before. In any garb, the vicar would have judged that the stranger was an ecclesiastic; but in the garb he wore, his profession was marked in countenance and costume: his looks were those of holiness; his eyes seemed wedded to the ground; yet when they were uplifted, they seemed not to avoid, by any hasty recession, the inquiry of the bold, or suspicious, or curious observer; their glances were such as won confidence, even while they asked it not. The father wore what I believe we should call the long cassock; but if in contradistinction to the short cassock, we should very ridiculously call it so. The French call it *soutane*, to hazard a derivation, perhaps from *συντάπσις*, for this sort of wrapping dress can be traced to the early fathers. The *soutane* then of father Adrian was whole from the neck to the train; it was confined
about

about the waist by a girdle of black silk, near which appended a-loop, through which the train was drawn: on his head the father wore a *tonsure*. This was the ordinary dress of the ancient priesthood, and it is yet preserved in many countries, as a fair means of denoting, even at first sight, the true professor from the pretended. One might explain its several parts, of what they are symbolical, and so on; but I shall give myself no such pains, first, because my readers desire no such explanation, and secondly, because I am going to look at Adèle.

The vicar wanted to be, and indeed was on this occasion, the politest man in England; he could not help being at the same time one of the warmest-hearted, so he took the father Adrian by the hand, and welcomed him to England.—“His face is English, his garb foreign,” thought the vicar.

“I have been some time in England,
sir!”

sir!" said the stranger, perceiving the error of the vicar.

"The father was confessor to my mother," explained Adèle; "he is now mine. We are strictly English at heart; but, for that misfortune to which I so often allude, perhaps our look and manners are something subject to foreign forms."

The vicar was fearful that the remarks of Adèle might run into regrets, which he could not participate, so, notwithstanding his determination to be the politest man in England, he could not help being the sincerest; he would therefore only answer with a—"Well! well!"

Adèle, however, had her purpose full before her, so she took the vicar by the sleeve, and drew him gently to a large bow window. She bowed to the father, and he, I suppose understanding her object, retreated to a small table at which he had before been sitting, and busied himself with his breviary.

Adèle was in the blush and fullest rose
of

of youthful beauty. One looked at her, and wondered how any thing could be so fair; one looked again for greater certainty—and again—and again—not to an intoxication, but to a charm of the senses, in which Adèle, Adèle only, was seen, and heard, and known: even the aged looked at her with a delight the most fresh and exquisite; old men fancied their first loves to have been like her—rash fancy! old women imagined their youthful graces to have been of her tint and perfection; they were wildly imaginative, which old ladies should not be. The young who saw her, saw her as in a dream, too exquisite for envy—as one worthy of every art of imitation, of every act of love, and honour, and reverence.

One would not choose the days of Anne as the time when the natural graces of woman were aided by fashion; yet about that time were some ladies, who either would not conform to bad taste, or who were allowed to be sovereigns of their own mode.

mode. Now here in England the gracious queen suffered her beautiful brown ringlets to rest upon her neck and shoulders, and above she but crested her curls by a diadem. In France, a little before, *la plus jolie fille de France**, as she was called by her excellent mother, was seen with her fine full curls thrown a little back, and left to fall to their own whim; and so with Adèle. Her yellow tresses were suffered to trouble her noble forehead a little, but urged from thence, were seen strewing her neck; and that neck!—if I speak of marble—marble is cold! or of satin—satin is tame and samely! Then her robe was of satin—white satin, and as it fell in its pure whiteness, it but contrasted the purer and more animated whiteness of the neck and arms, from which it fell, or which fell on it: I have never since seen, nor shall I ever see again, a fairer union, or a contrast more in union of fair to fair. Her eyes were scarcely blue—yet

* Madame de Grignan.

—yet blue, for I must look at heaven to tell what they were. Yet at moments they had a look of black; and yet, as if in fear of being fierce, they would resume their milder nature, and shine the softest, yet most penetrating—the gentlest, yet most thrilling blue.

Adèle took the vicar by the sleeve, and drew him to the bow window: she had something to say, and the vicar thought that no introduction, no exordium, could be so chastely eloquent as her looks. She had something very serious to say, and she was anxious. She had some suit. She loved the vicar; and the vicar knew she loved and confided in him as her earthly father, and therefore he determined beforehand to grant her suit, be it what it may. She brought the vicar to the window, and she pointed her finger, as if to touch the vicar's waistcoat occasionally, and so enforce a sentence and aid her suit.

The vicar smiled, and took hold of her hand, that it might not be at a loss.

“ Father

"Father Adrian," said she, simply, "is come here to-day by chance."

"No doubt! no doubt at all!" cried the vicar; for at the present moment he could not conceive that it could be necessary for any other than himself to come to Cheriton Manor by invitation.

"But by good chance!" continued Adèle.

"Certainly," again replied the vicar; "I am very glad to see him."

"He goes again to-night," said Adèle.

"Good man!" cried the vicar, "I should have been glad if he could have rested longer."

"And I," said Adèle solemnly.

"He was your mother's friend?" inquired the vicar.

"And is mine," answered Adèle, as if taking breath for her object.

The vicar waited.

Adèle recommenced her good chances. — "By good chance," she again began, "he has received from his superior the appoint-

appointment of the superintendence of a neighbouring district."

The brow of the vicar fell, and internally he ejaculated—"Mischievous!"

"Now I am lonely," continued Adèle, uttering the word lonely so solemnly and impressively, that the vicar forgot all preceding notions, and again, with a father's look and voice, cried—"Well! well!"—

"Now I am lonely," continued Adèle, her eyes brightening and turning upwards: "you know how uncertain is the prospect of my fortune, and how much need I have of all the consolation which may safely be permitted me."

"Yes, yes," answered the vicar, with the utmost respect; "it is necessary—it is highly necessary, that your wishes should, in all, be consulted—in all be sought: and, indeed, I thought that you were happy."

"Happy!" cried Adèle—"happy!" and she looked as if she knew not what to do with the word "happy."

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The vicar seemed to recollect himself—to have some recollections which induced a more than ordinary degree of respect for the fair individual who stood before him : it was a gentleman of the court before his princess.—“ You will no doubt remember, madam,” said he, “ that though now again you lead a sort of convent life——”

“ Yes, yes,” interrupted Adèle, anticipating his observation—“ yes, yes, it is very certain that other times must come, that the circumstances of those times I may hasten ; but I must not—I will not : yet, vicar, I die in waiting for those times.”

The vicar was surprised : until this moment he had never seen any thing approaching to impatience in the conduct of Adèle.—“ But you must not—you shall not die in waiting for those times,” cried the vicar, energetically : “ what they might produce, shall be produced forthwith : sacrifices shall be made *for* you—none *by* you.”

“ No,”

“ No,” replied Adèle, meekly, but resolutely, “ there shall be no sacrifices made for me ; nor are they necessary to be made ; that which I desire as an auxiliar to my happiness is easy to have, and right to have. In truth, my good vicar——” The vicar was most complacent——“ In truth, my good vicar, I have need of that support which is ordained by the church : I must have it. You are kind—kind towards my feelings, and I thank you : you are, for it must be so, the teacher of my child.”

Her tears absolutely fell, and the more for she endeavoured to check them : she feared an evil interpretation on the part of the vicar ; she feared that he would suppose her tears to fall because he was the teacher of her child ; and so, in truth, they did : Adèle was too sensible, and too sincere, not to wish herself and child to have the same teacher. The vicar felt awkward : when he had to do with woman’s tears, it was in his profession, and
there

there his professional knowledge guided his feelings. But here, where he meant to be one of the politest men on earth, he was likely to be one of the most awkward: he could not bear the tears of woman, and yet he did not want to weep before father Adrian: he knew not what handle might be made of it against his principles; and then for a fortnight afterwards he should be thinking that he had acted ridiculously.

“Yes, madam,” said the vicar, putting his finger to his eye, “it is true that I am the teacher of your child; and, under Heaven, I will labour to be his faithful teacher.”

“I doubt it not!” hastily rejoined Adèle, as her eyes glanced towards father Adrian, and as the father regarded the vicar—“I doubt it not,” continued Adèle; “but since this must be, you will still be my friend, and yet permit that I accept that other spiritual support, which is necessary to the peace and happiness of my life.”

“Permit!”

"Permit!" cried the vicar; "God forbid that I restrict you of it, madam! on the contrary, I advise and supplicate you to its provision."

"Then," seized Adèle, hastily—"then you agree in my desire, to receive the father Adrian into my house as my spiritual guide?"

The vicar propped himself against the ledge of the window, in huge amazement: he knew not which way to turn, nor what to do: he was not, it will be believed, of a forbidding nature; he considered himself wonderfully authoritative; but where he was obliged in act to be so, he felt, to use Mr. Coleridge's figure, needle points of ice upon his heart. But now what had he not to apprehend? It seemed that he was intrusted with the formation of the principles of the child of Adèle, and for them was to be responsible. And then, in the matter of mere worldly vanity, he was so interested in the charge of Adèle and her son, that he did not like to delegate

gate that charge, or any part of it, to another. The vicar was too observant not to yield to the persuasion of the father and Adèle the highest respect; but there was a something in this proposition—in the coming of the father to Cheriton there was a something suspicious. On the instant, every thing which was harsh and terrible came into the head and heart of the vicar: what he had read recurred to him; and the fables which for a hundred and fifty years had been so persistingly propagated by the enemies of religion, as to have perverted many of its friends, were present to him, and for the moment were in ascendancy over his better understanding. There was a plot abroad! a jesuitical plot! the charge of Charles was to be stolen away from him by a jesuitical plot. No! this father Adrian was a very mild-looking man, but the vicar would never countenance his reception at Cheriton Manor. The father must go.

While all this was passing in the mind
of

of the vicar—"You are surprised, my dear Mr. Trellis!" said Adèle, meekly; and now, with a gentle smile—"You are surprised! You must allow me to be forward—to be saucy—to tell you what you think.—You think there will be danger to the child: it is a danger I must pray for."

"Ah, what a confession!" exclaimed the vicar.

"Stay! stay! stay!" cried Adèle; "determine nothing yet: you see how bad a pleader I am. Well then, what was I going to say to bend your stubbornness?"

The vicar looked at her with a luminous expression of countenance: all which he had thought of her plot, and of the plotting of father Adrian, all was forgotten, and Adèle and the father were one with him in the union of kind feeling.—"So," he cried—"so, why will you not think with me—you, father Adrian—all—why will ye not be instructed?"

It was at this moment that the father thought it best to come forward: he rose,

his train slipped from the loop which has been described, and swept along the floor : he came forward slowly, and speaking as he advanced—" Vicar," said he, " I have no art of making speeches on these occasions, for I have nothing to profess. Adèle is my daughter ; all the circumstances of her life are known to me : her confidence in me, and the necessity which she finds of religious consolation, these are my claims to be received here : yet without your confidence in me, I will not come here."

" Very proper," thought the vicar—" this is very proper, as it regards me : but how should I have confidence in him ? —how a-plague should I have confidence in him ? The good man may be a Jesuit, for any thing I know to the contrary."

" Yet without your confidence in me," continued father Adrian, " I will not come here.—I am a Jesuit."

" Too, too, too !" exclaimed the vicar, in the gaspings of a difficult respiration—
" Jesuit !

“Jesuit! Too, too! you should not have told me that.—Madam, your servant. I am sorry—I am exceedingly sorry. You will excuse me: another day, if you should continue to think me worthy of the honour of seeing you—another day!—Sir, your most humble——”

And the vicar was making his way to the parlour-door, when Leclerc opened it, and thrust in his powdered head.—“Your vorship,” said he, “dere is your servant Julius, vho has great deal to tell, but he cannot tell it. He says dere is some lord—I tink lord Richborough, vid a sister, on de sea-shore. Vill you be so good, if you please, to make out for your vorship vhat he cannot tell?”

“Where is this man?” demanded the vicar; then turning towards Adèle and the father Adrian, and bowing low, he retreated into the hall. His heart would not suffer him to go on. The last look of Adèle had seemed of affliction, and not of resentment. He turned back, and open-

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ing the door, looked again at Adèle and the father. The first was pale, and in tears: the father stood calm and placid, as if nor ridicule, nor reproach, nor imprisonment, nor violence, nor those more pleasing, yet as trying, objects which fill up earthly hope, could ever move him from that strong faith on which he conceived the fathers of the church had stood, and on which was founded his own particular contentment. The vicar gained in respect for him; but his object was with Adèle. He advanced to her.—“Do not afflict yourself!” he said tremulously. “Of me you are always certain. I will consider. Our laws are mighty harsh and binding. I will think what should be done. You are sure that that which is necessary to your happiness, shall be sought and found. Excuse me, I will try to do what is right and kind.—Father, adieu!—Madam——”

Adèle presented her hand, and the vicar bowing upon it, bade adieu. His heart was

was relieved, and flaunting into the hall—
 “Why, how now, Julius?” he cried;
 “say upon what mettlesome and desperate
 need art thou come twittering?”

There was Julius, as if in the very excess of alarm, very hot, indeed, very twittering, engirt in his dingy apron, and without hat.—“Lord, an’ please your reverence,” exclaimed Julius, “there’s master Quail!”

“Quail!” cried the vicar—“Quail!—what horrible report of Quail’s is this?”

“There he is!” pointed Julius; “he is coming up after your reverence and me.”

The vicar rushed by Julius, and met, coming up to the manor, a footman in a very golden livery.—“Is your lord at the parsonage?” inquired the vicar, in quite another tone.

“No, your reverence,” answered the man; “lord Richborough and lady Susan are at present on the beach; they have been on a visit to the lord warden, and wait a little to refresh the horses.”

“And they desire to see me?” interpolated the vicar. “Quick! my pony, Cæsar!” The vicar had forgotten that there was a third present; so changing the name as well as he could, he stopped, and as Julius passed him to run forward and prepare the pony, he whispered—“Why, art thou not my chief man? and art thou not ashamed to be caught by master Quail abrewing? Fie on thee! Go! quick! my pony!”

Mademoiselle Justine Papon hearing the voice of the vicar, as in descent from the manor, flew to the door of the hall, in hopes of another look or word. But nor word, nor look, was for mademoiselle; the vicar was hastening to the dell. Leclerc happened to rest in the porch of the principal entrance, observing the glances of mademoiselle.

“Est ce qu’il est parti?” demanded mademoiselle: “ma foi! bon voyage!”

Leclerc spoke better English than his companion; for during the absence of his
young

young mistress in France, he had rested with her family in England. He regarded mademoiselle at this moment, as the good-humoured French can regard where they are prepared to taunt.—“What would you design at de parson, Miss?” demanded he.

“Moi?” asked Justine. “Rien! rien!”

“Speak English, Miss,” enjoined Leclerc. “Monsieur Vicaire cannot speak de French, and he cannot receive your addresses but in his tongue.”

“Vell,” cried mademoiselle, “I vill be sure to address him in his tongue den, Is dat good English?”

“Oh, it is beautiful dat!” encouraged Leclerc.

“Vell den,” rejoined mademoiselle, “I do vant always to speak de good English for dat I address de vicaire.”

“But, Miss,” began Leclerc, “what do you propose to yourself in—in——” Leclerc was at a loss for a word—“in—in killing monsieur le vicaire?”

"No, sir," answered Justine, indignantly, "I do not propose to myself to kill de vicaire."

"Regardez en peu," persisted Leclerc. "You have dressed yourself to-day like de queen of Mesopotamie, and it is altogether to kill de vicaire."

"Pardonnérez !" cried mademoiselle.

"Non. I do say," re-urged Leclerc—"I do say dat you are vicked against de vicaire—dat you do vish he vill marry you !"

"Mon Dieu ! est il possible ?" inquired mademoiselle, in amazement.

"C'est certain !" rejoined Leclerc. "But hear me, Miss—I do pray you to hear me, Miss. In your—vhat do you call dat vord eroyance ? Faidth ? Yes, dat is de vord. Vell den, Miss, in your faidth, de parsons do never marry demselves, and it is shameful for you to tempt an English parson to marry himself."

"Comme vous parlez !" cried Justine; "dat is, how you do speak ! you should
not

not speak to me of dese affairs so shocking, so terrible! I do not desire de vicaire to do dat he must not do. Dere is no danger, I believe, to him to marry me: I shall never demand it of him. He vill please himself, and I vill please myself, sir."

"Bien!" rejoined Leclerc; "but, mademoiselle, it is our duty to do after our church."

"Vell, sir," cried Justine, "I do do after my shurch. What do you intend by dat, sir? His shurch does not belong to me."

"Dat is true," responded Leclerc; "but he does belong to it."

"Vell den, sir," cried mademoiselle adroitly—"vell den, sir, I do let him belong to it; and, his shurch vill let him marry, and my shurch vill let me marry, and if ve marry between us, where is de harm in all dat?"

Leclerc could reply nothing to the acuteness of mademoiselle; and, fortunately, a call from his mistress relieved him from

his perplexity. He went, and mademoiselle remained spying across the dell, and watching the departure of the vicar.

I know not whether I have said that it was a warm day of September. The vicar had again to cross the glen to Sandgate plain, to traverse it, and again to descend to the Castle of Sandgate to find his friends—he had therefore need of his pony; he bade Matthew Quail go on, and assure his lord of the quick coming of the pony and the vicar. The servant turned to the left, remounted the hill, and was out of sight in a moment. The vicar was sedate and slow; he continued his way to the vicarage. Debby was in the porch, with the boots; but she ventured to hint that a ride to Sandgate would infallibly spoil the Canterbury breeches. The vicar could not see that it would absolutely spoil them, though he could not but admit that they would be a little worn. However, he sat down in the porch and began to draw on his boots. But Debby first insisted upon
slipping

slipping off the silk stockings, and the vicar accorded to Debby, that such elegancies ought not to be abused. At last Julius presented himself, leading, and leading with great difficulty, the pony—a pony, which though young, was yet grown very idle in the stable of the vicar. The vicar began to mutter the first thought which occurred to him; and though he meant not that Julius should hear, yet Julius did hear him.—“*Jam Cæsar, jam imperator,*” he cried, from the Roman enlogist: “*magnum videretur, si dicerem, nescisti te imperatorem futurum.*”

“Lord, your honour, it’s too much!” cried Julius, with more than national awkwardness, jerking himself right and left.

“What is too much?” asked the vicar, as he endeavoured to stamp his feet further into his boots—“say, what is too much, my black prince?”

“An’ please your worship, do you go to make a lucifer of me?” inquired Julius.

“Thou a star of the morning?” ex-

claimed the vicar, as he eyed his servant from top to toe. "Of a dull morning—a foggy November morning! Out on thee, Julius! Whenever I have an eye to thy good fortune, thou makest me wink and shut up mine eye. If thou hadst been like an emperor to-day, thou shouldst have trotted after me, and I would have shewn thee to his lordship: thy fortune would then have been made. He would have taken a fancy to thee—made thee bright—sent thee up to her majesty, the queen, perhaps."

"Lord, your honour, I can't think that!" said Julius.

"Well," cried the vicar, as he prepared to mount—"well, if thou find'st it difficult to think, it might not have been; for sure I am that whatsoever thou thinkest might be. Thou art not extravagant!"

"I hope not, an' please your reverence!" apostrophized Julius, looking upwards with a saintly grace.

"If ever there were a black saint, thou art

art one!" said the vicar, as he put his foot in the stirrup, and looked across the saddle upon Julius.

"Whoo! stand still wi' thee!" cried Julius, resuming: "I should not have thought that from your worship's lips."

"Why then the thing was unlikely, and thou art no saint!" rejoined the vicar, throwing over his leg, and falling with might into the saddle—"why then I tell thee thou art no saint!"

"I shall be one, I hope, some time, an' please your reverence!" answered Julius.

"Well, I'll hope it too!" cried the vicar: "one cannot do less for thee, though yet the thing seems afar off."

"Nobody knows his time, your worship," persisted Julius, putting the vicar's foot in the stirrup; "it may be soon—it may be late."

"If it be soon," rejoined the vicar, "then I shall save by thy advancement, for thou art a great consumer of all things not saintly

saintly here on earth : if it be late, thou wilt have to attend, and I to suffer."

"We must e'en have patience, and service to your worship," answered Julius, piously.

"Patience! I think so!" cried the vicar, whipping and kicking on his fat, idle pad pony; "patience! Come up with thee, lazy rogue! Patience, marry! Beast, get on with thee! Patience!" and talking now to his pony—now crying "patience"—now stretching his hand and cane to his head, to press a little lower down his three-cornered hat upon his bushy, full-dress wig. Thus occupied, did the vicar pass the glen, mount to Sandgate plain, and there, with heart expansive as the prospect, continue his way to the path, which, by a little descent, should bring him to the sea. On the right, he had a full and sparkling view of the bay, which is formed by the point of Dungeness; on the left, he looked to the cliffs, which now formed and greened into mountains, I have described

described as making the second stage above the water, and falling northward. If he had followed the course of the glen which divided his own house from the manor, that course would have brought him to the sea; but taking, as it did, a way tortuous and diverse, it would have brought him further westward of the Castle of Sandgate. He conducted his pony then with great lenity to the narrow, and, in that day, little-used path which led down to the castle. For some time he had perceived before him two sailors, whose forms he had failed to recollect as being those of any of his parishioners. Though it was now the time of war, yet so little in danger was this part of England considered to be, that no extra guard was kept upon it. Indeed the vanity of victories without conquest, drew the forces of England to Flanders, and there, as Boileau had said of previous contests, did the English slain serve to fatten the soil. Thus it was not often that the vicar saw strangers, or in uniform,

uniform, or out of it, in the precincts of his parish. He thought these people avoided him, and he fancied an incivility in the attempt. He pushed on his pony, and in the hollow which went between cliffs to the sea, he overtook these two strangers. He was determined to tell them how fine a day it was, and to receive the admission, which every one who met the vicar invariably gave to his greeting. The strangers were tall, and altogether different in bearing to the people of Cheriton; but still they might be as sensible as the people of Cheriton to the attentions of the vicar. The vicar, in passing, gave them his opinion of the day, bowing and smiling courteously at the same time. The elder stranger looked not up; the younger regarded the vicar a moment, and then shook his head, as if to denote that he understood him not: it was a remarkably handsome countenance, and one which the vicar thought he had somewhere seen, one he was sure which was English.

English. The vicar repeated his salutation.

"Monsieur, je ne vous entends pas," was the reply.

The vicar, as he was in the same case, and understood nothing of the answer of the youth, resumed again to the Latin, *tendo* and its dependencies, and continued his way.

The vicar arrived at Sandgate, and found that his arrival was rather late; for the six fat black horses of the earl were in course of being put to the coach. One of the servants of lord Richborough took the vicar's pony, while another conducted the vicar to his lord. The earl and his sister were recreating themselves with sea air. In these days, the castle, and some few huts of fishermen, were all of Sandgate: and now, upon a small terrace below the castle walls, the earl and lady Susan were sitting in arm-chairs, which the lieutenant of the fort had occasioned to be placed for them. He was a goodly peer, and she was a peerless sister: one
can

can scarcely imagine a finer face than had the peer, or a figure of more manly and exquisite proportion: perhaps, by maturation of time, or by idleness, he was becoming a little too round—a little too portly; but he was still, in person and appearance, strikingly noble; his complexion was of a clear, one might almost call it Kentish brown, for the Kentish complexion is of the clearest brown; his countenance was well formed, and so pleasing in its general expression, as to command, or to obtain against command, observation and respect. But here I must stay. To catch his eye fully and fixedly, was to see how much he wanted—was to see that Nature had been playing and making fine, but not very useful things. Every good intention was his lordship's: goodness had sought him in his cradle, had nursed and nourished him. The little which he had caught of manner, or by habit, or education, was easy of distinction and separation:

tion: he was of himself exceedingly handsome, simple, and very kind.

That which the earl was not, was lady Susan. She was the elder, perhaps by five or six years; and with himself this had been, from his boyhood, his excuse for being under her tuition and guidance, though now he was almost forty—say five-and-thirty. She was older than her brother by, as I have said, five or six years; but wiser than her brother by centuries on centuries, with all their experience of the great and little—the happy and disastrous. I am afraid that lady Susan imagined all, and yet had no imagination—knew all, and yet had no knowledge—felt for all, and yet had not the least feeling. I am not here in a dilemma, for lady Susan had, with my friend sir John, instinct—instinct which never suffers any of the tribes of sea, or air, or land, to err—instinct which conducts from hunger to repletion, from want to plenty, from danger to security. Instinct is a great matter,

ter, and makes sometimes the character of a people. Lady Susan was not pretty; her eyes were small and grey; her complexion was not of a Kentish brown, nor did it say a word of violets or roses; then the nose of lady Susan, though naturally short, made itself shorter, indeed outrageously short, in running after the stars—it was a sharp point, of the purest astronomic; her countenance indeed was very small, and its character was asperity.

Lady Susan was at this moment all green but in age and hope. In the days of queen Anne, ladies would not travel five miles from home without the accoutrement of a laced habit. Lady Susan was gallantly arrayed in green, laced with silver. Lady Susan was very short; but she was perched upon high white heels, while the toes of her green slippers were spangled after the device of stars; on the point, the topmost point of her powdered hair, was placed a remarkably small green silk hat, in which were three white feathers
of

of precisely the same length, like sisters of the same birth, giving each other elbow-room to shine in the same sphere; they bowed down their heads towards lady Susan's nose, while the nose of lady Susan turned its head up towards them.

The good earl sat at her side, perfectly at his ease. His bag-wig and ruffles were in perfect order. Near him stood the lieutenant of the castle, respectfully listening to his remarks, and bowing and assenting to the observations of lady Susan. Wo to the man who replied to her with any thing else than bows and assents! Her brother did not; for now as he sat at her side, he accompanied the most common remark with a reference to her opinion; but this, good man, was his habit—he had never been apart from lady Susan.

This then was the state of these members of the Richiborough family, when the good earl began to discover that the vicar was long in coming. Lady Susan had the quickest ears; she turned and saw the vicar.—

car.—“ Ah, vicar, we were despairing of the pleasure !” said her ladyship, and went no further.

The vicar had the most courtly excuses, and in them the pony had the roughest usage. The vicar was among the very few persons whose presence was supportable to lady Susan ; and this was fortunate for the earl, for, with the exception of another college friend, the vicar, after lady Susan, was the sole companion that the earl desired ; yet the society of the vicar was not often attainable. He would have had him live at Sandon Castle ; but the vicar would not compromise his independence—would not, above all, forego his duty. The vicar was in greater favour with lady Susan, because, in this question, his objection anticipated the necessity of her own. Thus she would please her brother much, by wishing much that the vicar would live at Sandon ; yet if the vicar had acceded, she would have tormented her brother, in declaring that there was no
room

room at the castle for the vicar. Lord Richborough regarded his friend as a prodigy, and had long determined he should be advanced to the see of Canterbury.—“Vicar, I declare to you that I shall speak to the queen!” was the declaration with which the earl in general took leave of the vicar.

And now that at this good moment the earl saw his friend, his countenance brightened with pleasure, and he called aloud to Canting and Matthew Quail to bring a chair; but as Canting and Quail were not in attendance, his lordship judged that it was very extraordinary there were no chairs.—“But stay, stay!” said his lordship, “we will leave this gentleman to entertain you, Susan, while the vicar and I walk a little upon yonder patch of grass.”

“Go, go!” cried lady Susan; “we have but a moment.”

“I vow, my lord,” cried the vicar, “that you have prevented the utterance of some vastly becoming things. I had something
to

to say to lady Susan about the genius of the flood."

"Pshaw, vicar! have done with your genius of the flood!" exclaimed the earl.

"Perforce, my lord, perforce!" cried the vicar, preparing to go with his lordship. "Fine things must not be strained. You draw me hence. Between the flood and the platform, the genius is in suspension."

"Another time, vicar, another time!" enjoined the good lord. "I would the genius of your pony had thrust you here a little sooner. I am wearied—wearied to death with sitting."

"Ah, my dear lord," cried the vicar, as his lordship took his arm, and led towards the platform—"ah, my lord, if you had been the genius of the flood, you would not have sat."

"It is possible—very possible," returned his lordship; "but you have left the genius in suspension, which is not handsome treatment. But another time. I have

have now much to tell you from my lord warden. But, vicar——”

“My lord!” responded the vicar, almost certain of what was to follow.

“I forgot to mention my design to the lord warden; however, I shall most certainly speak to the queen.”

The good lord urged the vicar to the platform, at a little distance from the castle. The vicar liked now and then to walk with the earl, because in the round of Cheriton it had a solemn effect. He walked on these occasions a little more erect than usual, turning his head methodically with every step, from one shoulder to another, and regarding in the turn all upon whom his eyes fell, with a look of gentle graciousness. He spoke a little louder than usual, and with something more of emphasis: he endeavoured to pay particular attention to his friend's communications, but often so entirely lost himself in other and graver matters, that the good lord would look up in his face to learn to

a certainty whether or not he was awake ; while, on the other hand, lord Richborough, in these conversations, seemed wholly occupied. Nods, and winks, and continual jerkings of head and hands, shewed the interest he took in the vicar's company, and how much he was alive to give, or to receive.

They were now thus busy about, I dare believe, these nothings, when a dirty French fishing-boat, heaved by one of those friendly impulsions of the coming tide, which will now and then aid fishing-boats, bounded from the water to land, a little below the platform upon which the vicar and the earl were pacing.

“ Malheureux, pourquoi venez vous ici * ? ” demanded the voice of youth, or woman, as some one, or some two persons rushed by and sought the boat. The vicar immediately discerned the same two sailors he had passed on the road to Sandgate. They were French, by their earnestness,

* Wretch, why come you here ?

nestness, and animation, and adroitness, but what else they were the vicar could not determine. They leaped into the boat; and the younger and more slender of the two, that one who had replied to the vicar, and who had now questioned the conductor of the boat, seemed to be the active and busy one. He continued to chide and scold; but looking upwards, and seeing the earl and vicar, he ceased, and busied, or affected to busy himself, with an oar. The conductor, a rough-headed Frenchman, pushed the boat off yet a little farther, and then throwing himself into it, turned its course towards the west.

The vicar thought he had seen the face of the younger one before, and he would have told his thought, but only the earl at that moment perceived his sister making signs of departure.

“Run, vicar! run! or we shall be reproached,” said his lordship.

The vicar, with an agility which nothing

but politeness and lady Susan could have excited, capered across the sands, taking off his three-cornered hat, that he might run more lightly. He took the points of the fingers of the fair hand of her ladyship, and by a management of these helped her into the coach. He had already had two or three words upon the hope of there coming no thunder until her ladyship might be come to Saltwood, when lord Richborough presented himself at the coach door: he mounted, and still, while the coachman cracked his whip—still did the friendly nobleman present his face at the window, and pray the vicar to be speedy in his visit to Saltwood. A thought struck him, and he made sign to the vicar to approach a little nearer.—“ I shall certainly speak to the queen !”

The vicar smiled his acknowledgment, bowed to lady Susan, and the six fat black horses paced stately away.

The vicar was always glad of his retreat to Cheriton. It was now a retreat to
Cheriton,

Cheriton, and to dinner. Then he had to review the proposition of Adèle, to determine with respect to it, as far as regarded himself, and then to take those measures which, by the interposition of the higher authority to which Adèle was subject, might oppose, or forward her wishes. Now as the vicar liked Adèle, the thought of opposing her wishes was wormwood to him. He would determine nothing, he thought, till after dinner. No; he would review the matter after dinner: yet he had it to review, and it was so disagreeable an interruption to his system of quiet, that, conspiring with his want of dinner, it made him melancholy. As he was rising the steep to the plain which he had to traverse, he began to review life. It was a void—a vacuum—a blank—a cheerless blank. He had never found peace or pleasure in it; and though the contrary, that is to say, opposition and painful difficulties, do not much agree with one's ideas of blanks and vacuums, yet life was to the

vicar's present view a perfect blank : or if it were not a blank, it was very disagreeably filled and occupied, and ruin must be the end of it. There was nothing but ruin ; and as the vicar dismounted, and went into his house to seek his dinner, he saw no other end to the world than a ruinous one : the world was to him in a tottering, crumbling condition.

Peaceful and frugal was the dinner of the vicar. It is possible that a two hours' retardment of dinner had had something to do with the vicar's despondency ; yet it was remarkable that from his simple dinner he rose not much enheartened. There was still ruin about. In order to avoid the overloading of his own heart with too great a responsibility, he would commence his unpleasant task ; he would begin with the proposition, ascertain its nature, and then trace the source of his objections to it. This would bring him to a study in which his heart was, to which his learning had tended, and to which

which his daily efforts were yet applied. He went out, crossed the churchyard, and took his way across the fields to the road, which, by a mountain-path, communicates with the high road to Canterbury. He was following the sun, and the sun was hasting to decline: he reflected, and he determined; and as he approached the path which, winding up the mountain in front, communicated with the road to Canterbury, he perceived father Adrian at a little distance before him, in earnest conversation with Adèle. Leclerc was in advance, leading the Jesuit's horse. The father presented not now the same appearance as in the morning; he wore not his *soutane*, but was in the ordinary dress of an English ecclesiastic. He turned suddenly, and seeing the vicar, he, together with Adèle, stopped, for the vicar to come forward.—“I am sorry, sir,” said the father, “that my avowal of this morning gave you so much alarm. I made that avowal, because I would disguise nothing

from you. I would come into Cheriton House, because my daughter wishes it. My duties are at least as general as particular, and in Cheriton House their sphere can hardly be widened. I say no more, sir—I would soften your prejudices: I have no favours to ask.”

“ A moment ! a moment ! ” cried the vicar, as he took the hand of Adèle, and drew her to the right of the road, into a hollow of the mountain, which had an appearance of greater privacy than the road itself.

The father followed.

The vicar continued—“ I cannot presume to imagine,” he said, “ that you have any favours to ask of me. You say you would soften prejudices. Well, perhaps I must admit that the labours of some ages which preceded me, that the study of these labours through my life, may have had the effect of strengthening my prejudices. But thus far will you allow, sir? I respect you as my elder brother, as the
upholder

upholder of a sacred authority, as the friend and minister of order throughout the world. You are my brother, my elder brother, and have stopped at home, patiently waiting the course and effect of events. But because we are gone out in *regionem longinquam*, you look at us with eyes averse. I am mighty stern in certain particulars, and though in those particulars I shall differ from you, yet with you I can talk, for you presume not—you impose not: to time, to experience, and facts you refer, and are indeed the professor, the legitimate professor, of the law. Well then, to our question, for this is not the place to make speeches upon it. I fear——”

“Do not say so,” cried Adèle. “Is it for Charles you fear? I am his mother, and must be allowed the greatest interest. Shall I not fear for him?”

“Why now,” said the vicar, drawing the front corner of his hat a little over his right eye—“why now did I say any thing about Charles, or the—allow me—or the

greater interest, or whether it were a simple or a compound interest? Do you not know that I have one of the silliest hearts in the country, and that if you come about me with your mother's complaints and appeals, I shall go into a compound madness? Yes, you do know this; and therefore it is, that when I should make an unanswerable speech, you come and flutter me, and put my arguments to flight."

"No," cried Adèle, with a smile—"no, I do not indeed."

"Pardon me, madam," rejoined the vicar; "in truth you do. But stay, I have a proposition to make to you both. You know mine is not the ultimate voice; yet I have a duty to do, and to you, the father, to Charles, to all—for I am prepared to love you all—I would do my duty in its positive, yet tenderest way. Well then, I will deal sincerely with you. I certainly do very highly approve of the principle by which you, madam, are led to desire the residence of the father at the manor.

manor. A person of importance who cannot afford one room of his house for a chapel, and another for his chaplain, is a strange, suspicious, unblessed character. There must be something wrong in him: if he be disappointed in his worldly object, he will have no hope; if he succeed to the utmost, he will be like the count-duke, in Lesage, fancy himself tormented; and perhaps to shelter himself from the fancy, brave the reality of torment. Thus far for the importance of the presence and conversation of holy men. Well then, my efforts shall be for the establishment of the father at the manor, but upon this unchangeable condition, that the child, Charles, be yielded to me."

“How?—how?—how do you mean?” demanded Adele, the colour rising into her neck and face, and her mild eyes preparing to flash forth indignation.

"That Charles live with me," rejoined the vicar, steadily.

Adèle rose to a height far above the
E 6 stature

stature of the vicar. She answered not, but laughed contemptuously; and turning, went two or three paces towards the road. She, however, recollected the father Adrian, and came back to say adieu.

The vicar could not endure her regard; he had never guessed at the terror with which even this, the mildest of the fair, could array her looks and manner; or how, on the failure of tears, that terror might defend her rights. It was from the eyes of a mother that he was to learn the force of that terror. He could not endure it: he would willingly have concealed his face behind his hat—have crept away, for he could not sustain the glare of those proud, those fierce, those contemning eyes.

She gave her hand to father Adrian, but while she thus stood in plighted amity with him, she turned her head towards the vicar, and spoke—"Mr. Trellis," said she, "a minister of my faith, it seems, must not dwell in my house; a minister of yours, I am also sure, shall not. My child
and

and I will live together. You must see him—so, surely, must I; or I must not live. You may then see him, but you shall not hold him from me. As for the indulgence I have descended to ask of you, I refer it to God, and to such here as are likely to appreciate justly me and mine.”

The vicar was in perfect awe; and so difficult did he find it to stand upon two legs, that he manfully strove to balance himself upon one. He humphed, and was on the point of seeking out a mitigating something against this terrible sentence, when Adèle anticipated all remark.—“ Father Adrian, adieu!” she cried. “ When you pass near Cheriton, in the times of your circuit, you will not forget to come to Cheriton House. A little while, and another house than that, being mine, shall also be yours. Adieu!”

The father blessed her, and went in search of Leclerc; while she, beckoning her servant to follow, passed rapidly by the vicar, and returned to her home.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.
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Things quite original—unheard of;  
And be it said, that not a word of  
Such strange things was ever yet  
Subjected by the printer's jet .  
To snowy paper. What they are  
You'll know before you travel far.

*Ecoutez !**Prosper Lecaché.*

THE vicar was in the first instance tempted to run after the dame: but here he combined the notion of his own dignity with a respect for hers. She walked on, and was soon out of sight. The father pushed his horse into a canter, and was, too, lost to sight and ear. The vicar fell into a resentment, before falling into a trance—a resentment, not against Adèle, but the day. The day had been a strangely cross and ill-disposed day, full of impertinent opposition, and inverse results.

Yet

Yet the vicar wondered where Adèle could see the extreme cruelty of having her son in the next dwelling to her own. Either she was unreasonable, or the vicar an inexperienced guardian.—“In truth,” thought the vicar, “the mother sees too far, or I dimly.” With that the vicar fell into a trance; but at last—

“To rouse him from lethargic dump  
He tweak’d his nose, with gentle thump  
Knock’d on his breast, as if ’t had been  
To raise the spirits lodg’d within :”

then, with a sigh, refitting hat and cane, he turned towards the parsonage. He composed himself by ruminating good intentions: he would go in the morning to Cheriton Manor, explain what had been his view of the proposition made, and liberate himself from the implication of cruelty. It occurred to him, that, for want of experience, he was perhaps not wise in these very fine and delicate particulars: he had not met with them in his books,

books, or fancied them in his study. However, he would see.

The sun was set. All that was lively he had taken with him, or else had suffered to be overpowered by the strong hot gusts which blew from the south-west: heat, painful and insupportable, sprang from all: the hedges, the ground, the very dews of evening, emitted a hot and parching breath.—“This cannot last,” said the vicar: “we must have thunder!”

The vicar took off his hat, and slowly, but pantingly, thus he crossed the fields to the churchyard. The wind grew louder, and its gusts were more frequent, while on the sea hung those clouds of crimson and purple which foretell the coming of storms and trouble. The vicar tottered through the little western gate, and came to the north side of the tower. He sat down upon a tomb, with intent to catch the wings of some of the gusts which flew by, and still to be in the shade of their violence. He was melancholy, and while  
he

he was inquiring into the cause, he heard a note which, though diverting, was but diverting to deeper melancholy. A low, deep, but exquisitely sweet and mournful touch of music, sounded above. The hand was checked, as also the vibration of the touch, yet still the vicar listened, and still was sure the sound would issue again. It came again, and thrilled a moment, with, again, a very mournful, but not completed expression. The vicar looked above. Dim and sweeping clouds were passing. He looked around. Night with her mourning hood was among the graves, and from the graves came no complaint, nor echo of her foot. The note rose again, and with a lengthened vibration; but the musician was inexpert, or his instrument was imperfect. The vicar watched narrowly. The tower of the church of Cheriton is square, and near its top is a long narrow loophole, which is filled by slender bars of iron. North and south is the same passage to the wind, and now the wind being  
that

that which is the most musical, touched the wires, and made music of them.

“ My pretty chorister,” cried the vicar, “ I will enlist thee to a holy duty. But I talk vainly. Thou sing’st not! thou dost but touch some ragged wires of the holy temple, and coming from Him to whom that temple is dedicated, thou compell’st a psaltery.”

The vicar was satisfied with the music when he had traced the musician, so he continued to sit and listen to it. In the same place I have stood and listened to it; but the tomb upon which the vicar rested is fallen, and in its stead is now a grave, with an inscription which should not be allowed to remain, inasmuch as it destroys that solemnity of feeling of which the cemetery is the proper sphere. The vicar was solemn; and whether he dozed, or only seemed to doze, I cannot tell, but he rested beyond all reasonable computation. The night was fallen, and still the vicar was not returned to his home. Deb-  
by

by was alarmed, and she dispatched Julius in search of his master. The favourite walks of the vicar were very well known. Julius entered the churchyard, and was about to traverse it, when he discovered his master sitting upon the tomb, his cane between his knees, and upon its golden head the hands and forehead of its reverend possessor rested.—“An’ please your reverence——” cried Julius.

His reverence paid no attention.

“An’ please your reverence——” again said Julius—and again, and yet again, and yet was there no answer. Julius became alarmed and anxious. He was now and then a little more confused in the evening than in the morning; he was always fearful and bodeful in the dark: he was too in the churchyard, and Julius had a way of never crossing a churchyard without humming one of the long, melancholy stanzas of Sternhold and Hopkins.—“An’ please your reverence——” again cried Julius.

There



There was no answer; and now the musical whispering was heard from the tower.

“The trumpeters and such as sing, therein great plenty be,” exclaimed Julius, falling upon his knees at the feet of his master. The wind played again through the bars of the tower.—“My fountains and my pleasant springs are all contained in thee,” continued Julius. “My master is dead! What, ho, Debby! An’ please your reverence—Ho, Debby!—his dear worship—come, Debby! ‘Lo Palestine and Tyre also, the Hagarenes and Moabites.”

“Ha!” cried the vicar—“ha! who bites?”

“Bites!” reiterated Julius. “Did his worship speak? Oh! oh!” cried Julius—“oh happy hour!”

“Why art thou in ecstasies, oh Cæsar?” asked the vicar. “I am cold—yea, cold, with long sitting, and cannot understand thy flights. What art thou so infinitely blessed about?”

“An’

“An’, service to your honour, it were hard to say,” answered Julius; “but I thought——”

“Ah, well!” interrupted the vicar, “then I cannot be surprised at thy rambling. By thought, men lose themselves. Give me thine arm, Julius, for I have tweaks of crampiness running over me; so now we go home. Well then,” continued the vicar, as, leaning upon Julius, he crossed the churchyard, “well then, by thought men lose themselves, and sometimes occasion the loss of others. Now, Julius, though thou mightest shine in rambling and confused thought, yet do not run the hazard; thou art extremely well as thou art!”

“It is a gospel truth, an’ please your worship!” apostrophized Julius, sincerely.

“But if,” continued the vicar, “thou shouldst like to relax thyself now and then with a little thought, thou mightest as well think that thou hast two honours to support—thine own, and thy master’s. Now it is an unbecoming thing—I prithee  
to

to go first over this little stile—now it is an unbecoming thing to cast the odour of thy jacket upon thy master's honour; thou mightest be more liberal with thine own; thine own might be carried with a lighter ease, and Heaven hath given thee a stout sufficient frame with which to bear it: thou shouldst be thankful."

"I am, your worship, I am!" cried Julius. "There is no hiding from malicious tongues! Who has dared to say, an' favour to your reverence, who has dared to say I am not thankful?"

"Have done with thy darings and rantiness!" enjoined the vicar. "I would impress upon thee the weight of thy master's dignity and thine own."

"Lean with all your might, an' please your worship," exclaimed Julius, "lean and fear not, for, as your honour very truly says, I am of a good sturdy frame of body."

"Why there," cried the vicar, "there!  
that

that is thy talent, so bear thee leisurely along, and be thankful."

"I will, with duty to your worship, I will surely," declared Julius, with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude, as he saw the vicar into the parsonage, and then went to prepare his nightly fare.

The first impulse of Adèle on reaching her home, was to seek her son. She found him watching her arrival: she covered his face, neck, hands, with kisses, and then obeyed the second impulse, which was, to fancy the deep long toll of the Angelus upon the wind, and to repeat the Ave Maria. It was soon said, and she took comfort from it. It reminded her of one, who, though simple and of no account, became the mother of the king of kings. Thrice a-day she had been accustomed to hear this invitation to a thought of Him upon whom rested all her hope; and thrice a-day had she been accustomed to accept the invitation, and to say, hail to the promise! now, she heard it never; yet she never

ver forgot its time of sounding. She fancied that it sounded then, and giving the same force to the imagined call, she repeated Ave Maria.

This was not enough. She called her child to her. He was perfect in the prayers taught him by the vicar, and in those also taught him by his mother. He would have gone to his play again; but she held him to receive her caresses, and to inquire for whom she wept?—"For you," was the reply. The boy did what I believe most children would in the same case, children of about three years old; he assured his mother, over and over again, that he loved her—loved her dearly, and would ever do the best, that he might please her. His mother looked at him, with an affection which was only *not* devouring. Who can restrain mothers? who shall appoint degrees to their tenderness? Adèle saw in her child, what I presume again every mother does see, the goodness of an angel; but then she wanted for him that guidance,

ance, which, *selon ses principes*, should assuredly make an angel of him. Her love of him, her fears for him, both now excited by the little disagreement with the vicar, grew to a height which was dangerous to herself and to her child. She knew not what yet to do, but that which important interests in his destiny seemed to have determined, she was now resolute should not be. Sure I am, that no husband could have hardened himself against the tears and the entreaties, the terrors and the hopes, the surmises and the certainties, the arguments and threatenings, which were collecting and preparing in the brain and heart of this most lovely, talented, and, till now, docile woman. They were collecting and preparing, but against whom should they burst? Adèle had been patient until now—patient, but full of sorrow for her child. It had been sorrow—it was now terror; she had loved and been sad—she now loved and was afraid; and this, this tenderest object of human love, it was natural

tural she should determine to rescue from the danger she apprehended. She clasped her hands about the head of her child, and looked in his face as if to read her hope, or his condemnation there. So wildly she looked at him, that the child, motioning his pretty lips for a moment with an inward breathing, burst into tears.—“ Well, well, well !” cried the mother, as, pressing him to her heart, she let fall her cheek upon his curls, and wept with him.

Mademoiselle Justine Papon, being fairly in England, would fain have called herself De Papon; but her mistress would not allow this. Her mistress told her it was folly; and when mademoiselle persisted, her mistress would tell her it was more than folly, that there was falsehood in it; she would say there was no such place, or *ville*, or village, as Papon; still mademoiselle would not be convinced. She deduced her name from the Pyrenees, or from some town overturned by the Pyrenees, or from some city burnt to a cinder  
by

by Vésuve. Mademoiselle, though the most faithful creature on the earth, did love to *caqueter*; she was, in truth, a *bonne*, a true and affectionate nurse to her mistress and the child, but a little irregular in the performance of her duties. Mademoiselle and Leclerc were, for secrecy no doubt, the only fixed domestics of Cherton Manor; and what extra aid was necessary to them, was afforded by two or three villagers, who came every day to the manor, and left it at an early hour. They were enough; Leclerc did all, while mademoiselle talked all; the one was a most useful, the other a most amusing servant. Madame Adèle, with her son, were indeed in the trust and protection of Leclerc and mademoiselle; and now the latter had forgotten her charge, and suffered the child to rest with its mother, until it was the usual time of the mother's retirement. It being late, mademoiselle forewent the introduction of herself into the parlour, by the introduction of a gentle tap.



“Entrez !” cried the gentle dame within.

Mademoiselle entered; and remembering her design of speaking English, she began immediately to reproach her mistress for her tears.—“Mon Dieu, madame !” exclaimed Justine, “vous allez gâter—vous allez gâter vos beaux yeux !—dat is, you go to—to—spoil your most beautiful eyes vid you crying always. If you cannot content yourself to rest here, why rest you here? I would not do any such a ting as to me deplaïre—to make myself miserable. You do well know——”

Madame checked the eloquence of Justine, and would not hear any reference to her present situation, rights, or future hopes. But the talent of mademoiselle was capable of every sort of eloquence; so now she turned it into the descriptive.

“It is not—is not gay,” said mademoiselle; “no, it is not gay enough at dis Cheriton: dere is noting of de world; I would have all I did desire far away, and I would not fatigue myself to rest in dis part unpleasant.

pleasant. Dere is de sea!—mon Dieu, dere is de sea! very fine!—il y a—dere are encore de trees, very, very, very mournful, and de shurch upon de little hill in our face—what sadness!”

“Hush, hush, Justine!” enjoined madame Adèle; “you do not know—you cannot understand——”

“C’est bien vrai, madame!” interrupted Justine; “but I can look over from de window and can see noting.”

“Charles is heavy—he sleeps; take him, Justine,” said Adèle.

“I vill take him, madame,” answered Justine. “But first let me tell you, dat when I vas in de garden, dere is not long time, I did see two men like de sailors, and not at all like de sailors but de gentlemen, peeping—peeping.”

“Peeping!” reiterated Adèle, “peeping! why did they peep? Did you tell Leclerc?”

“Oui, madame,” replied Justine; “and he has made very fast all about. But dey

did go away when dey did see me in de branches."

"I would father Adrian were here!" cried Adèle, as she looked at her sleeping child. "I cannot part with Charles to-night, Justine," continued the mother; "he shall sleep in my chamber, and not in yours. Make up a bed of cushions close to my own."

Justine took the child. The bed was soon made, for whatever was done by mademoiselle, was soon done. The sleeper was laid upon it, and mademoiselle was retiring, when she fancied a noise.—"Dere did someting stir, madame!" shrieked Justine.

"I heard it not," answered Adèle; "you frighten me horribly. Give me your candle."

Leclerc slept in a higher story of the house, while Justine occupied a chamber which opened into the same corridor with that of her mistress. The gentle dame descended with resolute courage, while  
Justine

Justine remained near the child. All was still and fast, and Adèle returned assured. Mademoiselle kissed her sweet shild Adèle and her sweet shild Charles, and tripped to her chamber.

The mother delighted to see her child sleeping in her own room; and to be sure, that if she pleased, she might look at him through the livelong night, she drew the curtain from her own bed round the couch of her boy, so forming the same shelter for his head as for her own. She felt no sleepiness; she therefore took a chair, and sat regarding her infant. He had thrown the coverlid from his neck and shoulders, and stretched his arms upon it. Adèle unclosed his fat and curled fingers, and almost fancied before her the occupations at which through the day they had been so active; she thought of their cleverness, their perverseness, their activity. —“ This hand,” thought she, “ may some day be the hand of a soldier, and grasp stoutly a sword in defence of the king, or,”  
F 4 and

and she thought solemnly, "or of the laws of God." She kissed it, and put it down, and turned her eyes upon the fair and full, and rising breast; it was spacious, and as if well heaved by a good and noble heart. The mother went on reading her prodigy. His face, his cheeks, shone like the sunny sides of peaches, and over them fell bunches of ringlet hair, like clusters of fine leaves, which, in defending their fruit, had taken the sun's tint, and become a beaming yellow.

So did she continue busy at this homily of mothers, perhaps an hour, perhaps more. It was twelve, or almost twelve, and as yet she felt no sleepiness, she determined to take a book; so she took the only one which happened to be in her chamber, "*L'Histoire du Vieux et du Nouveau Testament, avec des explications édifiantes tirées des Saints Peres.*" A something stirred. One is always glad to have recourse to the wind on these occasions; and indeed the wind was now high and loud enough;

enough ; but there was a foot heard at her chamber-door. She called Leclerc—there was no answer made ; she called the name of Justine—still no answer. The door slowly opened. She could not scream ; but she flew quicker than thought to shut the door, and to turn the key. She was too late. A man carrying a dark lantern was in her room, and the violence with which she precipitated herself against the door, served but to shut it upon herself and him. She had but breath to whisper —“ What are you ?” Her bosom heaved so violently, that she put her hands upon it, as if to hold that heart within, which so panted to leap out—“ What are you ?” she a second time demanded, her eyes fixed upon the countenance of the intruder. “ Fear nothing,” was the reply ; while indeed, if it had not been for the suddenness of the man’s appearance, she might have collected comfort both from his look and tone.

“ I must fear,” wildly rejoined Adèle—

F 5

“ I do

"I do fear. What is it you seek? Is it money you want? well, I will give you money," and immediately her hand was upon her purse; her watch was coming forth; she was taking jewels from her neck.

"Not money, not money," said the stranger.

"What other motive? what other business?" demanded Adèle.

"One word with you," answered the stranger.

"With me!" echoed Adèle, as now first she regarded the stranger from head to foot. His dress was that of a sailor; he was very young, and, if he had been seen without fear, he must have been found exceedingly handsome; his voice too was not that of a desperado; his accent and bearing were not those of a common person—"With me?" fearfully inquired Adèle.

"Yes, with you. I have a question to ask you; you must be prompt and candid

—so

—so will you be safe. If you hesitate, if you prevaricate, you will be in danger.”

The eyes of the intruder glared with so extreme a brilliance, that Adèle could not sustain their regards.—“ Well, sir, well, your question?” she cried; “ I will endeavour to obey you—to answer candidly.”

The stranger put up his hand: Adèle followed it with her eyes; it descended on her own arm: Adèle shrunk from its touch; it was cold and tremulous.—“ Be calm!” said the stranger, in a tone which was by no means calm, “ be calm! Deal frankly with me—upon your own conduct depends all.”

Adèle took courage; she recollected herself—“ Say then, sir, say,” she enjoined; “ any question which you can have right to put to me——”

“ Stop!” exclaimed the intruder, authoritatively, “ stop! I am judge of the right, and shall not admit of any objection. A plain answer to a plain question, without



any second thought or reference, is all I demand, and that I will have !”

“ Speak then, speak !” again enjoined Adèle, gaining firmness, as she gained time to observe the youthfulness of her visitor : she was however no less struck at his air of growing confidence, not to say daring ; “ your question !”

“ You have a son ?” inquired the stranger, fixing his eyes so earnestly upon the countenance of Adèle, that they seemed to search even to her heart.

“ I have,” answered Adèle.

“ And his father was by the two churches made——”

“ Stop, sir !” cried Adèle, her lip curling contemptuously, her brow rising with indignant haughtiness, “ stop, sir ! I must know you, and your right to ask, before I shall reply to further question.”

“ Here then it is !” immediately replied the stranger, as he threw back the curtain which surrounded the new-made couch of the infant ; and as too he seemed searching in  
in

in his breast for something which he could not find. He found it. It was a pistol: he produced it, cocked it deliberately, and was placing it to the child's head.

“Keep back! keep back!” shrieked Adèle.

The child, startled by her shrieks, turned suddenly, and almost struck the pistol from the hand of the stranger.

Adèle shrieked with wilder fear, while the stranger himself, evidently thankful for the escape of the infant, resumed his weapon: his face flushed with surprise. Adèle took comfort at this impulse of milder nature; and changing at once from the expression of horror to that of gratitude, she put her hand on the shoulder of the stranger, and looking in his face—  
“You see,” she cried—“you see you must not hurt him. You only mean to frighten me. You have no design against me, have you? nor against my child? Some one has sent you—some curious one—some interested person. You only mean to  
frighten

frighten me. Go now—go! or——” She ran to the door.

“Open it, and your child dies!—upon my soul, he dies!” roared furiously the stranger.

The mother was in an instant back again at the couch; while the child, before disturbed, but now awakened, opened his eyes, and looked first on his mother, then on the stranger; then, seeing the pistol which was pointed at him, with a natural childish impulse, he threw up his hand to touch it. The stranger held it higher, while Adèle stood opposite, nearer the head of the couch, with her left hand over the infant, to keep him in his place, her right extended between him and the weapon which threatened him. She could not articulate a word, while her lips moved as if thousands of words were passing between them.

The stranger thus regarded her a moment; but there was no pity in his regard;  
his

his eye was bold and bad: he spoke—  
“This boy’s father is your husband?”

Adèle was going to prevaricate—to resent the question again: but the eye of the stranger was more rapid than her design: before it, his importunity, and the fearful weapon which he held in his hand, all pride, all art, all second considerations failed.

“A plain answer, and an immediate one,” he shouted. “His father is your husband?”

“Yes, yes!” shrieked Adèle.

“By the two churches?” again demanded the stranger.

“Yes—assuredly yes, by the two,” answered Adèle.

“And that father is——”

Adèle strove again; but the pistol descended nearer her child. It seemed that for herself she feared it not, for she held its muzzle in her hand.

“And that father is——”

Adèle again confessed.

“As,”

"As," cried the stranger, "you have asserted these things, if they be true you will swear them."

"True!" interrupted Adèle, indignantly.

"Well, well, well," rejoined the stranger, with composure, "I believe them; but to satisfy me yet further, you must swear them."

"You!" exclaimed Adèle, her indignation increasing at the idea of thus being obliged to discover what had so long been concealed; "and what are you, that you presume to take so great an interest in what concerns me?"

"Swear," rejoined the stranger, presenting a small Latin copy of the two Testaments, bound conjointly with a formulary of the Missa—"Swear, and I will tell you."

"I will not swear," answered Adèle, resolutely and proudly—"I will not swear. It is enough that I have said these things, and more than enough that you have thus broken into my house to force me to tell them. I will not swear."

The

The stranger put his pistol in his breast, and throwing off the covering in which the infant was wrapped, he took him in his arms.

“What would you do?” screamed the mother.

“Take him with me.”

“I will swear! I will swear! for before Heaven I repeat, that I have told you the truth—the simple and plain truth,” cried Adèle.

“I am satisfied,” coldly rejoined the stranger; “and because I am satisfied, the child must go with me.”

Adèle could have stood for hours silent, motionless, almost breathless—breathing, moving, speaking only in fixed but ardent and questioning glances. Yet the stranger moved towards the door, still carrying the child, who, as if motionless, like his mother, knew only how to look and wonder. It was now for that mother to spring to the door, and to guard it shut upon herself and the intruder. She flung herself wildly

wildly against it, the blood mounting into her face, and resolving itself into irregular lines under her eyes, and about her lips, her cheeks, the natural seats of rosiness, being white, nay, livid.—“Are you mad?—are you mad?—are you mad?” she articulated, with such rapidity that one breath sufficed for the repetition of the question a hundred times—“Are you mad?”

The stranger seemed influenced by a momentary recollection, and with a hastiness which had not yet appeared in his action, he put the child down again upon the couch. He took the pistol from his breast, and pointing it towards Adèle, he approached, and taking hold of her arm, grasped it firmly with his left hand.—“All that I can tell you,” he cried, “I will tell you, and that briefly. Morning is coming on; I have but a moment; it is necessary that your child be with me. Do not fear; I will guard him—yes, love him, and perhaps——” He paused—“Yes, perhaps I  
may

may restore him to you : it is likely—nay, probable, that he will suffer no more than a transference from the care of one mother to that of another, both equally fond—equally——”

“ Take him ! take my child !—What, ho, Leclerc ! Justine !—what, ho !” shouted Adèle, with so great violence, that not long could her frame have sustained the violence.

The stranger interrupted her.—“ It is in vain—it is perfectly in vain : Leclerc cannot hear you—Justine cannot hear you ; and if they could, they could not come to you without breaking down the doors of their apartments ; and those doors are of oak. You see I know your house well—I know *you* well. Rely upon what I say. I take your child—but it is to guard him well.”

“ You are a fool, and a villain !” cried Adèle, in a paroxysm of maternal rage : “ you have taken your measures well, but you shall not have my child.—Come, come, come !”



come!" she continued, striking violently against the door—"come to my aid, some of you!"

She turned suddenly, as the stranger attempted to seize her by the waist, and with a fearful blow she struck the pistol from his hand: it flew over the couch of her child, discharging, as it flew, its contents in the opposite wainscot. The infant screamed. Adèle rushed towards it, and seeing, quicker than thought, that he was safe, she turned again, now inspirited, to the conflict. She dashed herself, head, arms, and all, against the intruder, and rearing herself up for fresh force, yet still retaining hold of her opponent, she tore open his collar. There wanted no second glance to assure her that she was dealing with a—woman. Her surprise took the form of an hysterical laugh.—"Ha! ha! woman to woman! Well then, which is the strongest?"

But in vain. The door opened. She shouted for joy, thinking that Heaven had roused

roused some one to her assistance. But in vain, I say. A man, habited like the other intruder, glided to the couch, and took up the weeping and frightened boy. The first intruder now but held his unfortunate opponent firmly by each arm. Her strength was entirely exhausted. She strove to shriek, but only a faint murmur passed through her lips, and pale, and motionless, and senseless, she fell from the gripe of her antagonist to the ground.

Thus happy, because thus unknowing, she remained perhaps half an hour. The room was crossed by lines of sulphury vapour, which, assembling round the flame of the candles, formed a radius, on which, at first awaking, Adèle unconsciously looked for some time. She attempted to turn. The floor? She was on the floor. She had been feeble; she was no longer so. The couch was there, but its upper coverings were gone—perhaps to wrap her child: yet she could not believe that the child was gone. She sought her own bed.

There

There was no child ! he might be somewhere about. She looked about—there was no child !—“ He is gone !—he is gone ! They have stolen him from me !” she cried, rushing to the door. But they who had taken her child, had also taken every precaution to secure themselves and him. The door was fast. Adèle could not believe that it was. Almost she pronounced an imprecation upon it. Again she tried it ; but it was fast.—“ Wretched ! wretched ! wretched !” she cried, a thousand times—“ what shall I do ?—I’ll leap from the window !”

The window was of small panes, with a narrow sash opening near the top ; and, after the fashion of that day, with a defence to that sash, of small bars of iron. There was no passing through these bars. Adèle shook them, but she could not break them. In these days, too, bells were not so common to every room in the house, when that house happened to be an old one. There was no means of making  
Justine

Justine or Leclerc hear; yet something was to be done. Again she ran against the door, but it was too firm. She followed another impulse, and that a more successful one: she seized one of the fire-irons, and battering with this, till her fingers streamed with blood, she succeeded in bursting one of the door-panels: she broke it off, and seizing a candle, rushed into the passage. Her impatience and suffering were mocked by the perfect quietness which reigned there. The door of Justine's apartment was fast. Adèle called, but mademoiselle was not soon aroused. —“Open—open the door!” cried Adèle: “some ruffians have stolen my child! Wait not a moment—we must go after them!” She did not stop to listen to the fears, and inquiries, and complaints of mademoiselle, but flew again in search of Leclerc. He too was prisoner: all precautions had been most securely and effectually taken. But that which tormented the unhappy mother beyond all endurance,

was

was the difficulty which she had to make her servants understand what had happened: to make them understand that the loss of keys was nothing—that it was necessary to break down doors if they could not be opened: that, in very truth, she had lost her child, and that all obstacles were to be removed from the way of his recovery.—“Are you in the plot?” she cried, stamping with her foot upon the floor—“are you in the plot—you—Justin—all? I tell you I have lost my child! come and help me to find him! Some ruffians have taken him. They had locked my door, as they have locked yours, but I broke it open. God help me! God help me! The holy and immaculate Virgin aid me! See here, I am wounded! my hands run down with blood! Burst open your doors, I say!”

Leclerc, now understanding, dashed open the door with one thrust of his foot and hand, assuring his mistress that he would follow her in an instant.

“I am

“ I am going to the vicar’s,” she exclaimed, “ to see if he know any thing of the plot.” .

“ No, no, no!” cried Leclerc, with that quick sensibility which makes so pleasing a feature in the character of his countrymen—“ no, madame, I implore—I do implore—you do go to kill yourself: I will do all dat. Wait now—wait a little moment: you shall see how quick I shall be wid you. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall break my heart quite—quite for you and master Charles! What de devil is gone wid my stocking? Heaven bless every body! Madame!” He peeped.—“ Oh, madame is not dere! Oh dear—dear! mon cher monsieur Charles, le petit roi! Perdu?—est il perdu? Where is my breeches? Voila! Las, if I have not put on my shoes before to put on my breeches! Dear me, I am on one side of myself! Oh, mon pauvre enfant! Madame—oui, madame, I am already. Where is it that you are?”

He was running in great haste, and in  
VOL. I. G the

the dark, when, as he turned to enter the passage which led to the stairs, he overthrew somebody, who, with as great haste, happened to be running to meet him.—“Dere den! bless my heart!—dere den, it is very strange dat you turn me over in dat vay! Ciel! comme je me suis blessée! Dear, how do I feel bad in my arm, and de blood—I declare you have killed me, and turned out de candle dat I would light myself vid.”

“Où est madame?—where is madame?” inquired Leclerc, not heeding the complaints of mademoiselle.

“I did knock at de little door into de garden till I did it make open for her, and away she would go vidout me, to seek—to seek mon cher—mon cher—oh, mon Charles—mon Charles! Give me your hand, Leclerc, dat I may get myself on my legs, and go vid you to monsieur le vicaire, after madame. Leclerc! Leclerc! Je vous appelle—I do call you. Is it possible dat he leave me here sitting in  
de

de dark, not dressed, among de rats? Vhat night! Mon Dieu, vhat night de miserable tings! Vhat is dat? dere is someting black! Je meurs—oui, je meurs!—I shall die before to get away from dis horrible place! Leclerc! It is not pardonable first to lose my life for fear, den to be turned over vid my candle; den to break my arm vid de fall; den—oh, mon cher petit Charles! mon enfant!"

Thus soliloquized mademoiselle, as in terror for her mistress, her nursling, and herself, she endeavoured to find her way to the inhabited parts of Cheriton House.

Meanwhile, the wretched mother, having, by the aid of mademoiselle, broken an entrance into the garden, made her way, she knew not how, to the parsonage. Large drops of rain, fell partially and incessantly; and thunder, which had threatened through the day, now muttered. It is likely that Adèle did not hear it; though if she had been guided by any other eyes than those of a mother, she might have

G 2

been



been embarrassed by the glare which preceded these mutterings, and which made the subsequent gloom denser, and more difficult. And yet, so quick and unhesitating was her pace, that one would scarcely have thought that she found difficulty of any sort. Nor did she: each step was so light and so quickly urged into another, that sand would not have slidden beneath it; and her eyes, impelled on every side to search her child, or something which might lead to the recovery of her child, were so rapid and far-darting in their glances, that even the darkness cowered before them. She soon reached the habitation of the vicar. A suspicion, which was at this moment her only hope, rested upon this habitation: she suspected—she hoped, rather, that the vicar might know, not of the violence which had been done her in rending the child from her arms, but of some such design of transferring the care of the child to another. If he knew of some such design, then would she force him

him to tell it; and if he told it, then should she be able to trace it to its contriver; and to trace it to its contriver, would be to command its redress. That very day had he proposed, that for the security of the early religious bias of the child, he should be allowed to live with him; and she had received this proposition as coming from one who was ignorant of a parent's feelings; as coming from one who, in the partial estimate of his own principles, had forgotten that the principles of others were to them at least as dear. But then the manner of the child's removal! here was a mystery in which she dreaded the vicar could bear no part. And the violence of the child's removal! here was a manner of acting in which she felt that the vicar could bear no part. But she would hope—she would dare to hope, that the vicar had been merciless—that he might yet be won to have mercy—that she should have to forgive him—that, in truth, by the implication of any person, or any thing, but  
G 3 with

with the free and prompt disposition to forgive all, she should find her child. How ardently, as she pushed back the little gate in front of the parsonage, did her eyes run over the exterior of that quiet dwelling, seeking gleams of light—seeking the run and rush of persons—seeking trouble, uproar, and confusion—seeking, in a word, the guilt of those who had stolen her child. But there was none such there: there was but one quieter resting-place than this seemed to be; and that quieter resting-place was at no great distance—the grave.—“There is no hope here,” cried Adèle, as her eyes glanced over this peacefulness of night and sleep—“there is no hope here! none!—none for me! And yet he knows about it. Wake then! he shall wake and tell me of it.”

She struck the door violently, but she disturbed no one: she found the rusty wire of a large, deep-sounding bell, and drawing it with all her strength, by its means she sent such a clamour, not only through

through the house, but through the neighbourhood, as is described by Iago to take place,

“ When, by night and negligence, a fire  
Is spied in populous cities.”

The ladies are the first to be roused on these occasions, and ordinarily the last to move. Deborah called loudly on Julius; and Julius, not to be outdone, called loudly on Deborah. It would have been curious, as the flashes of lightning played into their several apartments, to have seen the effects of this surprise upon the one and the other. Debby contented herself with crooking up her right arm, and leaning upon her hand, while with the other hand she raised the deep flimsy border of her nightcap, that she might see more distinctly. She yawned first, and then she called on Julius: she called again, and then recompensed herself for the labour, by yawning again. Julius, for his part, started up at the first summons, but no farther than his sitting. He found a difficulty

G 4

difficulty in opening both eyes, so he contented himself with opening one: he did not, as Debby had done, yawn first, and call afterwards; he yawned and shouted at the same moment, rubbing vigorously his nose withal. At the end of the second or third responsive call, not conceiving why there should be any calling at all, he seized his crimson and white nightcap, and flung it lustily against the lightning. A ray caught it, and flaming upon the crimson, so glared on Julius's opened eye, that he dashed the other open, fearing, and at the same moment crying—"Fire!"

Debby heard the report, and starting out of bed, seized her petticoat—unfortunately, crimson too—with one shoe, and holding these up, shouted—"Fire!" Here again a ray of lightning touched the crimson of the petticoat, and gave occasion to Debby to imagine herself encircled with flame. The impetus being given, the petticoat was cast away, and Debby ran sweeping into the passage, and towards her

her master's room, half covered by a drape-ry, formed of bedquilt and blanket. Julius made his appearance at the same moment, and rushing towards the same rallying point. His state was less happy, yet more perfect. He ran

“ ————— with one stocking  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle.”

The vicar, who had heard the cry of fire, knowing that among his household there would be instantaneous and very great confusion—knowing also that if there were fire, there would be heat more than enough felt, now felt the necessity of being courageous, and, above all, cool: he was therefore in so infinite a trepidation, that no one way of entry could he find, or to breeches, or to brocaded dressing-gown. So, abandoning the first in despair, he arrayed himself in the capacious skirts of the latter, leaving the sleeves to make their way after him trainwise. Thus prepared, both with garb and resolution, he burst open, rather than threw

G 5

open,

open, his chamber-door—"Where is the fire?" he exclaimed, to his two domestics, seeing their fearful state, and hearing the fearful uproar which arose from them and from the incessantly sounding bell—"where is the fire?"

"My petticoats are all in a blaze, your worship!" shrieked Debby.

"And my room is scorching hot, your reverence!" shouted Julius.

"Where? where?" demanded the vicar—"where are your pumps of water? Bucket away!—pail away, I tell you, and toss me a pumpfull in an instant! Water! water! water!" and the vicar turning round rapidly, and flinging the sleeves of his dressing-gown on all sides, continued with unabated activity to cry for water.

Julius flew to open the doors, that at least a way of escape might remain; and so great had been his consternation, that it had never once occurred to him that the bell was ringing by the ministry of person. His surprise was as great then, when,

when, on opening the door, he beheld Adèle, as if he had seen a spirit. And indeed she presented a spiritual appearance, whether seen in the momentary glare of the lightning; or, as opposed by it, with her pale garments, and paler face, to the dense blackness of a black and thundery night. She rushed past Julius; and he, as the clash of two ideas always left him at a loss to choose, could not make up his mind as to any decision whether this—this fleeting and wild form, should appertain to a person or a spirit—to madame Adèle, or to some personification of fear and fire.—“Water!” he shouted, reechoing to the vicar, wringing his hands, and tossing his head about—“Fire!—fire and water!”

It was another cry which the unhappy mother sent forth, as overcome with grief, apprehension, and fatigue, she sunk at the feet of the vicar.—“They have taken my child!—they have stolen my boy!—Charles! Charles! they have taken him! Will you give him me back again? I cannot live!”



live!" She clasped her hands upon her bosom.—"Indeed—indeed I cannot live without him!"

"Live!" reiterated the vicar—"Live!—Charles gone!—Cannot live without—Water!—fire!—July, I say!—Madame Adèle?—Fire!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Adèle. "There is no fire; none but that of the lightning, and——" She would have added—of my brain.—"There is no fire: your house is still and dark—too still!—too dark! Holy Virgin, aid me!—Mother of Him who is most holy, aid me!—My child is not here! But do you know—can you tell me where he is?"

The vicar began to comprehend that there was something very calamitous and extraordinary hovering over his house and Cheriton, but that his house was not on fire.—"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you are here at such a time! I do not quite understand, and——" the good man trembled exceedingly, "and  
God

God knows that I am afraid to understand ; but, July, bawl no more ! Bring me a light, and come and put me and put thyself in some order ! a light, I say ! So Debby, shew madam into the parlour. I will be down—down in an instant. Do not weep ! hush, do not weep, my child ! I can't bear it ! Do not wring my hand so ! I will come to you in a moment, and if hand and heart, and——” he hesitated ; then with greater force, “ and all my influence can help you, can be of service to you, they are yours—they are yours. July ! blockhead ! saunterer ! a light !—a light !”

He retreated to his chamber for a moment ; and then with a faltering yet impatient heart, he descended to hear and counsel his unhappy neighbour. Her story was soon told—soon, but incoherently ; yet it was enough to understand that her house had been broken into, and that she was robbed of her child.

“ Thus—thus what could I do ?” she cried.

cried. "Heaven forsook me!—that hope and friend of mothers, the blessed Virgin, forsook me! I awoke! he was gone! and I hoped—forgive me! forgive me, my best friend! my only present friend! I hoped that," she held down her head, "in consideration of my religion, you might have been induced—in fact, that you might know where he was—and—to whom I might look for his recovery!"

The vicar took her hand. He felt no resentment, for he saw her wretched. He took her hand—"My child, my poor child!" he cried, the tears following each other down his cheeks, "my poor afflicted child, I—I——" He could go no further with his self-vindication.

"Yes, yes, yes!" quickly rejoined Adèle, "I am sure it was very wrong! you could not have——" she looked at him as if a last hope of his cruelty had been yet at heart—"you could not have so afflicted me!"

"Do you yet imagine it possible that I could?"

could?" he demanded, his eyes and voice quivering with the affection of the most affectionate father.

"No!" rejoined Adèle, now so thoroughly convinced of his tender and fatherly interest, that she threw her hands upon his shoulder, and bowed her face upon them weeping and sobbing—"no! no! the villains made a form of demanding that which you know in all its circumstances, the honourableness of my child's birth; but that was to blind me. They knew! they knew!" She lifted up her head. The energy of madness shone in her eyes—"Say!" she cried, "tell me your suspicions! who do you think has robbed me?"

"I cannot guess, I cannot guess, my child."

"I will go any where! any where! to any body! Advise me what to do! you are a good man, and an ordained man; God will aid you to counsel me. You see how wretched I am—how surpassingly miserable!

able! I cannot, I feel I cannot live another night, another hour, without my child!"

"Oh, Heaven, Heaven!" ejaculated the vicar, as, overpowered by the agony of the poor mother, he fell upon his knees, and leaning over the seat of his arm-chair, hid his face in a corner of his dressing-gown.

Adèle went to him—"Do you weep for me?" she demanded, in accents so thrilling, as to rive his heart—"do you weep for me? Pray, pray for me also!"

"I do, I do, my poor child!" sobbed the vicar.

"Well then, Heaven may have pity upon me!" rejoined Adèle.

Some one knocked at the door. It was Leclerc, the only one who had resolution or thought in this conjuncture; he entered, followed by Justine. The latter rushed to her mistress, and received and held her upon her breast; while the vicar rising, communed with Leclerc. Debby and Julius

lius were seen at the door, in consternation and sorrow, listening.

It was briefly resolved to send Julius to the village of Cheriton, that its inhabitants might be roused to occupy and search the different roads in the neighbourhood. The clerk of the parish was to give these inhabitants their orders, and then to hasten to the vicarage, and take down the depositions of Adèle and her domestics. These depositions were to be made before the vicar in his capacity of magistrate. In an instant was a note dispatched by the vicar to his clerk, stating that Cheriton Manor had been broken into, that with sticks and staves the peasants were to beat the neighbourhood, and that every lurking and strange person, of whatever sex or degree, was incontinently to be produced before the vicar.

This arrangement began to look like bustle, and the vicar was beginning to be consoled by it, when he recollected the rencontre on the beach of the superior-looking

looking sailors. Again he ventured to put a question to Adèle, as to the appearance of the robber. She, with instantaneous alarm, glanced at the suspicions of the vicar.

"Peace, peace!" cried the vicar; "quiet yourself here with Justine. Leclerc and I will each take arms, and parade the coast till morning; not a soul shall depart from it!—Julius, give me my sword—'tis in my room.—Leclerc, take the gun."

"The coast!" shrieked Adèle, "the coast! If they should be hired sailors! hired to take my child to another country! Perhaps they go! perhaps now I lose him for ever—for ever! No, no! I will die first! Come on! come on, I say!—the coast!"

Before they could guess her purpose, or offer a restraint to her actions, she was beyond them. She flew up the hill, crossed near the churchyard, and with so astonishing a rapidity descended to the ravine on the other side, that her descent was more  
like

like the bounding of a pebble from point to point, than the ordinary pace of human speed. The side of the hill was marked by lines first made by the regular and frequent passing of sheep, and afterwards deepened into narrow ledges by the rains. These ledges were now wet and slippery ; yet Adèle, though she bounded from them in spite of gradation, and with no other light than that embarrassing one which preceded the thunder, passed safely to the bottom of the hill, and continued her course along the ravine towards the shore. Now and then, as the wind ceased, she heard the voice of Leclerc ; but she stopped not, for she thought he remonstrated. He would indeed have directed her to another path, for, by taking this glen further to the west, she distanced herself from that part of the coast frequented by sailors, or probable to be that from which any boat would put off to sea. Adèle, on quitting the vicarage, had turned to the right, nor afterwards hesitated as to her path. Her  
course



course was now more than half made, and in its finishing were such difficulties, such impediments, as needed nothing less, certainly nothing less, than such an incitement as hers, to be overborne. Her way was winding and rugged, here and there obstructed by masses of rock, against which, in the pauses of the lightning, she not unfrequently dashed herself, bruising and wounding her arms, or feet, or body. The lightning played before her, and striking from the cliffs, seemed often to turn its points against her head ; while the thunder, striving to heighten, but failing to reach the terrors which filled her bosom, bellowed from hill to hill. The rain fell in intermissions of the wind, and the wind rushed with a force which was irresistible, and at the same time with an inconstancy, against which nothing could provide ; not even the deep chasm of the glen could give it a direction : it blew, it beat the poor wanderer with unpitying and capricious violence, while now joining the roar  
of

of the tide which echoed in front, joining too with the thunder, it made a concert of horrors which might have frightened the stoutest heart, which might have preceded some great, some universal calamity.

Against this terrible force of opposition did Adèle proceed. Her hair, fallen and wet, clung close to her cheeks and neck, while her robe, that garment which in the morning had been selected to do honour to father Adrian and the vicar, and which had shone bright as the hopes of its lovely mistress, now was it an envelopement totally without beauty; it hung about her form in close folds, embarrassing her steps, and when her impatience to advance was greatest, preventing her advance.

“Oh, this path is long—long, very long!” she gasped, as catching a glimpse of the accumulation of sand which formed the beach, she hastened to its termination. Though this accumulation was great and lofty, yet was it not lofty enough to overtop the waves which now broke against it.

it. Already was Adèle exposed to showers of spray; they refreshed her; and mounting the bank, the expanse of sea and sky appeared before her—an expanse bounded but by darkness, and lighted by horrors. She went on as rapidly as she could force her passage against the wind. She gained the point of descent; beyond this, there was in general, even at high tide, a considerable space to the edge of the water; but now the waves flung themselves quite to the foot of the mound, and raging there, threw even beyond its summit continual peltings of foam and sand. On account of these, these perpetual clashings of gravel, together with its dread roll, when by a recession of the waves it was again drawn towards the sea, Adèle could not at first distinguish the more regular grinding of some solid material upon the surface of the mound; and, indeed, the wind blew so impetuously, that she could not look directly forward, nor bring sight to the aid of hearing. However she did  
at

at last fancy she heard a regular and grating noise upon the gravel, that she heard too the sound of voices. She paused, and could, and did distinguish the voice of remonstrance, as also that of command,

“ Nous allons nous perdre \* !” exclaimed the rough voice of some discontented sailor.

“ Qu’il soit ainsi donc ! Allons † !” was the reply.

In the last speaker Adèle recognised, with a sureness which could not partake of error, the purloiner of her child. She screamed for joy, and rushed forward. At that moment a boat was being thrust to the immediate wave: a flash of lightning shewed it to be lifted, and that two persons were within; that a third was yet urging it forward. The mother leaped the bank unhesitatingly, shrieking out upon her child; and to increase her hope, despair, and madness, she distinctly saw an infant stretch out its arms to her—she distinctly

\* We shall be lost !      † Be it so ! Let us go !

tinctly heard her own infant call convulsively upon its mother.

“ Give me my child ! give me my child ! ” she shrieked, as, plunging into the waves, she caught at the boat.

“ What do you deceive me ? ” asked the man at the helm, of his younger companion. “ De child is it not yours ? ”

“ No, no ! ” answered Adèle ; “ it is mine ! it is mine ! Give me my child ! ”

“ Give back de child ! ” shouted the Frenchman, with the force of a kind purpose. In vain ! in vain ! the boat floated ; the younger stranger resisted. Adèle yet clung to the bark, and strove to wind herself into it. She was upborne to a considerable height, and again the boat fell back towards the shore. The unfortunate mother was in immediate danger of being crushed to death ; but before the vessel could descend low enough to touch, another forceful and very rapid wave hove it to the sea. Adèle, by the extreme suddenness of this second impulse, was wrest-  
ed

ed from her grasp, and flung upon the sand. But again she heard herself called, and again she plunged into the water: she was upraised, and borne she knew not how, nor where. She saw about her the confusion, the thronging of high-forked waves: they curled their fangs on all sides, and above her head, and foamed and raged to engulf her. She felt with Clarence, "What pain it is to drown!" and in the moment she lost thought of her child. With a last strong effort she urged herself shoreward, praying Heaven to aid her. Other waves stopped the retreating of the waves which bore her, and impelling them forward, threw her also forward. She alighted upon the sand worn and faint, and scrambling on some few paces to where the beach began its ascent into the bank, there she rested, her head raised a little by the acclivity, her face looking to the sea. She was encircled, and now and then covered, by the foam, and some of the furthest advancing waves even yet stretched

themselves to her waist. Unhappily sense did not forsake her: her eyes fixed themselves where her thoughts were. At intervals she saw the boat; the waters whitened and glittered about it, and tossed it to and fro; but still it left her—it forsook her. It was not now of great moment.

Meanwhile Leclerc arrived on the beach; the vicar too, provided by Debby with his cloak, and having the cords of his hat loosed, and its brim drawn down and secured over his ears, was descended to the coast accompanied by Justine. He had taken the way of the valley in front of the vicarage, and was in consequence upon the beach, a little eastward of the part described. He bore a lantern, and a sword which had belonged to his father: these he held in one hand, and with the other he encircled the light with one of the wings of his cloak, and so guarded it from extinguishing. The vicar could not restrain his thoughts from recurring to father Adrian, and at a loss for any probable

able cause for this outrage, he could not but imagine one. He was afraid to think; yet still he thought that Adèle had refused to listen to some bold proposal of the father, by which authority over her son was to have been secured, and that in the prosecution of a fancied duty, the violence now done had been braved. The vicar was indeed at great loss; his thoughts were full—his hands were occupied; yet mademoiselle, who crept at a little distance, was indignant that some of his thoughts and one of his hands were not given to her. She was in reality heavily afflicted for her mistress, and for her nursling; yet she could not but have a thought of her own great toil and danger. She fancied that the left arm of the vicar was idle, and she approached it, and made incursions upon it; but no! nor arm, nor hand, would the vicar spare. After these little repulses, mademoiselle would lose two or three steps, for the mere gratification of stopping to abuse the vicar: she would call him



*sauvage ! gros bête !* and then stumbling on, she would roar aloud her own troubles, her fear for her mistress, and her grief for Charles. In following, to make up one of these little retardments, she fell upon her lantern, and in crushing it to pieces, she fancied that she had killed herself. She collected herself together again, and with all the power of her voice, she cried out upon the vicar. The vicar continued his march, sheltering himself and his light as much as possible from the sea-gusts which pursued him. Mademoiselle was in perfect rage as well as in great danger; she vowed that she should not, and that she would not survive the effects of such combined accident and cruelty. Mademoiselle dreaded the lightning as well as the darkness—dreaded the sea as much as both, and to be alone more than all. She ran forward, and came up to the vicar, at the moment that the vicar met Leclerc.

“ Ah, monsieur vicaire, I cannot to find madame !” cried the afflicted domestic.

“ Where

"Where is she put herself in dis night si horrible?"

The vicar unveiled a little of his lantern—"Where indeed," he reiterated, "where indeed, my good fellow?"

"We must look again," rejoined Leclerc. "I will never quit de shore till I do find her."

The vicar looked from the embankment, and thought he perceived a line of white nearer to the water.—"Is that foam?" he inquired. "Look, Leclerc, is that sea-spray?"

They both descended, followed by Justine. The foam blew by in flakes, blew upon them, and upon her towards whom they hastened.

"Good God!" exclaimed the vicar, "what a sight is here!"

He threw back his cloak, and kneeling at the side of Adèle, he held up the lantern that he might see her face. Leclerc sheltered the light on the side towards the sea, and so stood drooping over it, and

over the form of his mistress; while Justine, with a shriek, rushed forward, and flung herself upon the sand, close to the sufferer, calling upon her child, her sweet child! But there, her cries of surprise and sorrow fell before the look of placid ~~wo~~ with which her sweet child regarded her.

“Gracious, gracious Heaven!” exclaimed the vicar; and he would have gone on and asked for pity, but his voice failed him. Adèle turned her eyes upon him in mute affection, and the vicar endeavoured to check his sobs, that she might speak to him, and that he might hear her; still she regarded him, and spoke not. Her arms were stretched at her sides, and were dripping, from the waves which had so lately passed upon them.

The vicar took up the hand which was next to him, and pressed it kindly: he fancied an effort to return the pressure: he held it to his heart; but his tears fell so fast, that yet he needed a hand to wipe them

them away.—“ Take, take the lantern !” he cried hastily to Leclerc. Leclerc took it, and so held it, that both the patient regard of Adèle, and the rapid and agonized glance of the vicar, were shewn by its feeble yet lucid ray. The vicar started up, and made signs to Leclerc to aid him in the removal of the poor sufferer. She however motioned her pale lips to the expression of discontent ; and indeed every one present was convinced that death was too near to be arrested and restrained. Again the vicar fell upon his knees, powerless to speak or act. Justine, meantime, contrived to introduce herself between the bank and the head of the faded Adèle, and taking that drenched and drooping head upon her bosom, she but disturbed its tranquillity by the heaving of irrepressible sighs. Adèle threw back her regards at Justine, and then directed them towards her own breast. Justine understood, and drawing from it a small cross which was suspended to her neck by a black cord,

H 4

she

she held it forward. The vicar, on account of the greater conveniency of his situation, took this sign from Justine, and advanced it in front of Adèle. The injured mother gazed upon it with an expression of holy satisfaction; she gazed upon it for some time, and then looked from it to Heaven. She was recalled by the cries of Leclerc and Justine; she looked at them, then at the vicar; the vicar understood her supplication.

"Yes," cried the good man, "yes, while I live I will befriend and guard them! I take charge of them; and you, you, my sweet child, live for them—for me—live for our sakes! We will seek your boy! we will find him, and protect him and you! Adèle! madam! my poor, poor daughter! And Thou, oh holy and eternal Being! have mercy! here have mercy!"

Adèle seemed afflicted at the view of the excessive grief of the good man, and her eyes glittered with a tear. It passed. She looked upon the sea, and her lips quivered

vered with a last emotion. She sought the little cross, and kissing it, as a sign, a last sign of her strong faith, her glance rested with her hopes in heaven.

The vicar threw off his cloak; Leclerc took it up, and, aided by Justine, wrapped the departed mother in it, and bore her from the beach to the nearest hovel.

## CHAPTER IV.



Hark ! do you like this harly-barly,  
 This lofty-tossing of proud waves ?  
 Like them when they take ye, whirl ye  
 High as the heavens, low as Thetis' caves :  
 I've dared them thus, and reeled and thought  
 (While sturdy sailors reeled and swore)  
 The peril were not dearly bought  
 To view the scene—to list the roar.  
*Ecoutez !* *Prosper Lecaché.*

THE storm which was as I have described  
 it on shore, was less various, but even yet  
 more terrible at sea. The boat which I  
 have launched upon our Channel, went  
 first without direction or uniformity of  
 course. The helmsman, the only sailor  
 on board, incited by the love of gain, that  
 engine of the fiend, was willing to venture  
 his life, to cast it to the disposition of waves  
 and wind. He was of Dunkirk, a fisher-  
man

man of Dunkirk. His engagement had been to present himself at Sandgate, to take up at the point from which I have embarked him, his two present companions with *their* child. Against his suspicion of there being something secret in the transaction, had been offered the candid acknowledgment that there was something secret in it, that the infant in question had been held from its parents, and that its parents were thus about to vindicate and avenge themselves. Thus it appeared to him that there was not only secrecy, but virtue in the cause, and gain, that engine of the fiend, was here in good colour the offering of a fair destiny. I do not know, of a certain, that Pierre Aignot  *fils*, of Dunkirk, was himself exceedingly scrupulous. I do not think he was; yet I did not say that because he was poor, as the fishermen both in England and France generally are, he was ready to engage in any enterprise. I will add my testimony to the general experience, and assert that



it is not poverty which makes men vicious; yet in exceptions it is true, that men may be induced by sin to free themselves from the encumbrances of poverty. One of these men was Pierre Aignet  *fils* ; he was rising fast above those men who were contented with their own, to that civil state wherein each man envies his neighbour. This is with some men the most envied and brilliant state of civilization; but Pierre Aignet  *fils*  wanted confirmation in evil doing. When, daring the wind and tide, he found himself engaged in a bad project, he could not repress a fear—a silly and weak fear; but then the thrifty are a very cautious people, and perhaps Pierre Aignet feared for his life. No! he was remarkably brave; but some leavings had he of a better spirit, and to ill he could not entirely resign himself without fear. And now the wind howled against him, and the sea raged, and higher than both sounded the shriekings of a frenzied mother to his ear and heart. He wished

wished to reply to these, but he had to do with one who was as cunning, and stouter than himself. He contended with that one; but the boat flowed with the tide; the shore was left, and the wretched mother was tossed to the waves. Pierre Aignet  *fils*, with lowering brows, with lips thrust upwards till they sustained his nose, threw himself down in the stern of his boat, mechanically guiding the rudder, but speaking not a word.

The wind came nearly from the point to which the voyagers would have steered; it was therefore utterly in vain to endeavour to make head in that course. Pierre attempted it once or twice, for form's sake, or for malice against the wind that reproached him; or, for it is the very nature of sailors, to strive against opposition. The wind blew from the south-east, and all that Pierre could hope to do, if he had hope, was to avoid the shore of England. To this end he availed himself the best possible of the tide, and with side gusts

drove

drove westward. Headlongly he drove, till sweeping masses of water, striving against each other, flung him to their own height, and then threw him backwards. A larger vessel could not have outlived even these beginnings of the conflict, for she would either have gone to pieces by reason of the impetuosity of repeated shocks, or she must have been thrown upon some of the narrow, keen, and insidious ledges of rock which here fringe the coast. Yet the consequence was likely to be the same to the voyagers: ruin, a little retarded, but ruin threatened them. In the concussion of the waves, their bark threatened to overturn; in the union of the waves, so suddenly was the bark uplifted, and again thrown down, that not long could the voyagers hope to retain their seats within it. The best that it was possible to do, they did. The strangers, holding the infant, wrapped, almost padded, in surtouts, slid down beneath the plank which ran across the prow of the boat.

boat. Over themselves, and immediately under the seat which thus bound them in their places, they drew two cushions, which they had provided for the child, and thus were they in some measure secured from contusion. The elder stranger, who had overlooked, rather than acted, the late scenes, was now, as before, placid, and easy of guidance: he opposed nothing—he volunteered nothing; he said little, and the little which he did say was in assent to his wife. His companion was his wife; and an imperious one, I fear: she lay now at his side, holding the infant, and with ever watchful attention, noting her situation, and observing the listlessness of her guide, Pierre Aignet *fil*s, of Dunkirk—"Ou allons-nous? Voulez vous faire attention? Répondez moi," &c. &c.

Thus from time to time spoke Mrs. Osterley, or madame d'Osterley, to the sturdy and uncomplying Frenchman. Pierre Aignet knew a little English, it appeared. Madame was sorry for it; she had not suspected

suspected him of this knowledge: he knew much more of the sea, and of life: he had not much hope that he should ever again conduct his boat or himself into harbour; but he was sure that if he did so conduct himself and boat into harbour, it must be by favour of his own good management, and the temper of the wind: it could not be by aid of madame d'Osterley. Then, he was sure that madame was, or had been, a person in authority; that she was a person that would not lightly commit herself. There was mystery in that done, and information of it given, or to the French, or English government, might equally embarrass madame. To avoid this inconvenience, Pierre Aignet felt convinced, that if he should arrive on shore, madame, to retain his friendship, would not only pardon any little impertinence which now he might please to commit, but would readily purchase his silence and amity at any price which he might please to demand. Thus, if he should live, Pierre  
Aignet

Aignet knew he should be rewarded; and for satisfaction to that transient consciousness I have hinted he possessed, he reflected that on learning the wrong done to the mother, he had sincerely laboured to its propitiation. Thus every security belonged to Pierre Aignet *fils*—reward here, if he should live, and, as he was an unwilling participator in this crime, forgiveness in the hereafter.

Pierre Aignet set his heart at rest, and waited morning, and the abatement of the wind, with as much serenity as his knowledge of the sea and circumstances admitted. He did not trouble himself to reply to all the questions, and he did not answer one of the reproaches, of madame d'Osterley. She, however, presuming upon Pierre's ignorance of English, declared rapidly her opinion to her husband, that the wretch had predetermined their destruction.

Pierre was stung. He replied—"Not more

more determined as you to make perish de moder of de child."

"I am its mother!" shouted madame, alarmed.

"Vill you please demand dat of de enfant himself?" asked Pierre, with too great sagacity.

The boy, worn by fear and grief, now slept, or he would soon have determined the argument.

"Thou art an impertinent!" cried madame. "I regret the chance which led me to thee."

"You have not done vid it!" replied Pierre, cunningly.

"I fear not," rejoined madame, imprudently.

"Ah!" resumed Pierre, with vivacity, "do not fear. If by your schance you do any good, you should be very tankful, for you did never intend it, I dare say."

"Thou darest a great deal!" said Mrs. Osterley, with lost haughtiness.

"Yes!" retorted Pierre, with a facility  
of

of expression which struck fear to the heart of his hearers—"yes, may be; mais, jusqu'ici—dat is, until now I did never gain any ting by my daring, but now I do hope to make my fortune."

"Fortune!" fruitlessly returned Mrs. Osterley—"fortune! do you hope even to save your life? Can you expect to see another morning?"

"Oui! Je puis l'esperer—Yes, I can hope it," cried Pierre, with infinite naïveté—"I can hope it—but I don't know—it is very uncertain if I shall see it: if I do not, you vill not; and den what vill become of you?"

Mrs. Osterley shuddered. She felt the question; but there was one at her side who felt it more deeply.

Pierre Aignet *fils*, however, was now upon the scent. So far he was victor: he would improve his advantages. Mrs. Osterley meant not to answer his question. He was, however, determined she should declare herself still farther. And here  
again



again he had the superiority ; for whatever course he might choose to take, it was manifestly her interest not to incense him ; she must follow ; she could not lead in that course.

“ What den vill become of you, tell me, madame ? ”

“ I say thou art impertinent ! Look to the rudder, and preserve thine own life ; I do not choose to answer thee.”

“ Bon ! ” repeated Pierre, as the boat flew upwards, as if its prow had been destined to displace the stars, or at least to dispel the clouds which concealed them—

“ Bon ! ” For a moment the vessel actually stood on her beam-end, while the wretched voyagers, gliding with the water, which, with themselves, occupied the hull, touched feet with their taunting and rude companion—“ Bon ! what do you tink of dat den ? do you hope now to see anoder morning more dan I shall see ? What vill you give me to save your life ? ”

“ Give ! give ! ” now first shouted the  
hitherto

hitherto quiet companion of Mrs. Osterley—"give! Is this the time and place of which you make choice in order to make bargains? Say!—say!"

"No!" cried Pierre again, with instantaneous smartness—"no; I did not make shoice of dis—of dis time, or of dis place; you did make shoice, and now you must pay for dat."

"Villain!" exclaimed the same voice—"villain, I will——"

"No, not at all," interrupted Pierre Aignet. "I vill not be called dat; I am not de villain! I did never steal a shild; nor kill a moder!"

"Ah! is it that on which you presume? Take care! if I have done what you say, I can do more."

"What more, ha?—kill me?"

"Be silent!" commanded Osterley.

"I vill, because de vind vill not dat I speak. Come, be quiet vid you, dat I may speak again. Vell den, sir, il faut absolutement—dat is, sir, because I can  
speak

speak de English, it is necessary dat ve do understand."

The boat glided with so vehement a rapidity along a plain of water, formed by two enormous waves, which, collecting their forces on each side, wanted but a moment to rush upon each other, that it was probable she could not mount, but must receive a portion of the mass, to which she hastened, within her; and then would cease all further stipulations for gain, or fear of further loss.

Osterley had risen his head to the dispute; he thought not of it now, for now he saw how imminent was his danger.—“Blessed God!” he cried, “we perish!” but the flash which shewed him the danger, waited not to expose the manner of his release. The boat skimmed along, as one sees the birds in the evenings of summer, its keel like their wings, but touching, or scarcely touching, the surface of the water, and gliding between the ends of the opposing waves, immediately before

fore their junction, it escaped, taking only a few jettings of their spray.

Pierre Aignet, who knew much better than his companions how much there was to dread, had too, what his companions had not, a confidence in himself and in his cause. He remained silent a few minutes, more on account of an awfulness of feeling which proceeded from the ejaculation of Osterley, than from any additional fear arising from the circumstances which had produced that ejaculation. He was not yet radically bad; but he was tempted to become so by extreme selfishness; and this occasion, which, in his own language, was to make his fortune, was likely to plunge him into irretrievable wickedness. To be engaged by accident even in a bad cause, is to be by accident urged far on the descent to evil. He was silent then a little while, till the passing of fresh gusts and other waves gave him further courage, with thought for its direction; then starting  
ing.

ing up, with feigned terror—"Oh tear!" he cried, "we do come to it!"

"To what?" demanded Mrs. Osterley

"To de Ness—de Dungeness Point, vidt his long nose into de sea, all under de vater, and ve shall crack ourselves on it."

"The Ness Point!" reiterated Osterley—"the Ness Point! Why, what have we to do there?"

"Ma foi! noting at all, but to kill ourselves against de rock."

"If you deceive us—if you attempt to deceive us—if you presume to trifle with us on this occasion, awful and dangerous as I know it to be," exclaimed Osterley, with a firm voice, "on my soul I will first be revenged on you, and after give myself to the will of Providence."

"Vell—very vell den: I do only tell you dat ve do make haste to run upon de nose of de Ness, and dat, if you do please, I vill try to run nord vest to de profund of de bay, and to put you down again on de shore."

"What

"What shore? the shore of England?"

"Why yes, to be sure, it is de shore of England. Diable! don't you know when you do lie upon your own side?"

"But what—what, I ask you again, have we to do near Dungeness, when we ought to be in Dunkirk Roads?"

"Oh, oh! ma foi, you must ask dat of de vinds. Don't you see dat de vind blow from dat quarter, and vill not blow from behind of us? Vell den, you would come on de sea, and de sea vill fight you before, and de vind will not push you behind, and so you do run on de side down into de Ness. Que voulez vous que je fasse? Vhat vill you dat I do? Vill you prefer to be left here in your country, or to go dash up in de rock?"

"Can you propose nothing better?" asked Osterley, quivering with fear and rage.

"Yes, perhaps I could tack south-vest, and you conduct to the coast of de Normandy."

VOL. I.

I

"Be

“Be it so,” rejoined Osterley. “Make your best efforts for Normandy.”

“But dat is quite anoder country,” returned Pierre Aignet fils—“dat is quite anoder country to my own, et il y a de grand risque—and dere is great danger for myself and my boat in going dere, so dat you must give me accordingly.”

The morning was now a little advanced; there was sufficient light to shew the alarming tumult of the water, and to shew that both by wind and water the boat was driving towards the rocks. Pierre could have no fear in debarking again in England: his companions had every thing to fear in doing so. Pierre could have no urgent cause to desire to be debarked in Normandy; and it appeared that Normandy was the only part of France on which, with the present wind, there was a prospect of landing. But his paramount aim was now clearly perceptible.

Osterley glided under the plank which had till now held him recumbent in the boat.

boat, and starting up at the side of Pierre Aignet *filz*, he put his hand upon the throat of that money-seeking pilot, and pressed back his head over the stern of the boat.—“Now,” he cried, gnashing his teeth—“now, either thee or I will be the guide to Normandy, or death. If thou dash us on the rock, we die together. Thy interests cannot urge thee there, and because they cannot, we are so far safe: on that head I have no fear. Thou sayst we may make for Normandy—conduct us thither then! conduct us thither, without scruple or bargain; or, as before I promised, so will I do—first revenge myself on thee, and then surrender my own fate to the will of Providence.”

With every sentence he grasped more and more firmly the neck of the pilot, in-  
 somuch that that interested personage was in danger of losing his breath. He had long lost his patience: his black eyes fixed themselves with a look of imploring agony, while his cheeks became inflated, and



of the colour of his eyes. He wrestled, and succeeded in relaxing the grasp of his opponent, in seizing in his turn the collar of his opponent; and thus for the space of a minute they sat at bay, the first shouting—"Choose! wilt thou honestly conduct us to Normandy, or perish here?" the other demanding—"What, so you would kill me, would you?"

Neither of them changed his look or action, while Mrs. Osterley, alarmed, the most for herself lest the boat should upset, sat, ready to let fall the child, who yet slept, and to spring forward if there should be need. Osterley grew impatient, and being more than ever incensed at the look and tone of equality which his adversary dared to assume, he forgot, or despised, all consequences, and throwing his whole weight against him, so impelled the boat, then mounting a wave, that it stood almost erect, heaving both upon the water. Mrs. Osterley screamed, and with difficulty preserved herself and the child from following

following the combatants; while the infant startled from his sleep, and impressed perhaps by the recollection of the terror he had already undergone, joined his purloiner in loud and continued cries. Meanwhile Osterley retained hold of the boat, and with a vigorous spring bounded into it again. Pierre Aignet *fil's* was not quite so happy; for a moment he was not to be seen, and when he rose from the wave, his black bushy head was alone visible, and that at some distance from the vessel. —“Here! here!” shouted Mrs. Osterley, with the wildest desperation; then turning towards her husband, she threw on him such a glance as was always enough to make his spirit sink beneath it—“You have added murder to the rest!”

Her husband, however, did find spirit enough to retort in the instant—“The rest is yours!”

“Here! here!” continued to cry the wretched and desponding female, as she

fancied she beheld the efforts of Pierre directed towards the boat.

It was in vain; with every glance the boat and its labouring proprietor were widened from each other. Every hope fell: on the one hand they advanced nearer to the rocks; on the other, they went farther and farther from him who alone could have guided them to escape those rocks. Osterley seized the rudder, but he knew not how to apply it: he felt his helplessness in learning his ignorance. His wife threw herself on the seat at the prow of the vessel, while the child, grappling with both hands the narrow plank which ran immediately before, tottered and screamed with every motion, as now he fell backwards, now forwards, as the sea drove, or the wind blew. To the utter astonishment of both Osterley and his wife, they yet caught glimpses of the black head of Pierre. At times they thought they saw him strike with stout arms towards the shore. It was certain that he yet mastered the

the waves, and it was as certain, and even yet more extraordinary, that with such power to master them, he still did not turn towards his boat.—“Thank Heaven, he lives!” exclaimed Osterley, with every appearance of ardent sincerity. He regarded again, and saw some other object a little beyond Pierre; he could not distinguish what it was. *Fils Aignet* and that object approached each other: a mountainous sea came, and *Fils Aignet* was urged beyond the view of his late companions.—“I pray Heaven he may not be lost!” again exclaimed Osterley.

"Now then for your prayers for us," retorted his wife, with a severe accent; "no doubt they are all we shall have to aid us."

"Then you can have no aid," answered Osterley, "I do not presume to think that *they* can aid us: yet perhaps you will permit that for the mere habit of the thing, I say, God help us!"

It was extraordinary that at this moment,

ment, the danger seeming the most imminent, the little unfortunate, as if aware of that danger—as if aware of the ignorance and wickedness of his companions, as if aware of the utter hopelessness of all human aid to save him, catching in the passing gust the voice of Osterley, took up *his habit* of prayer, and clasping his hands, began an Ave Maria, went through it—began his Pater Noster, finished it; and immediately after repeated the last in English. Thus, it would seem, did he obey the injunctions of his mother and the vicar; and thus, in the moment of terror, did he remember their instructions. At first, Mrs. Osterley, who was the nearest to him, was only surprised that he so suddenly left off his lamentations; but hearing him talking, she bowed down her ear to catch the subject of his discourse.

The child, though rocked to and fro perpetually, as he sat at the bottom of the vessel, contrived to turn his head and regard his observer. Tears yet hung at the corners

corners of his eyes, but they did not prevent a something of disdain from being expressed by those eyes, as they now first fell upon the person who had so irreparably injured him. It was the expression, however, of a moment. The infant seemed occupied with his duty of praying, and turning his glances to the clouds, which yet hung thick and threatening above his head, he steadily regarded them, till his petitions, alternately Latin and English, were finished.

“This will at least be prevented,” exclaimed Mrs. Osterley, as she pointed towards Charles, directing her husband’s attention to his Latin supplication.

“Oh, let him pray!—let him pray in any language! it cannot but better him, and it may——”

He stopped; but I think he would have added—it may bless us. There was a something incomprehensible in the words and behaviour of this man; and that which was incomprehensible in both, could only

in the absence of a defined motive, be accounted remorse, or the effects of that severe and bitter feeling: yet it was a remorse which sprung from some act or actions preceding those of which I have taken cognisance—a remorse of earlier date—a warring of the conscience, which time had rendered habitual, but to which time added by the events of every day. He turned now and looked after that victim, which another fit of passion had converted into a fresh object of remorse: he could find no traces of such a victim on the sea; he felt them at his heart.

“ I think he has escaped,” observed Mrs. Osterley, following the regard of her husband.

“ I hope so,” was the reply.

His wife continued—“ If he should by any chance arrive at the coast, and give a clue——”

“ It might find us where it would not trouble us,” interrupted Osterley, as his eyes fell upon the water.

“ It

"It is the most likely!" exclaimed his wife, fiercely; "but at least, as we have so far striven, we will strive farther. Give me the rudder!" She did not wait for him to give it, but snatching it, she strove, by drawing it, now to the right, now to the left, to discover in what way it should be held. She discovered the right method, and saw, with triumph, that the boat, impelled a little to the east, made way into fuller sea, and promised to drift fleetly past the point. She sat, her eyes bright with exultation, and though she knew not to what port she was steering, it was enough that she was leaving England.

The morning now opened upon them with better cheer. The wind became less boisterous, but colder, changing to the north-east; and the current now flowing towards the French coast, carried them beyond all fear of harm from Dungeness.

Thus Osterley sat at the prow, with eyes fixed on the shore he was quitting.



with thoughts fixed on—I know not what of guilt and anguish. Yet guilt had been so long his inmate, that while he felt, he could disguise its anguish. Sometimes he turned his regards upon his wife, who sat before him, now exulting almost to gaiety in the success of a favourite object; and judging by her looks how great was her triumph, he could not but contrast that triumph with his own despair. To purchase for her such feelings of satisfaction, he had sacrificed his own comfort; and though he was likely to be repaid by taunts, reproaches, or neglect, yet was he conscious that the sacrifice would not end here; that his infatuation would be sufficient to every demand, and wherever caprice or wickedness might lead the way, would follow, and would submit. Even now, as he looked at her, and might have traced to her much past misery, many present bitter feelings of remorse—many hopes lost, and much degradation gained—many honours wasted, much infamy incurred;

curred; still, so great was his fondness, that he could not now contemplate the little suffering to which she was at this moment exposed, without shedding tears of pity. Yet the suffering was all his own. She had attained her object; she regarded not the crime: she had sources of pride which he had not; and from these she drew consolation, and even physical strength. The mere triumph over the difficulty of the rudder, the mere glory of sitting at the helm, mistress, as it were, of her own destinies, was, to a temper of feeling such as hers, a means of support, a stay against perils, a price for their endurance. She had the appearance, being habited as a sailor, of a youth of great beauty, but, as may be imagined, of a youth of too delicate a beauty; though, as a woman, her features were rather masculine. She was tall, with a face rather long than oval, but well turned, and when she pleased, pleasing. Its general expression, however, was that of confirmed haughtiness; yet

yet this expression was of advantage to her present dress and occupation. She looked upon all, even that boisterous and powerful element, the fury of which she had so lately experienced, and to which she was yet exposed, as being inferior to herself, as having no privilege above her command. She could not incline—could not submit herself: circumstances, principles, laws, must be subdued to her passions. Not acknowledging this, but thus feeling and acting, so far had she run her career of life. We have now to see whether, and to what, her course was to be extended.

After storms, sunshine; so with nature, and with human life. The north-east wind drove the clouds to their caves in the south-west: the sky looked blue upon the blue sea, and, to parody a line which was very wickedly attributed, by that very saucy man the late Mr. Sheridan, to that very excellent poet Mr. Coleridge—  
“ Nought

"Nought there was but blue \*." But Mr. Sheridan knew very little of poetry, and Mr. Coleridge knows all. However, thus blue-looking, the features of Osterley changed. He had sat from the moment of his reentry to the boat without motion—almost, from his mental abstraction, without the capability of motion. The cold quick air, combining with the dampness of his apparel, produced a chill, which terminated in faintness. His wife perceived the change, and the remainings of a love which had once been ardent, prompted her to leave the rudder, and to fly to succour her husband. Charles, who had been sitting at the feet of Osterley, now amusing himself with some of the clothing by which he was engirt, now with eating some of the many things which had been provided for him, and which were now  
thrown

\* The original line was the commencement, the very appropriate commencement of a soliloquy, to be spoken in a cavern.—"Drip! drip! a ceaseless sound of water-drops!" Mr. Sheridan changing it, reported it thus—"Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping!"

thrown to him, and now with tears and sudden demands for his mother and *mademoiselle Justine*, seeing at this moment the action of his guide, got up with childish curiosity, and supporting himself against the knees of the invalid, began too with childish innocence and tenderness to condole with the sufferer. As the invalid drooped his head, the child put his hand to his cheek; he reached a biscuit to his lips, and, as if endowed with a cunning beyond his years, he made choice of this moment for praying to be carried back to his mother, and for seeking a promise of the invalid that he would never again take him from his own home. The invalid unclosed his eyes, and answered him with a look of so deep-felt and sincere a pity, as contained an assurance that though he had lost a mother, he had found a friend; that though he was far from his own home, he should yet find a hold and shelter. The child seemed a little more satisfied, and  
conti-

continued to play about the knees of this converted enemy.

Mrs. Osterley meanwhile looked upon the very fine but pale face of her husband, with, as I have said, the leavings of an affection, which had once been ardent. She took his head upon her breast, his hands within hers, and as she listened to his deep and continual sighs, those leavings of affection became a pity, in which a remembrance of the past—a remembrance at once keen, and tender, and afflicting, obtained place. She remembered that face so differently informed, so enlightened by hope, so gay with animation, so bright in youth, so distinguished in beauty; she remembered those hands so forward in their kind and generous pressure of the outstretched hands of gay acquaintances, of honourable friends, so ready to be engaged in good actions, so willing to bless; and now—yes! these were recollections which excited her pity and grief, and which had virtue to impel her tears. Osterley felt them

them falling on his own cheek and hands, and as during the last few years he had only seen from the same eyes the tears of disappointment, of spite, or rage, they affected him as at once precious and afflicting. He joined them with good heart, and felt a relief as instantaneous and pleasing as the remedy had been kindly. He was the first to speak; and having derived comfort, was willing to bestow it.—“ My poor Anne!” he cried, “ we will do better—promise the best things, like all the world, and not forget them like all the world. Nay, nay, now I am the hero, and must even take the rudder: my chill is gone. Why, Anne—Anne! we make but indifferent thieves.”

“ Very bad ones.”

“ But it is a last duty of the same sort, Anne. We will not—we shall not have occasion—no, God forbid!—we shall not have occasion to—as the law says—become old offenders.”

“ Will

"Will you take me home again?" inquired the child.

His voice and question roused Mrs. Osterley: she dried her eyes, resumed, with some abatement, her imperiousness of air and look, and taking her seat at the rudder, she began to concert, first in thought, and then by word, her future measures. Her words were uttered for the love of accordance; it was not likely they would meet with opposition.—"We will rear the child as our own, Osterley," she observed to her husband.

Her husband slightly bowed, and then smiled on the infant, who, with good humour, returned his salute.

Mrs. Osterley continued—"He will have little remembrances returning for a time; but these will not be understood where we are going.—A-propos, where are we going?"

"I know not," replied Osterley, with unconcern.

"Nor I, nor care much where we go,  
so



so only the arrangements made at Dunkirk may be transferred with ease. And think you that these may be traced, and we by them, if——” She looked upon the sea, the virtuous inclinations which had excited her tears, or been excited by them, almost lost: she looked upon the sea with almost a desire that Pierre Aignet *filé* might now be under the green weed far, far, and peaceful; that he might sleep till he should somewhere be confronted. She cared not, so only it were not before an earthly tribunal.

Her husband understood her thoughts, and looked too on the sea, and towards England. He was positive of one thought, and gave utterance to it with the rapidity of sincerity.—“ I trust in Heaven that the man is not there !” he cried, as throwing his hand towards the water, he marked where he meant.

“ Yet it would be the most certain,” observed his wife, with a firmness which  
marked

marked to what lengths she could be impelled.

“Anne! Anne!” exclaimed Osterley, shrinking with horror, “say not that.”

“She says very bad things,” cried the child, innocently; “you must punish her for them.”

Osterley could not forbear smiling at its opportune *naïveté*, while his wife, with a brow which declared that she should hate the boy as ardently as she had sought him, bade him—peace! She continued—“He seems forward—I shall be wearied of him; but, however, I think, Edmund, it will be as well to preserve the child’s initial, but to change his name; the first, I see, rests on some of the things about him. Take up the profession you have quitted, and baptize him here.”

It seemed that all her observations were to wound her husband: his face became paler; he sighed heavily, and cast upwards a glance of so much affliction as might have won pity; he was silent a moment, and

and then, without any reproach, he but told his wife to use her own choice. She made choice, and determined that the boy should henceforth be, Claude.

“Are we going home?” again demanded Claude.

The question induced Osterley to send out glances of inquiry. It was near noon; the boat continued to glide rapidly southwest; yet on the side of England, towns like specks, were discernible, and these Osterley guessed to be the ports, or at present, or formerly, of Sussex. Rye he counted, and Winchelsea, and Hastings; and on the opposite coast, Boulogne opposed itself to these. After a little conference, it was determined not to enter Boulogne, because as it was impossible with the present wind to run back to Dunkirk, it might prove but little more inconvenient, and much more safe, to proceed further westward. And indeed if it had been determined to enter the first port, the pilot must have had some assistance;

ance; for though it was easy to obey the impulse of wind and tide in the government of the rudder, something more than such obedience was necessary to the entering of a port.

Madame d'Osterley, however, as she designated herself in France, had more than enough of confidence in her own ability, both on sea and land: and now, as both had determined not to enter the harbour of Boulogne, madame became impatient to enter any other which might present itself. The breeze was most favourable; but now that madame felt impatient, it was not quick enough for her "keened-paced desires." She commanded, being admiral as well as pilot, the sail to be hoisted. Her man remonstrated, doubting her skill in naval affairs, and being quite sure of his own entire ignorance. Madame reiterated her command, leaving at the same moment the helm. Osterley took place at it, leaving his commander to execute her own orders.

It

It really was surprising how deftly she managed the rope and canvass; and if an observer of character, knowing hers, had seen her thus engaged, he would have made a curious speculation on the good application of those very powers in the condition of a sailor, which, in her condition of woman of the world, she had most lamentably ill applied. She ran the cord through their rings, and drew away with an alertness and a force, which almost shamed the inactivity and helplessness of her companion. He came, however, to her assistance, expecting honestly, but submissively, that the result of this compliance with the commands of his wife-admiral, would be to overturn the boat. But even to such extremity he must come, if it should please madame. The sail, however, was set, and the boat was going backwards.

“ Well, Anne,” cried Osterley, “ there are two sorts of perseverance—the one to advance,

advance, the other to run back. You have chosen the latter."

Mrs. Osterley bit her lip, to give herself fresh force in drawing the cord on the other side, the colour mounting in her cheeks by the strength of the exercise. It succeeded perfectly well; the sail was set to the wind; the waves passing lightly and swiftly, aided both; and forwards to the coast of Normandy glided the boat, with a steady and uniform celerity of pace.—  
"It is only to take the side opposed to that which one has found to be wrong, to know what both sides are, Edmund," cried Mrs. Osterley, in triumph.

"It is very true, Anne," responded Osterley; "and I trust, as you are so excellent a seaman, you will conduct us to a port."

"I should like, however, to be aided or advised," again replied Mrs. Osterley, with the impertinence of one who not only felt that she must do all herself, but who was

internally convinced that she *would* do all herself.

“Counsel and assistance then are here at hand,” returned Osterley, as looking in front he perceived a vessel which seemed to be a French fishing-smack, and which indeed proved to be so.

Here was a danger of which madame d'Osterley had not thought, and to the mastering of which she was unequal. The commander of every vessel expects in his brother commanders a knowledge equal to his own; and thus when he tacks to avoid his brother, he calculates upon his brother's tack. But the commander of a fishing-smack expects to be avoided by a boat, as a monarch to be crouched to by his slave: he cannot descend to tack, not he; and if the captain of the smaller boat will not make way for him, he must be indebted to Providence if he be not run down. So is it in the world: so perhaps it ought to be—the lesser must avoid the larger body.

“Now,

"Now, Anne," cried Osterley, with an alarm ever ready to be excited—"now, Anne, she comes down fast upon us—what shall I do?"

The helm's-woman answered not: her eye was fixed in consternation at the swift bearing down, as the sailors would call it, of the two vessels, and her thoughts were anxiously running after the recollection of some observation made of the practice of seamen in this extremity—whether to take in sail, whether to drop sail, whether to tack—what to do with the rudder. Never was lady of quality in so terrible a fidget. —"Drop the sail, Edmund!—drop the sail, or we shall be run down!" cried Mrs. Osterley to her husband.

That most inexpert sailor ran to the wrong side of the boat; and having repaired that error, he could not loose the rope on the other side.

"Down with the sail!—down with the sail!" shrieked madame d'Osterley.

Her husband but trembled more—but  
K 2                      confused



confused himself more—but more entangled the rope.

“We shall be lost!” again exclaimed madame, as she saw the momentous situation in which she was placed—“we shall be lost! We shall be borne down by the smack!” she cried, as springing over the plank which divided her from her husband, she seized the rope, and in an instant furl-ed sail.

The boat relaxed speed, and the march of the opposing monarch was not swift, for the wind was altogether opposed to that march. However, it was only likely that the boat's crew would have a few more minutes to prepare for death, for the fishing-smack altered not her course, and they, the boat's crew, were not certain as to the manner of changing theirs. And, moreover, the commander of the smack, seeing in that crew the forms of seamen, supposed their ability, and in observing their course, imagined that it was meditated; that there might be some communication

nication to make, together with a certainty how to make it, without compromising the safety of the boat. The smack bore then its course onwards; so did the boat, with every prospect of being run under the prow of the larger vessel. There was no malice in it; for the boat was French, and be it remembered, that sailors can tell by instinct of what country vessels are.

“Gracious Heaven! gracious Heaven!” cried Osterley, in a transport of agony, “here then is the death *we* have merited! but”—and he seized the child, scarcely knowing what he did, and held it towards heaven—“but save—save this infant!”

“Bear away! bear away!” shrieked Mrs. Osterley, with a power of voice which reached the ear of the French commander; and, at the same time, all self-government, all her vaunted ability, and presence of mind abandoning her, she continued to draw the rudder first one way, then the other, perceiving only that the boat was

urged more and more briskly towards the ruin which threatened it.

“ Est ce une femme qui est là \* ? ” demanded monsieur le capitaine, with infinite surprise.

“ Oui, oui, je suis femme ! Je ne puis pas vous eviter ! Avez pitié de moi † ! ” continued to cry madame d'Osterley.

All was in confusion in the vessel. The captain with instantaneous humanity gave his orders, *d'aboutir*, I think they call it, draw-to—to—I know not what; all that a gallant French captain would have done in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, though he had been a fisherman. But in vain; the boat was too near, and the wind was too active. On it went, and Osterley and his unhappy wife had the view, the full view of one of the most horrid deaths that can happen to human beings. Osterley, who had till now held the infant, threw

\* Is it a woman?

† Yes, yes, I am a woman ! I cannot escape you ! Have pity on me !

threw him to the bottom of the boat, and that he might himself avoid the concussion of the two vessels, he prepared to spring into the water. But his wife, now entirely female, shrieking and clinging to him, prevented the effort. The vessels neared, and struck, and Osterley and his wife, at the same moment, throwing up their hands, caught hold of the ropes which ran along the boom, and there hung, suspended above the water. A moment, and they must have been lost, for but a moment could they have supported themselves thus unpropped. A moment only was necessary to their relief. The French move with alacrity, and they do not relax their alacrity when they are moved to do a kindness. In a moment were sailors seen bending over the boom, and aiding the strangers to sustain themselves, till a rope, coiled by the captain's orders round the boom, was thrown from it under the strangers' feet, and again drawn above. With it were the strangers drawn upwards

to a level with the vessel, and enabled to insert themselves firmly into the places from which the sailors receded, and from these into the vessel.

The first cry of Osterley was for the child; and, to his great and inexpressible joy, he heard its cries replying to him. The prow of the boat had but struck, while the boat itself, lightened by the sudden release of Osterley and his wife, had not gone with sufficient force to glide under the fishing-smack, but had merely turned, and taken its place at the side of that vessel, going in due course with it. It was now indeed in danger of being left so in the rear of the smack, as to be in hazard of its track, or draught, and the captain knowing this, ordered a boy to slip down the vessel's side and secure it. The boy did so, and found in it an innocent, who now wept after his enemies, as lately he had wept after his friends.

It required but a little while to reassure madame d'Osterley. There was but now the

the mere act of holding her hand to her bosom, in suppression of its agitation, which seemed at all womanly in her presentment. Her voice indeed was unequal, and fluttered; but that might have been placed to the account of her youth. However, the fear of death had overstepped all power of reservation, and she had confessed herself to be woman: she was therefore to sustain her character. She did sustain it with a renewed ability. She conceived well the curiosity of the men with whom she had to deal, and she knew that the best way of rendering it inoffensive, and even useful, would be to anticipate its questions. Nothing therefore could exceed her gratitude to the captain for the preservation of herself and child. She was English, and had, together with her husband, been confined for political opinions, favourable to the court of Versailles. She had escaped to the coast, seized a boat, and was now on her way to the coast of Normandy.

The captain began acutely to look over the side of his vessel, and to read the name of Pierre Aignet *fils*, Dunkerque.

Madame resumed her story. It was a boat which had been taken, she believed, many years before; it had certainly been long held in the place from which she had impelled it. She then prayed the advice of monsieur le capitaine. Monsieur le capitaine happened to be on his way to the herring fishery; but there was an idle fellow on board that might well be spared, and he perhaps would forego his hopes of profit from the voyage, if he could find a certain profit nearer home. Madame might choose: she was about eighteen leagues north-east of the port of Fécamp.

There was one near who for some time had continued to eye now the captain, now madame, with a glance of strange meaning. The latter, indeed, this one regarded with that sort of familiarity which, when one is in other lands, offends not, since it only tells the kindred of country.

Through

Through dirt and blackness broke the fury of an exquisitely arched and intelligent eye. This one too could restrain his voice no longer.—“Faidth, madam, my lard,” cried this idler, “it would be a mighty great pleasure to me to have the hanour to guide your lardship, for I know very well that monsieur le capitaine manes me.”

“Are you a sailor?” asked madame, in nearly the same language.

“Is it if I’m a sailor you ask, madam, my lard?” inquired the same one. “Faidth I’m a sailor too, and that I have bane ever since I was barn. And a little more for your comfort, I am of your own dare country, and that cannot be any other than Ireland, I warrant.”

This was a presumption, for none of us had seen a great deal of Ireland, though what we had seen we had much loved.—“Well then,” said madame, “you shall be our pilot to—what do you call the place?”



"Is it the place, my lord?" inquired the sailor. "Troth, that is called Fécamp, and a most ilegant ville it is for a little out-of-the-way place. You will find there, your hanour, a wanderful abbey, with a swate little chapel to the Holy Virgin, that hardly ever suffers a poor soul to be lost in the sea. Ainsi, monsieur capitaine, je vais vous quitter. Je me chargerai du soin de madame. Madam, I am at your sarvice, and to Fécamp, and plase your hanour, my lord, I consave myself your pilot."

Thus this fresh pilot with the same facility looked, and spoke, and acted. Now English, now French, formed for action, but in love with idleness; with good-humour which never failed him—nay, which ran so fast after his bad fortune, as always to run it down—thus Liffey turned now to his old employer, now to his designated compatriots, very willing to serve either—very wishful to serve both. The captain could spare Liffey, and Liffey was ready to

to quit the captain. Liffey descended to the boat, and declared that Claude was the picture of some little lards he had seen in Dublin; while Osterley, with a liberality which was much prized, gave a guinea to the captain, and another to his crew, and then, with madame, followed Liffey. With unwearied civility did the captain and his crew attend the strangers, till they were fairly embarked; and then, with many excellent wishes to the one and the other, did the obliged and obliging part.

Liffey began by protesting that the sails were too dirty to display before their honours, and that the ropes were so entangled, that nothing but extreme ignorance could have so distorted them. He did, however, continue to arrange them, and then taking his place, that place which madame had so vauntingly, and almost so fatally, filled, did he, by a surer and better skill, turn the prow of the boat in course for Fécamp. Neither Osterley nor his wife spoke to him: they were so very unromantic

romantic as to take out provisions, and to begin to indemnify themselves for the past. I love poetry, and therefore love ethereal diet; but after great exertions will accrue great bodily fatigue, and to relieve this, food and sleep are necessary. The Osterleys then shall eat; but I will not let them sleep.

While this ceremony of replenishment passed, Liffey nourished his mind with respectful ideas of his employers. He was quite sure they were of Ireland, and beyond this certainty he could go with much satisfaction. They were Irish and noble, if not royal: he was willing to address them as their highnesses. The child, he was sure, from the evidence of laces and delicacy, though both were now under the usage of accident, was of the highest order in the state, and, as such, should very soon be elected his own lord and sovereign. Liffey smiled to him, and nodded to him, and sought by all means to find some confabulating loophole through which his heart

heart might escape. In truth, he longed to talk. He dared not yet address his elder companions, for his observations upon the sail and ropes were yet without answer. They seemed not inclined to address him. Osterley thought of the life to him so wretched, and yet so providentially preserved; but the shock of its preservation even, served only to excite to deeper remorse, and therefore to create a deeper wretchedness; for, be it remembered, remorse is not penitence; it is a warring of the conviction of evil done, against the fiend that would excuse it. But from this conflict Osterley rose the stronger in good—nearer to penitence. Now he sat at his wife's side; his features composed to the look of thought and sadness: sometimes he turned his eyes upon Liffey, and perhaps sometimes he wished to be as young, as ignorant, as poor, if only he might be so happy.

Madame d'Osterley also looked at Liffey; so did Claude. It was, for his countenance

tenance was of that happy conformation which pleased the eye; nor it alone, his figure had the same advantage. Neither had yet the ripeness of twenty years; yet had Liffey, in many countries of Europe been exposed to the caprice of climates and of human life. One master had left him in Italy, another in Germany, now was he in France. In all these places he had been pursued by misery; yet had he flouted his pursuer, and when caught, had but sought how to renew the race. There was no vice in him, but much simplicity: no one was more prone to err, or less inclined to sin; but Liffey longed to talk, and now earnestly desired he that madame would address a word—but a word to him. Madame was not yet tired of her regard; however, when some leagues were passed, she was led to inquire if the town she saw were Fécamp?

“Trath, madam, no!” answered Liffey; “we have yet a lang step to take, and we must even be in the night for the short space

space of a couple of hours, and at last find there will be no tide to git in with. That charming little city is St. Vallery-in-Caux ; it is not over clane ; but there are fine ilegant mountains about, and a delightful abbey looking over the sea. Ah, my lard, could you but hare the sang of the fathers at midnight, when the starm ceases a moment, for the voice to come camforting our labours ; it is charming, that it is, and sometimes when I have warked hard all the night and caught nothing——”

“ Hush ! hush !” cried Osterley, for his memory went back to times when he had been acquainted with some such account of the labours of other fishermen, and he could not now sustain the reference.

“ Pardon, my lard !” exclaimed Liffey ; “ but it must be very difficult for your hanour to consave the grate delight of such sort of things to the wretched.”

“ Of what ?” demanded madame.

“ Of this sarvice of our religion, my lard  
—madame

—madame I mane; and yet, no doubt, being a woman, your hanour will excuse me, you have found grater pleasure, though not more comfort than I, in it.”

“And why than you, seeing that you take so great pleasure in it?” asked madame, curiously.

“Because, plase your lardship—madame I mane, your religion has given you prosperity as a reward of your innocence; but for me, it was a pliguy long time that my religion gave me store of comfort, but not much of prosperity.”

“But now I hope she has been kinder to you?” inquired madame.

“Faidth, madame, I do not complain: she has been kind to me for one of my age.”

“Well, and your age; that cannot be much, I imagine?” observed madame d’Osterley.

“Exparience is by yares, madame, they say; and if that be true, I am not very yang, for mighty ill-trated I have been.”

“But

“But

“ But now—now,” continued madame, curious to know the degree of Liffey’s prosperity, “ but now, after your great difficulties——”

The word did not suit Liffey; he fancied that the great came mockingly:—  
“ Your pardon, madame, my lard—je ne voudrois pas—I mane I would not that your hanour should misunderstand me. My trables were all sent me, and I found it my duty to bear them. They were grate enough for one; but he who is ignorant of all trable, would think very little of mine, were I to endeavour to count them.”

“ It is perfectly true, very just, Lif—Liffey, I think you are called?” observed madame.

“ Liffey O’Paole is my name, and plase your ladyship; it came down from my grandfather, who came down—humph!—from the flood, I belave. Liffey, your hanour, is taken from the ilegant river of Dublin, and Paole comes from—faidth, I don’t



don't know, but from some paol or another, I fancy."

"That is very probable," said madame. "So then, Liffey O'Paole, you have entirely quitted your country, and are become a resident of France?"

"Why resident, if you plase, my lady," answered Liffey; "for it would be an indacent thing for a man not to reside with his wife, the poor crater!"

"Man!" cried Osterley, now first taking part in the conversation, and seconding his exclamation with a louder—"boy!"

"Married?" inquired madame, with astonishment.

"By the true church, and plase your ladyship, though you may think it a very hard matter," replied Liffey.

"Indeed I think it no such thing!" cried madame, tempting Liffey's information: "it was without doubt a very good and discreet matter."

"You are very kind, my lard—madame I mane, to think so of it," replied Liffey; "but

"but I was a lang time in being grateful enough to think it so myself."

"You are now contented, I hope," observed madame.

"I am, and I am not, which is sometimes the case with other people, I belave," answered Liffey; "but it was good fortune which gave me a wife, and it was my wife who brought me prosperity, and I ought to be thankful."

"You certainly should!" cried madame. "So then I see—I see very well that you are married to some good French lady of—of Fécamp, I think you call the place?"

"That is the name of the place," answered Liffey. "There am I, married, and doing dacently in a house of my own—that is of my wife, and plase your honour."

"Ha! you keep house!" exclaimed madame, an idea then occurring to her that this circumstance might be of advantage to her—"so you keep house! well, I shall have

have the satisfaction of seeing you in your house, I trust."

"Faidth, madame, it will give your lardship no great satisfaction, unless you be plased to remember that many a time I have wandered about without any covering at all, and that now a house is my own, which is a devil of a wonder."

"Yes, yes!" observed madame, "it must be a pleasant thing to have a house in such circumstances."

"A house and a wife, and plase your ladyship," rejoined Liffey, who seemed determined to have none of his happiness forgotten.

"Assuredly, a house and a wife!" continued madame; "though perhaps, Liffey, you would have been as happy with the house alone?"

"Ah, madame," answered Liffey, with a smile, "it would not be gintale for me to say that, seeing my mighty grate obligation; and it is, moreover, a swate elegant thing when one is perfectly tired of  
baring

baring one's tables alone, to throw over at last one half of them as the lawful share of one's wife."

"Oh, that must be an amazing pleasure!" cried madame rapidly, and turning away her face. But Liffey knew how to please—desired to please, and would not that the effect of his efforts should be concealed.

"I cannot but respect my wife, madame," continued Liffey, "for she is old enough to direct me in the pursuits of life."

"Ah," cried madame, "I understand! your wife is rather—rather—that is, she is not young?"

"Trath, she is not yang, my lady!" resumed Liffey; "but she is an excellent soul, though a little high, as it were. I will have the pleasure of shewing her to your lardship—madame I mane, and if you spake the Norman French, you will find her conversation vastly lively and instructive; but as for herself, she is grave and grey, much after the manner of her house;

house; and if both were a litter yanger, trath! I do not know that they would be the warse for it; but they shall not catch me complaining, and plase your ladyship, not they!"

Thus did Liffey, with the recital of his good and bad fortune, of the mature age, and gentle nature of madame O'Paole, of his past misery and present hopes, seek to entertain his companions; and thus did he, in effect, create for himself an interest in their bosoms; but gaiety must have pause, pleasant moments intermission. Even Liffey had his periods of thought and seriousness; but they were open to the dissipation of the first glimpse of joy. It was not so with his companions; if they were gay, it was a surprise which sadness had failed to resist in the first attack, but could effectually overbear in the second: and now, as the sun fell, as the shadows of evening crept slowly—more rapidly—concentrated themselves, and at last overspread the face of heaven and of earth, so  
with

with a muter sadness did they shrink into themselves, and find all within dark, cheerless, and uncertain, as appeared all without.

## CHAPTER V.

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We go to France; arrived there,
 It would be mighty sad to find
 Nought half so excellent, or rare,
 As the dear treasures left behind.
 Yet sometimes hath it happened too,
 That people wise and people witty,
 Have been amazed not to view
 Abroad, the west end, and the city;
 So discontented have gone back.
Qu'ils aillent ! *Prosper Lecaché.*

WHEN the night is clear, when there is no moon, when but the stars are abroad, like ladies' eyes twinkling with great brightness, and very talkatively, one may see cliffs to great advantage. True, they are darker, and so to appearance mightier; but this their dim and portentous effect is, to many dispositions of mind, the beauty of sublimity; and in their fall, where they stoop

stoop them to a level with the sea, allowing a hollow in which is a town or village, in which tapers gleam, or from which the toll of the Angelus is heard sounding; in these, their falls, is also a variety, which owes something of its effect to night and darkness. The culpable people in the boat liked night, and the Norman cliffs for their security; but felt nothing of their beauty—something of their terror. As now they scudded along, they perceived a bar to be drawn along the narrow entrance of the harbour of Fécamp, and they conceived that to enter the town would be impossible. Now morning and its exposition they desired not.

“What can they apprehend in a wretched place like this?” demanded madame. “Why do they close the port?”

“Faidth, they’ve a pretty dale to apprehend!” answered Liffey; “for there’s always a war between queen Anne and the great king; and what the devil they are fighting about, they would be pazzled

to tell, I believe. There must be some mistake in't."

"It is likely," replied madame.—"But, Liffey, is there no way of entering the port?"

"Trath, my lard," answered Liffey, as he furled the sail, and began to row, "trath, my lard, we shall do vastly well in entering the town, without trable to the port."

"Can we so get into the town?" inquired Osterley, who now first began to think of that, which for a long time had occupied the thoughts of his wife, viz, the habitation to be chosen, and how in it to escape question. There are moments, when questions to sailors are very inconvenient; this was one of them. Liffey answered not; but watching a coming wave, thrust mainly with his oar, and impelled the boat to the utmost possible in the shingle. Still it was necessary that he should remain to the waist in water, holding the bark in its present position, until the voyagers should
be

be landed. Madame d'Osterley was the first who saw the necessity of following Liffey's example, and was the first to embrace the necessity. She leaped into the water, and taking the child, she put him upon the sand beyond the reach of the sea. She then returned, and received from her husband a small but weighty bag, which had hitherto escaped the notice of Liffey. Liffey was assured of what it contained, and was happy in the conclusion, that the boat, which had conveyed such riches, would on easy terms become his own. Madame d'Osterley called to her husband, and, with cheerful alacrity, consulted with him. The bad are worshippers of hazard, and lucky chances are their periods of jubilee. Madame thought it most fortunate thus to arrive where suspicion would not reach her—where she might mock pursuit.

"Liffey!" called madame d'Osterley, in the manner of one long accustomed to call her domestics, and to have them near,

"Liffey, you have a house, you say, in Fécamp?"

"And a laful wife, an' plase your ladyship!" replied Liffey.

"Well," continued madame, "a house and wife: are they near?"

"And they are close at hand," answered Liffey, perceiving the intention of madame; "you will find them jast here, and ridy to resave your lardship, if so it should plase you."

"It is very well, Liffey," said madame; "we will go with you."

"And the boat, and plase your ladyship?" introduced Liffey; for this would be a fortune to him.

"That is yours," answered madame.

"Trath, madam, your ladyship's charity might have floated upon the waters for miny days, and not found a so grateful resaver: I'm bound to you for ever! Came alang, faidth, I'll carry the little king, and soon make the sentinel easy abart litting you pass."

There

There was a rampart which ran westward of the town, till it joined with the cliffs. Liffey marched boldly up to the sentinel, and made such declarations as sufficed, so that the strangers passing the fortification, proceeded with him to his house near the port.

This house of monsieur O'Paole was large only in the estimation of its proprietor. Its sides were equal, and it was high, bearing the appearance of a square tower. All fortifications here were for the safety and at the expence of the Abbey, and there is little doubt that this building, which appended to the fortifications, belonged also to the Abbey. An old woman, to whom madame O'Paole had acted as nurse, had been suffered to remain in it till her death, and since her death, madame O'Paole had enjoyed it without molestation. The Osterleys were pleased at its loneliness, and hoped to find in it a quiet shelter. They came round from the front, to a small doorway at its side. Here was

no door to oppose them; across the entrance lay a block, which might have been called a step, but that on the other side one descended again to a level with the earth. A dilapidated stairs of three-cornered steps, formed of brick and cased with wood, ran to this entrance; and between both was a passage, which time, usage, and damp, had resolved into every variety of rise and fall. This passage terminated on the right in a door, through some chasms of which broke gleams of light; but it was unfortunate that on each side the door there were corners. Now these corners were in general made void every fete of St. Louis, that is to say once a-year. Sometimes their accumulations of seasons ran to two years, but seldom further. Madame O'Paole did not like trouble, and being in easy circumstances, she did not give herself trouble. But the Osterleys, though by force of circumstances they had been for some years residents of foreign lands, had not lost the quality of English

English

English people. They loved cleanliness, though madame O'Paole was careless of it; and now madame d'Osterley marched cautiously but disdainfully, her look apprehensive but scornful, her step measured but doubtful. She suffered now her husband to take the lead, and he, poor man! stooped often from his remorse to ascertain his way, and assure a passage to madame. Liffey carried the child, and resting as he arrived at the door, it occurred to him that perhaps his companions might not be so pleased with his habitation as he was, or as he thought they should be.

"Faith, madame," he cried, "it is likely that you will find no small difference between my house and your palace, and that will hardly be my fault, I believe, for vastly sure I am, that if it were a palace, you should also be welcome to it."

"Ciel, c'est mon mari!" exclaimed a voice within, and in an instant the door opened, and madame O'Paole, in a trans-

port of wonder and delight, presented her cheek to the salutation of her husband. The husbandly salute was immediately imprinted upon both cheeks; but Liffey, even in the ardour of the moment, forgot not his compatriots. He whispered to his wife that a prince, a princess, with their son, the hereditary prince, were in the passage, and waiting to be introduced. Madame O'Paole could not conceive that their rank, though high, was so princely high; however, she made her reverence with a Norman French grace, and, as the second effort of politeness, began to draw some enormous chairs to the hearth. Osterley, as was his custom, was silent, leaving every thing, but his own thoughts, to his wife; while his wife, ever ready, and ever assured that what there was, was what she should command, turned towards madame O'Paole, and began to explain her own purpose.

The French are seldom embarrassed. In the midst of great vivacity, is a collect-
edness

edness which seldom forsakes them, and which is yet too respectful to be bold. Madame O'Paole had the fewest of the pleasing qualifications of French character; she was apt and vivacious as any of her country-people; but there was no rule in her vivacity. As she had married late, and that from intemperate love, there were moments when she saw jealousy, and so acted erroneously. Sometimes she reflected before she acted; but it is not every body that is suited to reflection. Reflection confused madame O'Paole, and sometimes made her unkind and cruel, where she might have been but erring and perverse. The original impression, confused by reflection, produced nothing but embarrassment and pain. She was visionary and romantic, as is often the case when ladies are left with a large fortune, and a white hand at their own disposal. I say nothing of her vain expectations with respect to Liffey, of her binding enactments upon the course and government of his

L 6

looks,

looks, words, and actions, or of her wild imagination that these enactments could bind. Then again, it was her fancy to rule by bad humour. This was surely the height of romantical delusion. She conceived that she could bind, and that her house could bind. I say nothing of her power over the affections; but it was a wonderful presumption to attach a similar power to stone and clay. Her house was not great; she herself was decidedly little; but then like gold, it was the nature of the metal to be great in littleness. I am confused between the French and English standards; but I think that madame Jonquille Baque O'Liffey de Paole was almost four feet, four English feet in stature. She, however, lost none of her superbnness: but that which was very remarkable in so small a body, was the exquisite smallness of her head; yet that defect, if indeed it were a defect, was counterbalanced at other points. Her head was assuredly small; yet a great spirit may exist

exist in a confined space, and madame Jonquille had a high spirit; yet nothing was ever more smally indicative of spirit than the face of madame Jonquille.

The French ladies take no care of their complexions, though some of them well merit to be preserved. Madame Jonquille had never taken pains with hers, and as in the first instance nature had imprinted it with a tartar tint, so was it tintured now, but unclearly. Jonquille disdained art, as natural beauties should; even the free application of fresh water, which only painted beauties should not. She was then an indisputable brown, turning into dimness. People might have quarrelled as to the colour of her eyes, for they would not tell their colour; and yet people did not quarrel about them, for they did not regard them; still they were large when entirely open, and very furious when well informed. I should fix them at a dead yellow; but only as the sun is the source of colour, and is himself yellow, I am quite
sure

sure they were not like the sun. Let them be yellow then, with power to change according to impressions, or a fanciful taste. Her mouth—There is something expressive in a wide mouth; I prefer a wide mouth to a very small one. The mouth of madame Jonquille was so small, as to require to be sought in order to be seen: yet eloquence is not of the lips. Through the lips of madame Jonquille, poured often such a gush of words, as indicated no narrowness of way. The chin too was of becoming pettiness, and inducing wonder how it could be necessary to prop up the *ensemble* of so small a head and face upon so large a throat. The figure, or *taille*, as the French will have it, was little, as I have said, not more altogether than four feet and a half. The envelopement of all this was a modified Gothic, that is, pure Norman.

I am pleased with the flaunting loftiness, the high antiquity of the *coiffure cauchoise*; but the headdress of madame Jonquille

quille was that of Low Normandy, I apprehend. Her hair was yellow, and turned up in a wide braid ; where it fastened or terminated, I do not know ; I never could see, though I am something taller than madame Jonquille. I fancy, however, that, with some other material, it served to make a high cushion on the crown of the head : something there certainly was on the head, to which was secured against the stoutest attacks of the rudest winds, a high, small temple of muslin, round the base of which was drawn curtains of muslin, deepening to the ears, and upon the neck behind—deepening to so independent a fulness and breadth, as left them at liberty to blow aside if they would, and expose the braid round which they fell. This temple with its valance, with long pendants, indeed finger-drops of gold, falling from the ear to the shoulder, formed and finished the head equipage. The neck was but slightly veiled, for round it ran a few

few links of every-day beads, which yet were to be exposed.

Madame Jonquille wore a bodice of striped chintz, of very wide stripes, of very large flowers, and of very dark colours. I think it was sewed to the stays: it descended immediately to the waist; and round the waist ran a padded machine, which threw off to a great distance from the body the weight and the fulness of a short crimson frieze petticoat; and which caused this petticoat, with every step of the wearer, to dangle with a see-saw pendulum motion from side to side. The foot of madame Jonquille, thrust into a blue stocking, was delicately slid into a black velvet slipper—an absolute slipper, being without heel. I must not forget to say that the sleeves of madame Jonquille were not of the same material as her bodice, but were tricotées—that is to say, knitted, of white worsted, cuffed with scarlet. This is of importance, because, as the general attitude of the Norman ladies of

of the condition of madame Jonquille is to stand with arms a-kimbo, the sleeves, and above all, the cuffs, add to the picturesque effect both of attitude and costume. Thus then stood madame Jonquille O'Liffey de Paole, for thus also she was pleased to arrange the name of her husband as it applied to herself—thus then she stood, listening to madame d'Osterley, and as she turned her head, giving sign of activity to head-draperies and petticoat, of which both availed themselves for several minutes afterwards, whiffing on one side the dust of her dusty apartment, and on the other acting as a fan to the embers of the fire.

It is most unfortunate for me that madame Jonquille spoke not English. If she had been so learned as mademoiselle Justine, it would have been happy for me. She had had for some time a design of taking lessons from her husband; but either she had not demanded them, or her husband had not been willing to part with them,

them, on a presumption that he could not give and retain at the same moment. It is however unfortunate for me; and though I could do as others are constantly doing, make speeches for her at this moment, in the lowest and most natural style, and in the very next page, in the best conceived and expressed tragedy strain, yet I do not choose to do it. I am a fixed and consistent friend of truth, and I will not wrong madame Jonquille. I have no doubt that madame Jonquille was very capable of sustaining tragedy; and I am afraid that, as she could not speak English, and that as I must not write French, we shall lose a great deal of her comedy. But I will console myself with imagining that I have great affairs to do in this chapter, and will flatter my friends with the hope that I go incontinently to pursue them.

Madame d'Osterley explained, that having detourned monsieur O'Paole from his voyage for the purpose of guiding herself and family to Fécamp, it should be her hope

hope to reward him for his masterly guidance: that in the interim she desired a quiet shelter—was not difficult, and would, if she should find the matter feasible, have the place in which she then was converted into a temporary residence for herself.

Madame O'Paole began to dread; she was almost afraid that the stranger might, when habited *en femme*, turn out to have more beauty than herself, or more engagingness. She saw that the other stranger was, what the English are always conceived to be when abroad, long-faced, and grave-faced, and proud, and perhaps—stupid. I really wonder why my countrymen should take a delight in looking as if they were coming from funerals. Their faces are in general very respectable, but they make them very sad. I should be sorry to see them quit their character, and assume a tawdriness of air, feeling no gaiety of heart: but they do quit their character abroad, and assume a gloominess of mien which belongs only to the close-souled,

souled, the poor-souled, or the soulless. Have they heard that the English is a thinking nation, and do they imagine that to gain the credit of being the thinking individuals of that nation, it is necessary to look as if half asleep? I do hope that we can think; I know also that other nations can. But the stupid look is not thought; and we wrong ourselves in assuming it. Sure I am also, that there is no nation on the face of the earth that has a keener relish for gaiety than the English nation. But poor Osterley, he might well be excused for his long funeral visage. There was a worm in his bosom—a constant, an effectual, a gnawing worm at his heart, and he was not enough hypocrite to look gay while he felt anguished. The French ladies, however, will never tolerate these long faces. When they are sad, they are going to die; and they will have the world die with them: but when they are happy, they will not conceive, nor shall any body force them to conceive, how

how it is possible for others to be miserable.

Madame Jonquille then, saw that Osterley was *tout-à-fait Anglais*, altogether English; and she would leave him there without a further definition. But of madame she had some apprehensions; and for the child——A terrible suspicion crossed her mind. And yet, no! there was a glimpse of height even in so young an infant; and he was, moreover, a miniature of the silent English gentleman. The child caught her glance, and by a very injurious association called her—"Justine!"

"Ah, il m'appelle Justine, le petit cher, le petit cher! Je ne suis pas Justine, mon cher petit enfant! Vous vous êtes trompé mon *;" and madame, losing all suspicions, flew to the child, and assured herself in loving it. New thoughts beget new actions. Madame was consoled at any chance which again brought back her husband,

* He calls me Justine, the little dear! I am not Justine, You deceive yourself, &c.

band, and with the prospect of his advantage. With a thousand exclamations, mingled with self-felicitations upon the superiority of her state, over that of her neighbours, she foresaw great inconvenience to her guests. She had but one bed, though wonderful supplies of sheets; one kitchen, though many unfurnished apartments; but a means of accommodating her husband, though a desire of receiving his dear and noble compatriots. Saying this, her foot struck against the bag of gold, and with sympathetic intelligence guessed all its power. Her eye fell on the visage of her husband.

“Trath!” cried Liffey, “I fale your maning; and if madam, my lard, you choose to take up with our bed to-night, we will make up some others to-morrow. There’s never an hotel in the place, by rason, becuse that the excellent fine abbey resaves the wayfaring, and good chare it gives them. And if you would like, I would take a run up to the benevolent
abbot,

abbot, and make known your case; for he loves to resave the dare souls of Ireland, seeing that its hard to preserve the pure faidth."

Madame looked round the apartment. It had never been bricked or boarded; yet it had been papered, and with a paper which we should call beautiful and classical, though one which is very common in France. Its divisions were marked by Corinthian pillars, very well designed and printed, and between these were scenes from Roman history—scenes well chosen and very tastefully executed. Over the door too, which I have before described, was a design from Ovid—a sketch perhaps of some provincial painter—perhaps of some painter engaged at the abbey; yet was it fanciful and well filled. Yet this paper and painting had no appearance of price, of having been ever esteemed rare or valuable. They looked as common things—as things which could spring from the people at any time, and in any province.

vince, 'There was many a rent too, and great blackness; the first arising from stewing vessels, hung against the wall, as well as from carelessness; the other from smoke, the very disagreeable smoke of the everlasting wood fires. I am here very glad to retort upon our neighbours: their very best rooms are subject to smoke; and nothing can be more pungent, more afflicting to eyes and nose, than the smoke of wood fires. Now our rooms, by all that ingenuity can devise, are corrected of this evil; and, after all, the smoke of coal is not so stinging. But our neighbours never find themselves fumed in their own rooms, and never cease from fancying themselves fumed in ours. The fireplace of madame Jonquille, as may well be imagined, might have been the entry to that sad place which Cerberus guards. Nay, the three heads of that wild dog might there have tossed without inconvenience to each other. Wide it was, and deep it was, and black and sooty it was, and the smoke

smoke which vollied from damp fagots, placed upon the very floor, had in it range to twirl and spire itself into all forms of fancy, and after to vomit forth.

Going round by the left of this huge chimney, guiding one's-self by the Corinthian columns, and Roman scenes, one came to a door covered by the same classical devices. If this door had been open, the strangers would have seen what would have surprised them. Perhaps it had been contrived by the late mistress of Jonquille, or perhaps before her time, by some *sous-lieutenant*, to save the one or the other trouble, and the necessity of running out to cook when they received company. It was, however, a sort of thing which we have not in England, and which is ordinary enough abroad—a cooking closet; a closet just deep enough to admit a light table-frame of brick, in which were four little stove grates, intended to cook the same number of dishes. Above this frame were suspended the necessary utensils, ray-

ing like suns, or half moons. Continuing round the apartment from this closet, were only various fashions of odd chairs, some with seats woven of reeds—some with embroidered cushions of crimson silk, or blue satin; and all with frames so exceedingly weighty, that the arm hated to lift them. Yet there was an interruption of a marble slab, upon a gilt frame of lion's legs; and immediately at its side, a deal table which had never been molested by paint, or painting, and which, so puny were its legs, creaked to the encumbrance of its own weight. Passing these, passing the entrance-door, passing one naked side of the apartment, one came to the great ornament of the cooking and living room of a wide number of French families—the bed. This was in an alcove, which had entered into the design of the contriver of the citadel; and because it was so in an alcove, fringes and festoons were spared round three parts of the bed, and were alone necessary as a decoration to the fourth and exterior

exterior part. It is strange to say, that this decoration was of yellow brocade silk; and notwithstanding its long existence, since the regency of Marie de Medicis— notwithstanding the change of hands, and its frequent exposure to envelopements of smoke, it was yet bright, and conscious of its silkiness. This was the surface of the dwelling of madame Jonquille, and it is surely not too much to say, that Liffey had matter for exultation.

Madame d'Osterley eyed the apartment, and particularly the bed. It were vain to say she was not tired; but yet, notwithstanding the yellow brocade silk, she could not persuade herself to accept the coarse and dingy rug which was in communion with it. She discovered that the chairs were large, and while she set madame Jonquille to make an omelet, and afterwards dispatched her to seek wine, she busied Liffey in arranging a couple of fallen doors upon the seats of the satin chairs, and in drying, and then placing

M 2

upon

upon these the cloaks, and wrapping vestments which they had brought with them in the boat. A couch too was raised for Claude, who now, with a patience to which perhaps excessive fatigue added, seemed only waiting for a couch in order to compose himself to his uncertain destiny.

I would willingly say that madame was discontented; that she thought of the other lodgings of matter-of-fact people, and wished that she had not quitted the ordinaries of life. But she had so quitted them, and she scrupled not to accept the contingencies of the path she had chosen. But Osterley! he felt every small infliction, not so much in itself as in that greater infliction to which it led. This had not been, would he say internally, if the guilt had not been: then, it was no longer the smaller, but the greater evil which he felt. And now, the contingencies of a hard bed, and unsorted hosts, were to him the more difficult to bear, inasmuch as his soul reproached him for the cause with all its concomitants,

concomitants, for which he bore them. He was like Macbeth, who, when he had done the deed, could only look at his hands and say—"A sorry sight!" So now, when his wife began, with a composure, at least of appearance, which bespoke a very resolute submission to circumstances, began to prepare for her new resting-place, he, Osterley, could only regard that resting-place with looks of disconsolateness, and exclaim—"Your alertness surprises me, Anne! For my part, I cannot rest where I am, nor shall I rest where I am going; nor——" He lifted his hand to his brow now—now again covered with that dew which rose so often, chilling him in its rise—"nor shall I rest again but in the—grave."

He spoke the word quietly, that Liffey should not hear it. And Liffey did not hear it, for he, at the command of madame d'Osterley, had, some time before, slid into his alcove, and there he now rested tranquilly. He spoke it gently, but his wife
heard

heard it; yet from her he had no consolation. She repaid him with a look of proud reproach—a look which again assured him, that however he might partake her guilt, he never should find means of partaking her satisfaction. Of the first he might take part—a deep and galling proportion: the last must ever rest her own, her own entirely.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

ADÈLE;

OR,

THE TOMB OF MY MOTHER.

A Nobel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY
PAUL SEBRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF COINCIDENCE, OR THE SOOTHSAYER, &c. &c.

As sits the cunning snake to hear
The early signs and sibilations
Of her young brood; so I, with cheer,
Do mark the certain indications
Of charms, of plots, of conjurations,
Of scenes all sad, of breaking raptures,
Of such a shining brood of chapters;
Of—*Attendez!* *Prosper Lecaché.*

VOL. II.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR
A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1824.

A D È L E.

CHAPTER I.

To every book are many pages;
To every page is many a line;
And each, a courier-thought engages
To run before, that all combine;
And so, by swift relays of stages,
We travel on to our design.
Yet think not from this avant-gout
To guess what future books may do;
Or think that thus they'll be, or thus—
For I assure you——Videamus.

Prosper Lecaché.

SOME like topographical descriptions,
and others do not. I shall please the first
by saying a word, the last by saying but
a word, in the way of topographical de-
VOL. II. B description.

scription. Who knows not the economy of sea-villages! how that in the clefts of mountains they are situated, with their feet washed by the tide! So situated is Fécamp: but the cleft in which Fécamp lies, is rather the point of a long, deep, and winding valley—a valley which having conducted a pretty quiet-stealing river from unknown wanderings, there, at this point, at Fécamp, suffers it to mingle with the sea. But at this particular spot, the mountains widen, to give place for a village, and indemnify themselves for this concession, by rising to a higher, a bolder, and more abrupt prominence. Conceding this little, they absolutely reel against the clouds, and careless of all consequences, the consequences of such an intrusion, lie back and live among them. The eastern cliff is perhaps the highest, it is certainly the most abrupt, and if you will imagine morning, the morning when the sun has not yet planted his foot firmly on this eastern cliff, if you will imagine yourself to

to be standing on a small bridge which crosses the river, you will be in the centre of the chasm or valley, and you will have a *coup-d'œil* of mountain and valley, of abbey-turrets, of a lazy river, of dim coppices, a little irradiated, or half hidden, and all, all heightened in beauty and effect, by those blue and creeping mists, which make the array of morning. Or if you will descend this cliff a little after sunset, when all is clear above, all hazy beneath, you will see the same scene under a different aspect; but under an aspect so beautiful, and so indicative of tranquillity, as to make you forget the world and yourself in its enjoyment. From this forgetfulness, this little paroxysm of delicious oblivion, it is likely you will recur to the inciting cause; that, being nature, will lift you to a higher thought, till by an invisible but assured connexion, you find yourself a link between it and heaven. It was then here, in a spot so likely to awaken, nay, to create good impressions,

that some of our forefathers, being rich and powerful, made for the grave and good, or for the care-worn, or for the storm-beaten, a good habitation. They made such an one, and dedicated it to Heaven. People were not obliged to enter it. But there it existed for such as were grave and good; for such as were care-worn or storm-beaten. Perhaps an idler entered it, or a vicious one, and in so far abused the good design of our forefathers;—as into what hold will not abuse creep? But he died, and still the community had its original retreat. And was this all? No! The coast is thereabouts very rough and bold, and a more ferocious sea one can hardly imagine. The poor ventured upon this, and gained little: the rich adventured upon this, and sometimes lost all. Nor cost nor labour was spared to supply the first, or to relieve the other. A prompt and ready succour was there on the spot furnished to both, and from the abbey. Its members were then, if you please,

please, out of the world, but not released from its best duties, prayer and active charity. We have now Humane Societies of all sorts of belief, though there is but one truth, who superintend in capitals the accidents of outskirt provinces; and ships may be ensured, so let souls perish! But on the very summit of the eastern cliff, there was a chapel erected to the Virgin. It was a heaven to the hopes and to the exertions of the mariner. While the storm raged and blackened, it sent its radiance out far and wide, and speaking louder than the storm, it said—strive, you are near the harbour!—it said—strive, for God sees, and can preserve you! It may well be conceived, that to the philosophico-radical-liberal people of the French Revolution, the abbey was an offence, and the chapel an abomination. They were contrary to reason, and reason which can raise storms, can foresee how long they will last, how far they will extend, and can indeed quell them. A red cap, or a

black cap, or a fool's cap, call it a cap of reason or of liberty, if stuck upon a May-pole, or a fool's pate, so only it might be a philosophico-radico-liberal pate, could, in the estimation of those people, preserve more lives, sustain more souls, than any abbey or chapel in Christendom. Down they came! the chapel was precipitated over the cliff, and only enough of the abbey walls was saved to give shelter to cotton-spinners. There are cloisters yet, through which the rattle of the spinning-wheels may be heard to run, but in which one may listen in vain for the swell of the organ. I quarrel not with the house of industry, but only as it quarrels with the house of prayer. There is plenty of room in Fécamp, as elsewhere, for both, and,

“Some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.”

I will only say, before I return to my story, that, with a strange recurrence to old notions, * somebody has refitted a little chapel

* The good work of the present government.

chapel on the cliff, and that the mariner again feels assured and happy in the recovery of his beacon.

It will be conceived that in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, as now-a-days, some question would arise on the appearance of strangers in so retired a place as Fécamp. Yet the Osterleys were more fortunate than they deserved in avoiding question; and their fortune came again from the misery of others. The ship which had succoured them at sea, was taken the very evening of their entry to Fécamp, and carried as prize into an English port. The war continued, the unlucky crew continued away from their homes as prisoners, and Liffey rested, the sole evidence of their, the Osterleys' strange situation on the water, of their adventitious introduction to Fécamp. And now, so long had they resided in it, so entirely had they changed the face of things, that the house of monsieur O'Pade was become their own, was arranged very much in the

English taste; and that monsieur O'Paole, with madame, *sa femme*, were become their loyal household. One word——

Osterley, or he who went by that name, was the younger son of a family of consequence. Having, as gifts of youth, a handsome person, and a sober turn, he had designed to turn these to a grave profession, and had conducted his studies with judgment and success towards his destined calling. But here a pause! Life will ever continue to be compared to a sea, and who, who shall tell into what hazard or accident he shall not run his bark! There are dangers of great loss to all helmsmen; but very handsome helmsmen have the most to lose:—first, their beauty; then, themselves. In gliding along, before he had well resolved his track, Osterley was spied. The lad had courage, but not much judgment. He met with one, a fair one, who, as our orator said of the queen of France, was lovelier than the morning:—one who was very independently rich,
very

very noble, very distinguished in her own class, and among her own sex, for masculine spirit, for courage and address.

Thus was Osterley detoured from his course. He was too reserved, too timid, too unknowing of himself, to flatter or ask questions. All was done for him. At twenty, he wondered to see himself married, and admired, and rich. He was obliged to make himself gay, because his wife was so; extravagant, because his wife was so; worldly, because his wife was so; cunning in companies, at courts, at play, because his wife was so. The years flew, but his fortune faster. He was urged to every error, into many vices, to please his wife, and to appease, to stifle the remonstrances of a spirit, which cried out continually and continually—what do ye here? Every meanness was tried, in the hope of sustaining triumphs of pride, which were defeats of principle. At last, away was he obliged to fly, a reproach to himself, the contemned of the world, and a

mockery to his wife. How long he lived away, I know not exactly. Perhaps five years, making, with the years of his dissipation, an age of thirty. About this time, the time of the action to which we have traced him, his eldest brother, a baronet, died, leaving an only, an infant son, under the care of his next surviving brother. This child also died,—died beyond a doubt, or I should have mentioned nothing about him: for it would have been the acme of unskilfulness to have resolved Claude into that orphan. The child died, and the second brother derived to himself, and for his family, the name and fortune. It was unfortunate that during these years hinted at of the life of Osterley, there were no children to his marriage. In the first part of that period, they might have excited some regard for their interests, and acted as a restraint upon foolish, extravagant, or guilty actions: in the second, if fortune, name, and country had been lost, they might have cemented union,

union, awakened penitence, or supplied consolation. Now Claude was to do all this. No! madame d'Osterley saw him with distaste, and, to her utter astonishment, in the first year of her residence in Écamp, did she find herself invested with other duties than the care of Claude. But she was not destined to the honour of claiming a son. Ardently did she desire it, and for causes which yet I must not tell. However, her daughter was not unwelcome to her: and in another year, she had another claim upon her maternal solicitude. She saw herself the mother of two daughters, and her distaste for Claude grew into hate. It was now that her design changed, and that to rouse her husband from his hope of tranquillity, she declared it. His opposition, however strong, was nothing in contest with her resolution. She was determined that the infant victim should be brought up as the child of her servant: and by this determination she regulated her actions. She

strove to debase the spirit of the boy, to check the openings of his mind, and to pervert and vulgarize his dawning propensities. And she promised to succeed. I am not apt at describing children, or I would tell how my hopes fall at the sight of this child. He is now ten years old, so that he must have lived at Fécamp, a little more than six. He is loutish. It is an ugly word; but he is loutish, with a something falling in his eye. It is an eye the most precious to look at, full of feeling, and bright in the lucid purity of innocence. It is of the finest blue, and destined to take up daily the lost lights of the extinguished Adèle.

There are some things in which the very young are very discriminating. I do not mean that Claude shall fly faster than time, and then look back contemptuously upon nature. Yet as madame d'Osterley persisted to be cruel, and monsieur to be kind, it will be conceived that Claude could and did distinguish
between

between them. In this case the boy preferred the manly discipline. He resisted cruelty in opposing madame, and that was natural to the boy, for courage and generosity had appertained to Adèle. He cultivated kindness in placing himself under the tutelage of Osterley, and surely this was natural. He felt that madame was not his mother, and the confirmation that this feeling derived from her conduct, made him fiercely independent, so that sometimes he would openly defy her. But the danger was, that her capricious treatment would make him contentious and undutiful. But he was likely not to have too great vivacity, for Osterley seemed to consider it a point of duty, to make him the companion of his walks. From sunrise almost till the fall of day, would this melancholy man take the child and bury him in the solitude of remote mountains. The lad was thus likely to become dull by habit. Yet was he agile as any animal, or lamb, or fawn, or boy, that

that leaps he knows not why but for the mere love of Aëlie. Still, he was dull, for when Osterley had found some depth which he liked best, and had there seated himself in so entire a sadness, as to have no knowledge of the things about, the boy would sit by him, or kneel by him, and throwing his arm about the neck of his friend, would watch him, without speaking, for a long constancy of time. And when some thought, more acute than the preceding, forced at last tears in the eyes of the culprit, or a heavy and cold dew to break out on his forehead, then would the boy, with ready and instantaneous zeal, press the head of the offender to his breast, and endeavour to comfort, and ask to share his grief.

It was a fine day of early summer, and the boy being summoned to attend his friend in one of these, his usual excursions, left the house, and chirped along, and bounded along, making a thousand inversions where the road was most direct, and

and where it was the most difficult and winding, still making to himself fresh involutions, and laughing at their difficulty. The course lay south-westward, along acclivities which were painful to mount and to descend. Osterley had once possessed a very animated love of the scenes of nature. Faint impressions of that love were perhaps yet at heart; and now operating as an instinct, actual yet undefined; perhaps it was by these that he was led to bury his griefs in wilds, to search paths beautiful but the least accustomed, and to climb where the world seemed new, for it was lonely and was lovely. In the path which he now took, were all varieties of campaign view, of mountain and valley, and sea and land. I know not that he stopped to look at these, or that separately he felt their beauties. Yet he did feel them; and as now they sparkled under a clear sky, and looked their gayest, it is possible that the feeling which they imparted, warning against the one of his own wretched-

wretchedness, conspired to make him more desperately wretched. He had some particular object at heart. Six years of agony. Again six years, he thought, and an irredeemable sin, and an eternal agony. He stopped frequently, and when he stopped, the child's face looking up to him, was the first object which he saw. From it he would look over the sea, and towards England, and then would he hurry on the faster.

They had thus proceeded from Fécamp a considerable distance. The fightings of remorse were not yet finished, when the eyes of the wretched culprit fell upon the Calvary of a village. The representation of the great sacrifice was painfully true: the livid hue of agony and death was faithfully rendered. The tortured Osterley looked round. There was no one but the boy near.—He seized the child's hand, crying, "Kneel! kneel!" and hurried him to the foot of the cross. The boy began intuitively the pater-noster, and, following
ing

ing injunctions, which he knew not to have been received from his mother, he repeated it correctly and most devoutly.

Osterley listened in amazement. The boy's eyes were fixed upon the cross, and lifted solemnly upwards, his countenance shone with piety, his voice was full, and clear, and sweet. He finished, and Osterley kissed and blessed him.—“It is resolved!” he cried firmly :—“It is resolved! I will give thee to thine own, so hear me, Father of us both, and thou, gracious One, by whom we can alone be saved!”

He bowed, and then, with greater composure of look and air, he proceeded on his way. He had proceeded about a mile further, when he found himself at the point of descent to a very deep glen, at the extremity of which, and immediately upon the sea, was the little town of Triport. At its mouth is a level sheet of rock, forming the floor of a close bay, in the centre of which, and level with itself,
is

is the little town in question. The appearance of all, glen, town, bay, was at this moment highly beautiful. The tide was just beginning to flow, and it rolled, or rather unrolled itself, in chasing and silvery ripples, the last urging the preceding nearer to the town.

From the height on which Osterley stood, no two houses could be seen together, nor any single house distinctly; for, to every house was its Norman rampart of earth, and to every rampart, was its propping of oak, or beech, or apple, or poplar. From the town itself was scarcely a murmur louder than that of the tide, but from patches of verdure upon the mountains on each side, rose now and then the halloo of children, who guarded that great source of Norman wealth, the quiet and browsing cow. And though many of these browsed, yet not many could be seen, for the dell on either side was well clothed by trees and underwood. The scene was too rich, and beautiful, and happy.

happy. Osterley turned away from it.—Before he must be peaceful, he must brave violence—a violence which he knew himself but ill-fitted to resist: before he must seek peaceful scenes, he must be an actor in rude and boisterous ones:—before he could be happy, he must invade and destroy the delusory happiness of his wife.—“Come, Claude!” said he, “we but lose moments!”

“Yes, we lose them!” cried Claude, and away he bounded, a leap at every step, till stopping, and seeing that he was much in advance, he skipped back again to seek his disconsolate companion.

They descended the dell a little to the left of Triport, and following its windings, they came to an abrupt angle, upon turning which, the mountains were discovered to run in an inverse direction to the way pursued, nearly from east to west. Here was a spot which Osterley liked. Onwards, the mountains almost closed upon each other, so that here was a kind of
verdant

verdant parlour or study, a space wide enough for a turn at the close of a paragraph or a chapter, a space which relieved the view, but distracted it not. Osterley sat down in this apartment of the hills, and leaning his cheek upon his hand, he began to review his object. Claude kneeled at his left side, and putting his arm round the neck of his friend, he composed himself for awhile to the observation of his countenance. Thus they rested perhaps half an hour; then Osterley took a book from his pocket, as if to read, but he paused to open it. Claude had never seen the book before, and was, of course, curious to open it. He put his hand upon it very gently: he was not checked: he took hold of it even, and again, with a child's craft, looked up to see if he might dare further. He saw no reproaches, so he withdrew it from his friend's grasp. It was one of the excellent Latin editions of that book of which the publication should on no account be suffered to glide out

out of the hands of the Universities. It was the last volume of that book, and its motto was—*Via, et vita, et veritas*. The boy opened it, and began reading, in a clear and sweet voice, at these words—"Venite ad me omnes, qui laboratis, et onerati estis, et ego reficiam vos."

"Stop there!" exclaimed Osterley; "go no further, Claude. Let me reflect—Venite ad——" and he continued to repeat the passage till the purest, the most gentle, the most heart-satisfying tears rose to his eyes, and gushed through his fingers, as with his fingers he endeavoured to hide them.

Claude was less officious than usual; he but hid his face over his friend's knee, and waited his consolation.

It were hard to say how long this might have lasted, if, to the surprise of both, and to the grief also of Osterley, an interruption had not occurred. Of interruptions, perhaps it was one of the gentlest and
most

most pleasing, above all to a sorrower and a sinner.

“Can I relieve you?” was uttered in a mild and gracious tone of voice.

Osterley would have started up, and would have fluttered, and would perhaps have been ashamed; for upon what good feelings does not some worldly view, some effect of fashion, break in and trespass? But the stranger who addressed him seemed aware of all these littlenesses, and above them.

“Sit down, sit down,” he continued, “and I will sit down by you, hear your complaints, share your injuries, if you will allow it, and——Now, now, my son! mon fils, si vous le voulez. But I think I address a countryman—an Englishman?”

“Yes, I am English,” interrupted Osterley.

“Well, then you are doubly my son, first, for your sorrows; and secondly, for your country.”

Osterley now first regarded the speaker.

He

He was won by his exterior, for that was such as to attract confidence: and eye, and tone, and manner, were those of a father, commissioned by the highest Father, to hear and compose differences, to hear and to relieve injuries, to hear the confession of the sinner, and to apportion punishment, or to deal out consolation. He was won by the mild authoritativeness of his appearance; and seeing him at this moment, in a place so consonant to good ministry, and when his own feelings were so adapted to its effect, he could not but open his heart to the full persuasion of some manifest and benignant interposition of Providence.—“ And will you accept me for your countryman?” he inquired, still gazing upon the stranger, whose *soutane* and *rabat*, robe and bands, declared his profession.

“ Why should I not, and for my son, seeing that you are the first by birth, and the latter by misfortune?”

Osterley regarded him intensely, but
not

not with that sober resolution which yet gives hope of an effectual application of moral remedies.

The ecclesiastic feared some malady of mind; so, to direct his gaze, and to attain his sorrow more indirectly, he called to the child to bring him the volume, which he yet held in his hand.

Claude arose, and came round capless to present the book. The freshness of the air was upon his cheek, and its vivacity was among his light curls, as now they streamed at random, and now fell over his brow and face, half-concealing both. He seemed to feel the honour of the service in which he was engaged—the honour of presenting the book of holiness to a holy man. He blushed, and bowing low, held out both hands, holding between both the sacred volume.

The father suffered him to rest a little minute so inclined, then taking all, hands, volume, all, he made sign for the child to kneel before him : then putting his right
hand

hand upon the child's head, he bent it back, giving himself a full and an earnest view of his bright, though abashed countenance. He retained the boy in this position two or three minutes, perhaps more.—“Gracious God!” at length he exclaimed, “how sad, how afflicting, how insupportable are the thoughts which are revived in my mind at the sight of this face! So was the face which for some years it was my blessing to look upon: thus was it; thus bright—thus glowing; thus likely to look sweetness and gaiety, and heavenly-mindedness upon the world for many years! But I must look no longer, lest I fall into my *lonely* indulgence of saying fine matters, and so forget that now I am not alone. Go away with thee, my child, go!” said he, patting the boy's cheeks, “or come and sit down by me.—Now sir,” turning to Osterley, “now, sir, could I ask you for consolation. Six years ago was I in England, with thought to rest there, and to super-

VOL. II.

C

intend

intend our——” he paused a little——“ our——diminished flock till the last of my life. I love England, sir, as you may well be assured; I love it, for I am English; I love it too, because I have more than the mere worldly interests of my compatriots at heart. But that is a dull and very easy boast. For this child! Six years ago I received from my superior the nomination to the care of our church in Kent, and, to my great good fortune, found myself in the very vicinity of the residence of——” Again he drew the boy before him, and considered his countenance, till tears obscured all power of sight——“ I would look at the child for ever!” he continued, while Osterley, with eyes glazed and fixed in wonder, with hands clenched, with every power absorbed, sat listening——“ I could look at the child for ever, if it were not for these tears which blind me. Sir, I was the tutor, and after, for some time, the confessor of——Well! well! it were
idle

idle to fall into description. Oh, Adèle! Adèle! my daughter! my dear child!"

His sobs stifled his utterance, while the name of Adèle striking upon the child's ear, caught and touched something of a very faint impression yet resting in his heart.

"Adèle!" said the boy, at first with surprise; then pausing, and with extreme tenderness—"Adèle! what does that mean?"

"Misfortune!" answered father Adrian, amidst his sobs.

"Adèle!" again said the boy, with an emotion which rung terror to the heart of Osterley—"Adèle! whose name is that?"

Father Adrian, recalled again to recollection by the mellow melting voice of Claude, turned rapidly, and answered his artless question.—"It might have been thy mother's, my child," he cried.

A groan, so hollow, deep, and grating, broke from the breast of Osterley, that it seemed impossible for life to sustain a se-

cond.—“ I am faint !” he said—“ quite worn and faint. Oh God ! oh God !”

Claude was in a moment at his side, and with his handkerchief wiping his pale emaciated face ; while he, for a few moments in the slumber of insensibility, lost all thought of himself, and all feeling of his anguish.

“ Is your father often in this way ?” asked father Adrian, as he took the hands of Osterley, and began rubbing them into life.

The child, in his agitation, only caught the question, without observing the words, so that the word father escaped him ; and indeed no particular emphasis had been laid upon it, for here father Adrian could have no suspicion.—“ Yes,” answered the boy, “ yes, very often ; and sad always—very sad.—Awake, sir ! do awake !” continued the child.

Father Adrian smiled on him, with an affection which he had thought entombed with Adèle.

“ Do

“Do awake!” continued the boy; and then addressing the priest—“Can you not help him to awake, sir?”

“I would, willingly, my child,” answered father Adrian, “for too long he seems to have slept or in guilt or sorrow.”

“Sorrow, sir! sorrow!” unconsciously replied Claude—“he is all sorrow!”

“God help him then!” cried the father, “for he is all humanity.”

“Do you say so?” asked Osterley, in a faint voice, as, becoming sensible to what was about him, he suffered himself yet to remain with closed eyes, and with his head supported on the heart of Claude—“Do you bid God help me?”

“In the absence of all knowledge of my own power to help you,” answered the father, “I do indeed bid Heaven to help you. But tell me, my son——”

“What, what,” interrupted Osterley, “would you that I should tell you? Do you not see how inadequate I am to all? that disease is upon me; that I cannot

lift my head from the boy's breast, or my hand from the earth? that when I would read in that book——Where is it, Claude?—in that book, my eyes water, and my head dizzies, and it falls and fades from before me?"

"Well, well," cried father Adrian, a little apprehensive that indeed some disease of body or heart had affected his intellect, "rest a little while, my son—I am in no hurry, and it is not yet evening. There is a remedy for every wo, and its receipt may be found in that book; but it is not every one who has commission to seek or to apply it. That commission has been for many years in my hands, and I doubt not of my power to find a relief for you. Be patient then."

"I will," responded Osterley, still resting, without regarding the father, still resting with his thoughts as they revived, concentrating themselves upon the circumstances related by the father, yet still confused between the desire and the fear
of

of knowing those circumstances more fully —“ I will, and you—you were——was it of Kent you spoke ?”

“ Of Kent,” answered the father, again searching the features of Claude. “ Your child’s features brought to my mind the sufferings I endured in my last visit there. I came into a house where I had been well received—where I had been accustomed to see one who was by every religious rite my daughter—one who was naturally dear to me, as a daughter. She was not there !”

“ Where was she ?” asked Osterley, tremulously.

“ I little way removed—not far,” replied the father, with drooping head and accents.

“ But where ?” again asked Osterley, with a feeling of desperation urged to know all.

“ To the churchyard !”

“ Ha !” sighed Claude, with an inexpressible

pressible look of sympathy, "then your daughter was dead?"

Father Adrian could not answer him; nor could Osterley break the silence which was there for several minutes. At last he got up, and taking the father's hand, he stood regarding him as he wept a little while, and then aiding him as he attempted to rise, he spoke with greater firmness than he had hitherto been able to do.— "Yours has been a great affliction, father," said he; "but I have had, and have a greater. I will ask you to share it."

"Willingly," replied father Adrian, drying his eyes on the instant—"I am here to share it."

"When shall I meet you here again? for I will come alone," said Osterley, glancing at the child—"I will come alone: to-morrow—will that do?"

"No," answered father Adrian, "let us meet here the day following. Yes, Monday; for village fetes are frequent on the Sabbath, and in this season: they are perhaps

haps harmless, yet are they an interruption to those who do not like them. Yes, Monday; or now—now I will go home with you.”

“ No,” cried Osterley, “ I have no home !”

“ No home !” echoed Adrian, with surprise and pity.

“ No, none. You shall provide me one. On Monday then, at this hour, and in this place, we will meet, my father.”

Father Adrian bowed on his hand, breathed a blessing, and turning, was hidden by a curve of the mountain. But scarcely was he gone, and Osterley once more on his way towards Triport, following the course of the dell I have described, when he found his reflections broken in upon by a sudden and rude burst of voices. A party of men, apparently sailors, but arrived with the last tide, approached. Among them was a voice which startled Osterley to the coming of some fresh terror, of some new calamity. He turned, and

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would

would have mounted the steep, abrupt as it was, and weakened as he felt himself. Fear either deprives men of power, or supplies extraordinary power. Osterley began, in despite of appearance, to ascend the mountain; but the eye of the man whose voice he feared, was quicker, nimbler than his foot.

"Sir! monsieur! how do you do? Arrêtez vous! Stop, sir! it is very grand pleasure to meet you here, tear me! we must talk!" and in a moment Pierre Aignet *fils* was mounted one step higher than himself in the way of his ascent.

Osterley, with his foot advanced to a level with that of his antagonist, but still in effect standing one step lower, thus rested, regarding Pierre, but unable to speak to him. It was not at all necessary that he should speak to him; Pierre Aignet *fils* could speak for both.

"Je viens d'arriver—dat is to say, for now I am good English, I come to arrive from your beautiful country, sir, and I do not tank it. I hate your country, sir!"
and

and his teeth clenched themselves naturally as the word "hate" grinned through them, and as a ferocity of long accumulation, now free to display itself, volleyed from his eyes—"I hate your country, sir; first, because I have lost in it my years; and den again, because of de usage of it. I tank you dat I have been in de prison six years; dat I have lost my vife; dat I have lost my boat; dat I might lose my life in de vaves; dat——"

There is no knowing how far Pierre Aignet *fil's* might have gone in the enumeration of the causes of his great obligation, if Osterley had not at this moment recovered his recollection, and anticipated all by an acknowledgment.

"My good friend, what are all these people below?" inquired Osterley, anxiously, being fearful of their knowing all that was between himself and Aignet. "I acknowledge that our contention was very unfortunate; but I thank Heaven that you are living. Be contented then; all

that I can do, I will to recompense your trouble. But say—these people, what are they? Are they acquainted with our dispute?”

“ Yes; no—dey do know my injuries; but dey do not know you be de cause. I am dere capitaine; and do you tink I have not to amuse dem width my troubles? But dey did not know to meet you here, nor I. Vell den, vhat do you go to do? Where do you live?”

Osterley hesitated. He desired, as was natural, to preserve himself from the too frequent visits of Pierre Aignet *fils* : but Pierre, seeing him hesitate, curled his lips into a contemptuous smile. — “ It is very vell; it is very vell.—My tear little shild, do you remember me?” addressing Claude — “ Do you remember vhen dis shentleman did kill——”

“ Silence!” shouted Osterley, with a voice which caused the men below to look up with astonishment.

“ Vell den, where do you live? Do
you

you tink, now I do know you to be in France, and now dat I do hate England, I will not have all I can of your purse, or your"—the same ferocity took place as the character of his countenance, as again he grinned "blood?"

It was extraordinary that here Claude, as if offended at the word, in bright imitation of Osterley, made the mountains ring with—"Silence!" while his face reddened with a fury which was all his own.

Aignet was pleased with him, and descending a step, he seized his chin roughly, and before the boy could disengage himself, kissed his cheek.

"C'est bien, mon petit lion!—it is well, my little lion!" he cried; "you had a lion for your moder! Oh, that she was brave, and did run into the sea."

"Hush! hush! Je demeure——"

"At Fécamp, I do tink?" interrupted Aignet, with his usual shrewdness.

"You think well then," answered Osterley, with the tone of one who felt himself
self

self in the presence of a person he despised—"Yes, I live at Fécamp."

"Sir, I am very glad," replied Aignet, "because I shall come dere all alone in a little time. I did tink dat you should be discovered somewhere here, but I did not know de place. Sir, I will be so happy to make my call vidth you in a little time of de evening.—And do you live in de house of one——tear, tear, I myself do forget—of one—monsieur de—de Sniffey—O'Liffey—ay, monsieur de Liffey O'Paole?"

"You will find me there," answered Osterley, with a preserved dignity, which now was not likely to serve him much.

"It is vell," again responded Pierre Aignet: "mes complemens' à madame vôtre femme;" and again he seized Claude and embraced him with unaffected cordiality, exclaiming—"my little lion, I do forget your country, for de spirit of your moder. I would vill to make you a sailor for de great king Louis."

"Je

“ Je ne vous aime pas—I do not love you!” cried Claude, as smiling, in hopes that Aignet would pursue and strive to catch him, he bounded after Osterley.

Osterley, with an irregular and anxious pace, retook his way to Triport. He now found nothing of the tranquillity and beauty of the morning. All was changed, for now he saw all under the influence of a double dread. The dread of public exposure now, when he had neither strength of courage to endure it, nor power of worldly goods to hope to avert it, was added to his fear of the further future. Perhaps he had done wrong in suffering the name of his residence, or rather hiding-place, to be known; and yet Aignet's suspicion had seemed a certainty. No, he had nothing to hope from the want of his power; he had had nothing to hope in the want of his shrewdness or information. As he gained the ascent, and again saw the little harbour of Triport, he observed one of those small ships of war which, at
that

that time, ventured some few leagues from the ports of France for the purpose of harassing our merchantmen.

“ Evil was the tide that brought thee !” exclaimed Osterley ; but at the same moment, that remorse which had promised, under the tuition of father Adrian, and by the guidance indeed of its own conviction, to resolve itself into penitence and atonement, fell back upon his heart, and acknowledged that it was not for the culprit to choose a penalty.—“ I am glad that the wretch lives, and perhaps it is right I should be tormented by him—could he but torment me alone. Yet, with me, there are now many. After Monday I might have been more equal.”

The thought of his intended confession to the venerable stranger, whose name he yet knew not ; of his determination to be governed by his advice ; of, in any case, the resentment of his wife ; and now the thought of Aignet, of his demands, of his own powerlessness to reply to his rapacity—
these

these thoughts conflicted and clashed; he became bewildered by them, and as the evening was falling, he presented himself at the door of his dwelling, bathed in perspiration, his limbs bending with fatigue, his eyes rolling and starting with that hopeless anxiety which indicates frenzy or despair.

“Trath your hanour!” cried Liffey, “I am mighty plased you are come back, for there’s a most unfortunate dissension betwane the women—your hanour’s pardon, I mane betwane your lady and mine, madame O’Paole. You must know to-morrow is the fete of Triport, of the patron saint of the village and of madame O’Paole, and jast now she took a little tarn to demand of my lady parmission like d’y aller, to go there; but, says my lady——”

Osterley finding that the sayings of my lady were not likely to turn out of importance to his present object, left Liffey to finish them: while Liffey, a little struck at this want of attention, looked drolly

drolly after his master, maintaining for some moments a silence—the silence of surprise: then—“Faidth!” he cried, “il ne se porte pas bien aujourd’hui!—no! he is not well to-day. Trath! and he will not be better for ranning to my lady, for it’s a difficult matter to kape heart in her presence, that it is.—And hare comes madame O’Paole, with her nansense, to pazzle me. It’s a mighty grate grafe, that as she grows older, she grows more trablesome, and not quite so ilegant!”

Claude appeared descending the stairs which he had so lately mounted with Osterley. Tears were in his eyes, and the flush of indignation on his countenance. Liffey knew well the rebuke he had met, and as was his custom on these occasions, suffered the boy to take his hand and draw him from the house.

“So now you would go on the water, and dabble away my time in making yourself admiral over me, I dare say. Well then, why the devil did not you
kape

kape up a proper dignity nare to my lady ? will you niver be bold enough to tell her that you ought to be her son, or samething quite as well, if not better, that you ought. Och ! she's a tyrannical crater, and loves to see her husband in trable, and me in despair, and you in the peet of destruction, and all the world at the devil. A most ilegant faste there'll be to-morrow, surely, and not a soul of us, no ! not a soul of us will be with it ! A burdensome day it will be then with me, and madame O'Paole ; for she'll jast put herself to the inconvenience of being as disagreeable as possible, to make better of bad. Come along then, my dare Claude, we'll e'en have a trip on the water, and take down an odd dance on the waves to-night, since my lady is determined we sha'n't have a caper to-morrow at Triport."

So did Liffey find comfort for himself and Claude. And it was well ! Osterley found no comfort waiting to relieve him of his weight of apprehension. There
were

were clouds on the brow of his wife on entering, and these gathered to blackness at the view of the agitation of her husband. Claude was instantly dismissed with reproof of his presumption. Osterley, regarding his two daughters, Claire and Clotilde, as they played on the floor, regarding them as Claude was leaving the room, addressed his wife, not in behalf of the excluded, as was his wont, but as it then appeared in reprobation of the favoured—"Dismiss your children too," he said.

Madame d'Osterley, misunderstanding her husband, regarded him with the utmost astonishment. He sank into a chair, clasped his hands together, and still regarding his children—"Send the girls away!" he reiterated.

"I do not understand your mood!" cried madame, with that motion of the shoulders which residents of France can scarcely fail to attain.

"I am

“ I am not surprised at that, Anne,” replied Osterley ; “ it is a new one.”

“ I perceive that !” retorted madame—
“ I perceive that ! but what has happened ?
—what is come to pass ?—what have you ?
—what wonder, real or imaginary ?”

It was not necessary to tell. The wonder was destined to declare itself. A noise was heard as of a man dragging some one to the door of the apartment. Then, the voice of Claude announced itself as appertaining to the unwilling one.

“ Je ne veux pas entrer !—Laissez donc !
—laissez-moi, je vous dites * !” he cried.

“ Is it here ?” asked a voice which evidently belonged to a Frenchman, for its accents were French.

“ Faidth, and it’s there !” answered Lifey, “ and you same to know that as well as I do, to the wonder on’t !”

The door opened, and Pierre Aignet *fils* presented himself, holding before him
as

* I will not enter there !—Let me alone !—Let me alone,
I say !

as his best introduction, the flurried but now unstruggling Claude. Liffey stood a little in the rear, ready to shut the door, but preferring to shelter himself in its shade, till he should know the name and business of this new guest. There was something striking in the appearance of Pierre and Claude. The first rough from the sea; dark by nature, blackened by the elements; his face of copper, affrontful and resolute; his head, a round of jet curls; his figure bold and manly: while the boy, now entered, was now patient; but having been so lately rejected, the remains of his indignation were settled into a fixed and almost defying regard of madame d'Osterley; so that the accord of expression between his young and glowing, and the dark and masculine features of Pierre, was perfect—perfect in its reprehension of the same object—madame d'Osterley.

That dame stood opposed to that accord more astonished than abashed; her child-

ren

ren at her feet looking up from their play; her husband still in the chair upon which he had thrown himself, his hands still clasped, but his regard turned from her, his wife, to him who might answer her question—to him who might say whether the wonder which was seen, was real or imaginary. She, however, madame d'Osterley, was the first to whom occurred the course to be pursued. She desired Liffey to take away her children and Claude.

“Trath, madame, my lady, that will I,” answered Liffey, “and now with young Claude I should have been dancing on the water in the boat that your ladyship, in your very great bounty, gave me, if it had not been for the kindness of this”—Liffey surveyed Pierre drolly from his feet upwards, and felt himself at a loss to designate him—“this uncommon sort of parson, with the devil to him.”

“Take them away!” again commanded madame. Liffey obeyed immediately,
and

and Pierre, who seemed now to feel himself as well introduced, relinquished Claude, speaking as the door shut upon him.

“ Bien ! very vell ! very vell, upon my vord !” he cried, “ and monsieur le capitaine de l’esperance did you—did make you present of dis person to conduct you, and you did make him present of my boat to bring you to Fécamp. Vell den, madame, I will sell you dat boat, if you please madame, and dat vill be better much as the other.”

“ Sit ! sit !—do, I pray you !” cried madame, with a purpose which she best knew, and with a lovely softening of feature, which was to be ministrant to that purpose.—“ I am delighted !—delighted !—so delighted, that—your recovery !—yes, it is extraordinary ! it is providential ! pray sit down !—je suis étonnée ! vous me permettrai un petit moment * !”

“ Oh

* I am astonished ! you will allow me a little moment.

"Oh yes!" answered Pierre Aignet, "I will permit you great many moments for you delight! it is very excellent, delightful for you to see me in life, as you did once see me in de sea."

"Oh, happy! happy!" exclaimed madame.

"Yes! very most vonderful happy!" reiterated Pierre Aignet *fi*ls.

"And do—do tell me, I beseech you! how did you escape from that most unforeseen, unexampled, unhappy accident? I am impatient!"

"Vell den, to oblige you, I go to tell you. I did escape into de English prison for six years. Oh, how dat vas happy! vas—vhat did you say de vord?—vas providential, quoique—altoe it vas monsieur your husband who did kick me into de vater, and it vas de vater dat did plunge me into de prison."

"And were you so long in prison?" asked madame, mournfully.

"Yes, I vas so long in de prison! But
VOL. II. D do

do not you weep, madame, because dat me has done great deal of kindness."

"My country-people were kind to you?"

"Point du tout, madame! no, indeed I assure you, madame, not at all. But I vas conqueror of dem. I did leave dere prison behind, and did, by my knowledge of you tongue, bring vid me fifty of my compatriots, vid a hate mortal contra your country-people; for de vich, de king, de king Louis, me has given a little sheep, vid vich I do pique, do pique your side, now here, now dere."—And he laughed, with that laugh which, when excited by hate, does so wrong humanity.

"Quite happy! quite happy! you have been lucky!" exclaimed madame, shuddering inwardly, as she saw and heard his laugh.

"No!" continued Pierre, "no! I have not been yet happy, because yet I have not been long time enough vid my sheep. I have made go down into de sea your little fishermans how you do call dem, and
I have

I have made run by your great vessel after me, but I have not found any of your riches. For six months I have had my vengeance, and now I do come for my riches."

This was fearful. Madame d'Osterley had no desire to lead the relation to this point and period.—" And," she continued —" and so, monsieur capitaine—capitaine —Aignet! Aignet, I think, is your name?"

" Oui, madame; Pierre Aignet *fils*, de Dunkerque. Fils I was when I had de pleasure to be shut up first in de prison of dat—dat country," throwing up his arm as he spoke—" but when I did come out there is six month, I did find my fader dead—my vife dead—and—and—dere is no tanks to you, at all, dat I did find de bread for me to eat."

" Be assured," cried madame, with ready art, " be assured that we have had no happiness since that sad occurrence; and that our first pleasure is this, this of your

appearance.—But for your escape?—your surprising escape?”

“ Vell, madame, de sea vas more kind den your husband. You had right to see me find a boat dat in de storm had broken de rope and come out, by de providence, upon de water. I did make me save myself in dat, and at de great distance I did follow you, to make my recompense. When you did quit de sheep l’Espérance, I did come to it, and did agree to make de voyage for my portion of de fish, but dat same night ve vere all taken by your privateer, and six years of my life lost, and my fader, and my wife.—Your prison too, and noting to amuse, but you fine bœuf, and de fine potatoes.”

“ Very miserable! extremely miserable! but your happy escape absorbs all that.—And now, my good friend, we have but one wish, and that is, to make every recompense—every compensation—every —”

“ Yes, I suppose dat: vell den, I am come

come now to demand your compensation."

"The moment is a little unlucky," said madame, "for now——"

"Oh, not at all!" exclaimed Aignet, determined not to hear of any obstructions to his immediate receipt of an immediate remuneration—"oh, not at all! de moment not can be unlucky to me make a recompense for intending to murder me six years after. It is long time, to suffer after the—murder—and—the recompense must be long in proportion.—Mais, je suis toujours raisonnable, moi! I have always de great reason in my affairs."

Osterley and madame eyed each other, while Pierre Aignet continued acting before them, now throwing up his hands, now shrugging his shoulders, now advancing a step, now retreating. At last—"And since," began madame—"since you seem not disposed to confide to our justice—in this matter—what do you propose—what sum do you regard as adequate?"

“Ten thousand francs, madame, I demand of you now*!” said Pierre, stoutly, and with the manner of one who was decided.

Osterley started from his seat, the resolution of an indignant man breaking through his ordinary look of abstraction, and shining over his present air of pain and dread.—“I smile at you!” he cried—“I smile at what you say—at what you can do. For the circumstances in which unhappily you were engaged with us, and on which you presume, they are explained, or shall be explained, so as to leave us without dread of you. And——”

Madame d'Osterley, with frowns, with exclamations, first attempted to stop her husband; but these not succeeding, she advanced before him, and endeavoured to take the word. She might have possessed it, but Pierre, as being third person, conceived the disputed right to be his, and seized it, and used it.

“You

* Four hundred pounds.

“ You vill,” he cried, “ explain them vid you—vid you—at you, in your country. But dat is for de shild, and is your affair. I did try myself to get out of de prison by dat.—Mais personne—no person would believe me! Dey did say, it vas my trick, and dat dere vas no monsieur Osterlie, and dat.—Mais ici, je suis dans mon pays, et capitaine *—and I vill make you to repondre—to answer, for you have murdered me.—Look ye to dat! look ye to dat! I am in my country, look ye to dat!—I have vid me some of de men of l’Espérance dat I did bring from de prison, and dey know all I did say at first; dey know you vas vid dem in my boat; and again, you are strange, and I am in my country, and capitaine, and can do vid you my vengeance.”

“ It is true! it is very true!” exclaimed madame d’Osterley, seeing how completely she was at his mercy, and how merciless he seemed to be.—“ It is very

D 4

true,

* Here I am in my country, and a captain.

true, you have great advantages, but you will have no need to use them. We shall always be friends! you will abate something of your demand at present, and in the future we may answer it fully."

"No!" answered Aignet, steadily, but with a something rising to his eye of softer and milder nature—"no, I will have ten thousand francs now, or——"

Madame Osterley listened.

"Or as de only ouder ting, de boy, Charles, Claude you do call him now, and five thousand francs."

The countenance of madame d'Osterley brightened with great pleasure at the first part of the proposition; it was a something to hold by: if he would abate five thousand francs on account of the boy, he would abate all, she thought; and to be ridded of the boy would be a pleasure, though he should become enemy to his country and to hers.

Osterley saw her delight. He was no longer pale, or languid, or vacillating, or
to

to be guided; and perhaps on no other occasion of his life, had he failed of submission to madame d'Osterley; but here his great love, his remorse even, came in aid of his virtue.—“No, Anne!” he cried, “no!—here you shall find me what you do not think, a rock against you. My soul I have given you—my life is too worthless to offer you, for I am tired of it—however it is yours in any way, I care not!—But for Charles, for Claude, never shall you—never should an angel even, persuade me to abandon him!”

“Dat is very good!—Diable!—dat is very good!—Vel den give me de ten thousand francs, and I vill say no more of de murder, de most cruel murder of my life.”

Osterley stood firm. Madame had now but one hope, one recognisable hope—it was to melt the sternness of Pierre. She drew a smile over her pride, nor was it unbecoming. But ah! the rude untutored nature of Pierre was equal, and more than equal, to all her refinement in the

knowledge of the heart ! She saw no changeableness in him. And before she could essay to make him vary his demand, he checked her, foreseeing her purpose, and feeling assured of his own.

“ Do not look to me, madame !” he cried—“ do not come to me, madame ! If I was on de sea, you would cast me in de sea, and you to be de most strong : but now, I do remember of you ! vell den, I vill be like you. You cannot give me back my pain of de water ; or my chagrin of de prison ; or”—his eyes twinkled—“ de trouble of my vife, or de time dat it did kill myself to let pass. No !” and he spoke with a voice which chilled all supplication—“ no ! vhat recompense I can choose to make you to have for me, I vill take. You know how I did say to you ! ten tousand francs—dem give to me !”

Osterley, with eyes half closed in expression now of carelessness and contempt, advanced to his wife’s side, ready to say that he had not the money, and should
not

not seek it: but madame again stepped before him.—“How long do you stop here, and where?” she demanded.

“I do wait to have made firm a mast of my vessel till de tide of Monday night; and to-morrow I shall be at de fete of Triport.”

“It is very well!” replied madame, with the air of one who would answer and acquit all demand—“it is very well! Come here on Monday morning, and, from no fear of what you can do, but only to avoid you and your claims, the money shall be ready for you.”

“Bien! c’est bien! but I will first you prévenir—dat is you prevent, dat I, by my commission of de king, can you hold to quit de port, and de ville, and dat deré is no hope at all, you can to escape me! I have you—have you—fast, as you do say. So, take you guard, and be ready!—ten thousand francs, not one de short!—no, not one sole!”

He retreated with a firm step—shut the

D 6

door

door with a firm hand—and left behind him an impression of his firm soul.

Osterley and madame looked ~~in~~anely at the door for a long time, as if they knew not who was gone, or who had been there. Madame, as was generally the case, was the first to revive; she revived, however, to no new thought—her determination had been for some time taken. It was not so with Osterley: he revived to confusion, with *this* only to know—that he had nothing to hope. He turned towards his wife, and a chilling and painful tremour ran through his frame as he regarded her countenance. He would have had it agitated, or inane; or pale, or flushed; any thing, with any other expression than that which it bore. Her eyes now glared, but were fixed; her brow lowered, but was unsteady; while her lips, close pressed but snarling, shewed the independency of some final but fearful resolution. It was not soon that he could venture to address her. At length—“Tell me,

me, Anne," he cried—"tell me, what have you determined?"

She took a key, opened a little writing-case, wherein she found a larger key; with this she unlocked a large armoire, and took from one of its shelves a pistol.—“I know how to use this,” she replied.

“How?—what?” demanded Osterley, in breathless agitation, thinking, by her action, that she meant to use it upon herself, and so leave to others the immediate consequences of that misery she had raised.

She soon undeceived him. — “We have now, Osterley,” said she, “two hundred francs—enough till another remittance; that remittance again enough for us and our children, according to our present habits. I have borne, for six years, the hope of that man's death; for the rest of my life, I am determined to sustain the knowledge of it. I shall be bettered by his death—so will the world. You know my determination.”

“And can you—can you,” exclaimed Osterley,

Osterley, incredulous, bad though he knew her to be, that she could be so rashly yet resolutely, so finally yet contentedly bad—"can you resolve to be a——"

She interrupted him—"Yes, if you will not prevent it."

"How can I?—tell me, Anne, how can I?" asked Osterley.

"By undertaking a purpose which is better suited to you than me," coldly replied madame.

"Is it possible that you can require this of me?—this, Anne?"

"Why not?" inquired his wife with perfect insensibility—"why not? these things are as we please to regard them, either just or terrible."

"Do not let me hear you," exclaimed Osterley, almost mad with grief and horror—"do not let me hear you—I say not justify these principles, for that I am sure you cannot—but I say, do not let me hear you attempt to justify them. You know I cannot prevent your actions! you know
I am

I am powerless! act—act if you will then upon your principles, but act madly, that at least I may think you do not act upon them. Follow the man now!—It is almost dark!—After him—there are glens deep enough between this and Triport.—But take any one, take the first, let chance be in it. Come!”—and he seized the pistol—“Come, let us go together!”

She suffered him to take her arm. He would have drawn her along; but she stood firm, regarding him coldly and contemptuously — “When you shall have finished, we will talk, and you shall argue, and triumph perhaps in your argument; but be it still under this persuasion, that he who might persecute us for life, drive us from France, or lodge us in its prisons—and you know to England we dare not go—that he, this man, shall not on Monday have power to do us hurt. He goes to-morrow to Triport; so will I.”

Osterley stood stupefied as in a trance, but his wife was not near him. When he

he returned to consciousness, it was to receive the caresses of his children; and these he might not have observed, if those of Claude had not been mingled with them. He had defended Claude, with perhaps more resolution than he had now for his own defence; but he had defended him, and it was a pleasure.—“ This have I suffered for the injury done to thee, Claude; and yet much—much must I suffer!”

“ But you shall not!” said the boy, resolutely, and with a fiery countenance—“ you shall not; for I will suffer for myself!” and he continued to fondle and embrace his defender, till the night came, to hide the slumbers of the one—to veil, but not diminish, the misery of the other.

Gay was the morning, and gay was madame O'Liffey de Paole. She had received, against all expectation, permission to go to Triport; and though she had no right on earth to the glittering turrets of the ladies of the valley of Caux, yet, as she derived one of these turrets from her
grand-

grandmother, and had herself carried the same fifty and three times, that is to say, every annual fete for fifty and three years at Triport, she had, at least, the right of custom, of long custom, to carry it now.

The *coiffure cauckoise*, or headdress of the valley of Caux, is *toute particulière*. I have given obscure hints of it before, but only to tempt curiosity, and shew learning; yet is there nothing obscure in it—nothing, I am sure, can be less obscure. I think I could throw light on a passage of that thrice-noble production, Sampson Agonistes; but here again the passage is not obscure. Who has ever seen a *dame de Caux*, sailing majestically forward, bearing on her head a glittering steeple of great altitude, and numerous streamers, without calling to mind the description of Delilah? I have not the book near me, nor the words living in my memory, but the justice of the description is bright and full in my mind—a ship laden—I think coming, statelily on—from Tarshish.

shish. So with the dame thus caparisoned: a pasteboard field azure, three feet from the head, sometimes—nay, frequently, of a girl of seven years of age, dexter and sinister quarters emblazoned *en argent*, sometimes *en diamant*, and blazing to the sun with frontlet high. Unluckily, one never sees the other side of an escutcheon, while from the two sides of the *coiffure cauchoise*, depend streamers of lace, sometimes to the shoulders, sometimes to the waist, and sometimes to the heel. The effect of these may be imagined, particularly when carried by one of a lofty person and air, and when the wind, amorous of so much cable, takes it up, and flaunts and wafts it at his pleasure.

But the steeple is mocked when borne by a little person. Madame O'Liffey de Paole was a little person, a very little person, and for fifty and three years, that is, ever since her seventh year, had borne her tower without a guess of its disparagement. Being little too, she made choice
of

of the longest streamers, to shew her strength, rather than her gracefulness, in carrying them. But then, madame Jonquille O'Liffey had a taste; she folded up the streamers, and, instead of giving licence to their streaming, suffered them to fall no further than her neck, commanding them to fall with a heavy bobbing air of mute magnificence. But this air suited, on state occasions, her state carriage and costume. Of her costume, I do not know that I have any thing to add to former descriptions, only that her bodice was no longer chintz, but of scarlet brocade silk, with a petticoat of imperial purple cloth, black stockings, black velvet shoes, with silver buckles, spreading over the toes. These were the only changes; and the padded machine of which I have hinted, and which made no immaterial part of these accoutrements, was of its customary and indispensable amplitude; while Liffey at her side, for they were both now on
their

their way to the fete, was as gay and beamy as any Frenchman of them all.

It were old to remark that the Irish are a gay people. I love to observe a zest for merrimakings in a nation, and think, indeed, that they are the close-lipped dull, who are in general the envious and the plotting.

Liffey was at the side of madame, in the state of a chevalier of the reign of Louis Quatorze; but it was in the state of a chevalier of the last part of that reign. It was at this time, the time so vaunted of good taste, that men began to transform their outward, to deprive themselves of all which poetry might love, or painting picture. What detail may either give to the exterior of Turenne or Marlborough as heroes, to that of Pope or Racine as poets? Who shall compare the portraits of the two generals with those of the heroes of the preceding age? or who shall look from Corneille to Racine, two poets so close to each other as to be almost of the same

same date? Yet this wrong to poetry and painting must be traced to the French, and must be dated in the time of Louis Quatorze.

To come down from a very great height —from generals, and above all, from poets, I find monsieur O'Paole at the side of madame, with little three-cornered hat, bag-tail and powder, balancing himself with very graceful vivacity. Youth, in him, is as much disguised as it can possibly be, and good looks are as much perverted; yet does he shed brightness upon madame O'Paole and the fete of Triport.

Some villages being left, I will pray that indications of violins be heard; that beatings of the pulse of music be imagined; then, that we advance to that colline, from which, with Osterley and Claude, we have looked upon Triport. That height is a plain of some extent, and now it is parcelled out into squares and oblongs, by little ramparts, or else by the presumption that such a square, or such
an

an oblong, is necessary to such a party. Within these little divisions, or apparent or presumed, is so level a morsel of ground, as to be greatly favourable to the evolutions of the fanciful toe; and at the top of each is a stool, chair, or table, upon which is elevated the generalissimo of the square or oblong, with his rod of empire, and music in ready tune to scrape, or to ordain; while beneath this sceptre, quiver and glide innumerable heads, some bearing the turrets already described, and other counter-heads, bearing counter-turrets of puffed and powdered perukes. This is the *coup-d'œil*, the first glance, or general view. The monarchs of waving kingdoms, mounted upon tables, and swaying the fiddle-bow; beneath, nodding kingdoms, ordered by the breath of music: add to these things, the catch of many colours in a first glance, the union of many padded machines, displaying, and throwing into one broad line, the spread of divers-tinted petticoats; while, opposed to these, are
gay

gay columns of silver-buckled knees, now advancing, now retreating, now figuring in the air, and now, with nimble retrogressions, impelling the glittering and glancing foot upon the sward. Approached within the divisions, or helping to form them, are seen fathers and mothers, all twitter-eyed with pleasure; the old, whom cramps have invaded, or the young, yet timid in the art of capers. These lean against the ramparts, or sit upon the grass, laughing over cakes and wine, or cakes and Norman cider; with every word, making many nods; with every nod, ushering in many smiles; admiring much, much jesting, and almost willing, though age or cramp be there, to start up, and dare the details of a dance. *Voilà la fête de Triport!*

Monsieur O'Paole, on account of some vanity, or of his leg or of his foot, advanced into one of these divisions with a mincing gait, leading by the tip of the fingers madame O'Liffey de Paole; she,
with

with her right hand, held back the full fallings of her imperial purple petticoat; and most people thought that, while the ostensible cause was to facilitate her progress through the crowd, the real motive was nothing less than to display one of the smallest feet and largest buckles in the world. However, that is uncertain.

Liffey led her to a seat among her relations, and, from these, choosing out one, the youngest and the prettiest, he led her out as partner in a minuet. They say that his execution was brilliant; while they say too, that madame O'Liffey, by a wicked thrusting out of her small foot, caused her fair relation to stumble, and almost fall, thereby obstructing her glory, and covering her with confusion.

It is a grief to me, that many other little incidents of that memorable day are not permitted me to relate; but time is fugitive, and duty is inexorable. The evening of that signal day is here, and touching

touching upon night; and with the business of that night I have much to do.

While I live I shall admire the rationality of our neighbours in their merri-making; no licentiousness, no mischief, no insulting; it is to be friendlily gay. The great and educated participate in them, smooth away the angriness of distinctions, and make good-humour in countenancing it. Till the growth of the sectaries in the time of the first Charles, I fancy that our rural feasts here in England were more after the manner of those in France. After those sour times, the servant bearded his master, and, by insolence or absurdity, removed himself from the countenance of his patronage.

I cannot believe that Osterley and madame came to this scene in the hope of any pleasure it could bestow upon them; yet they came to it. The first was thoughtful, yet restless; he was unnaturally criminal, as if with the anxiety of some near and dreaded object. Now and then he

VOL. II.

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grew

grew more tranquil, his colour subsided, and a fixed, surrendered look of unalterable despair, paled and overspread his visage. Madame wore a serenity which I might say was her own, solely her own: she derived it not from outward circumstances, nor from inward feelings; and perhaps I err in saying it was wholly hers—some malign and bitter spirit had glided into her heart, chased from its home every gentle feeling, and there co-operating with every evil propensity, it now dwelt in the sovereignty of contented badness. This spirit held the sceptre and the rule, and now, beneath its sway, this wretched woman walked in unmoved serenity, her eye clear, her cheek fair, her lips smiling, her bearing and deportment resolved, and high, and easy. The only variation of her manner was in moments when she observed her husband: sometimes she looked at him with a cast of fondness, and perhaps addressed to him a remonstrance to courage or to comfort.

She

She hung upon his arm, and passed from square to oblong. They had been accustomed, for some years, to walk to the villages in the round of Fécamp, during the time of summer, to see scenes like this; they had ever been received with even more than respect—with a degree of fondness. Good-humoured people took pleasure to their hearts in the countenance of their company; and now an easy way was made for them. Perhaps some of the ladies wondered at the flowing and graceful garb of madame, or were surprised that any man could be so melancholy as monsieur; but as the question was of melancholy, it was lost in a moment, and the dance went on.

In the outskirt of the square nearest to Fécamp, did the Osterley discover Pierre Aignet. The capitaine, like a butterfly or a sailor, had tried each parterre. He was now walking a minuet in the outskirts. Lanterns were placed over every division, and innumerable lights fought against the

moderate ray of an infant moon. The light which fell upon the countenance of Aignet shewed him to be heated, and tired, and perhaps a little discontented; for sailors, in all countries, are prone to discontent. But that instantaneous smile, which is indigenous to the French countenance, which is its light, and the light of all about it, brightened the gloom of Aignet's features, at their sudden recognition of the Osterley. He forgot his difference for a moment; he smiled, would have bowed, and gone away. To his surprise, however, an answering smile from madame—a smile with a gentle inclination of the head, invited him to advance to her. He did advance, and without confusion. It was in the very air of his country to talk about the fete, the quantity and gaiety of the people, and the pleasure of the dance.

Madame assured him that she had found it impossible to resist the desire of a view of so charming a scene; that she had even
taken

taken too long a view; that now it was a little late to return home; but that, however, there was a moon, and there were many companions. While speaking, she moved towards Fécamp, having her husband on one side, Pierre Aignet on the other. The latter could not but move with her, for still she addressed him. And, having said all that was to say on the subject of the fete, in the same breath even she struck into another subject, of even greater interest to Aignet. It was unlucky that the money he would have to receive on the morrow would consist almost entirely of silver, for all the gold of the country was at that time with the army in Flanders. It would take, as it had taken, infinite counting; and it would be well to come prepared for the conveyance of so large a sum in so weighty a money. All these things took time in telling, and being interesting to Aignet, he little cared for the augmentation of his fatigue by a little walk, in listening to them. Where

a country is mountainous, it is astonishing how few steps, either to the right or left, with the crossing of another valley than the right one, will lengthen and confuse the way.

Madame d'Osterley knew well the way, though Pierre did not. The latter turned, and turned, as he lost sight of the lanterns, as he lost the sound of the violins: but madame yet talked to him, and on the subject the most interesting. At last she told him that the ten thousand francs were ready, and that he might take them then—that night; that her servants should assist him in carrying them to his own boat on the sands at Fécamp, and in conveying them from thence by sea to Triport. But, no; Pierre was full of gratitude. He would take then, as he had appointed, on the morrow. Here madame declared they were not in the right path. Pierre thought they were: they were on the edge of a mountain: the glen seemed deep below, and there were three such brows, and three
three

three such glens between Triport and Fécamp. On the left hand there was a path which seemed to run along the ridge: this could only lead to another descent to the same glen—perhaps to the more frequented descent in the way to Fécamp. Whether to take this path, or to continue the present descent, was the question.

“Let us go down!” cried madame; and drawing her arm from that of her husband, she began hastily to descend: she was several steps in advance before Pierre or her husband knew that she had left them.

“Stop, Anne!” cried Osterley, “the path is rough and dangerous.”

“Vill you stop yourself, madame?” urged Pierre. “You do go to fall to jump in dat manner.”

Madame replied at a great distance below, while Osterley and Pierre Aignet ceremoniously waited at the top for each

to strike between the briers, and to take first the opening to the path.

“No, no, sir,” said Pierre, waving his hand for Osterley to begin the descent, and at the same time looking round towards Triport—“no, no, sir, follow you vife de first.”

Almost Osterley wished that he might follow the impulse which seemed to possess him, and return to Triport, leaving the lost to find their way.

“Diable! où est la lune?” exclaimed Pierre Aignet, calling out again the same question to his companion—“Where is de moon, sir? I cannot see my way. Madame is better as ve two!”

“It is easy—perfectly easy,” cried madame from below.

“Ve go to see dat!” responded Aignet, as he continued to follow Osterley in the descent.

The path wound, and was not very difficult till near the bottom of the glen; there the intervals were wider from
step

step to step, and the small stones rolling beneath the feet made the way absolutely dangerous. Osterley slipped several of these steps at the same moment, and his pace being thus accelerated, he arrived at the bottom some moments before it was possible, unless by a similar accident, for Pierre to do so. His wife was at his side, and whispering with extreme earnestness —“ Now !—now !—as he descends this last step !—to him !—to him !—at his breast !—at his heart !”

Osterley, with exceeding agitation, put his hand into his bosom and drew out a pistol.

“ Firm !—be firm !” enjoined madame, as the figure of Pierre discovered itself on the point of descending to the glen. Again—“ Now ! now !” enjoined madame, retreating, as she whispered, a few steps backwards ; while, in the same instant, her husband discharged the pistol. The flash lasted to shew the convulsion of sudden pain on the face of Pierre, and some one

groaned and fell; but at the same moment a heavy blow stretched madame d'Osterley on the earth, depriving her of sense and motion.

CHAP-

CHAPTER II.

Imagine not that I have pleasure
 To sit in *robe-de-chambre* state,
 And deal out at my ease and leisure,
 Sentence on the unfortunate;
 A self-elected judge to see
 That so and so, on so and so,
 Shall fall from every injury
 On this man's head—on that man's toe:
 No! I declare to you, I'd rather
 As o'er some erring child, a father
 Sits—but I'm not old enough—*Attendons!*
Prosper Lecaché.

I CAN fix no period to the insensibility of madame d'Osterley, nor attach any certain impressions to its first fading. At first there was neither confusion, nor pain, nor hope, nor apprehension. A little further on—yet a few moments, and she desired to move, but could not: her head was as if tied to the ground. She unclosed her

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eyes;

eyes; the darkness was so perfect as to fright her—as to leave her in that fearful uncertainty whether it was indeed exterior darkness which was about, or whether she awoke in blindness. The terror of this induced another attempt to move, but she was powerless. She waited yet a little longer, and as her terrors increased, they gave an impetus to the blood, of which the liberated circulation lent her a growing force. She lifted her hand from her head, and suffered it to fall, as she hoped, upon its wonted cushions and sheets. But, no! briers there were, with long wet grass, and interruptions of flints. Still ill-assured of the reality of things, her hand wandered again over briers, and wet grass, and flints, and finally reposed on something more than the rest chilling and moist—on something which moved, which glided from her touch, and then with a sudden spring left her: she could not doubt—she had grasped a toad. She was the guest of night—the companion of the things

things of night—an intruder upon their rights and place: the adder hissed near her—the toad leaped over her, and darkness, which was their friend, suffered her not to distinguish whether they were friends to her or enemies. And why was this?—why was she in such a place, and why in such company? The question was now immediate, and all that had been was its answer. She rose up with difficulty, but with her best haste. She seemed to have some wound at the back of her head—it was so, and the blood had flowed, but it was now coagulated and dry. Her head was bare, she felt, and her hair fallen, but matted and cold, it was become a rough and painful burden. Her garments clung about her, wet, either by rain, or by the heavy dews, which had refreshed nature after the toil of a hot day. These obstructed her, while her limbs were so stiffened by cold, that every little obstruction was to them a great difficulty. She desired to move fast, but could not: she
opened

opened her lips to call, but a terror, which she had never before felt, and could not define, prevented her utterance. She listened. There was no one near: there was no sound, but the dead and mournful one of a very distant sea. Even a groan would have been a relief to her, for that would have shewn that she was not alone, and would have won a hope that some friend was near. And what friend could she hope for, but that most miserable one, her husband? She strove again to call upon him, and indeed did manage to whisper his name. She was so anxious to hear an answer, that she had scarcely any power to listen, and now her own breathings were louder than her whispers. There was no answer: and much as she had at times despised her husband, she now felt how helpless she was without him.—“Edmund! Edmund!” she cried, louder and louder, till at last the hills beat back the sound, and Edmund, Edmund, reperculated, died with the echoes.—“What shall I do?—

I do?—what shall I do?" she inquired, in utter hopelessness. It occurred to her that she had seen some one fall. She felt for the step of the descent, and slipped, and fell upon it. She started up again in a moment, feeling convinced that it was wet with blood. But she was still in loneliness: she dreaded to go further; yet in her present state of terror and suspense, she could not remain where she was: she knew the way back to Fécamp, and the darkness might be her friend. To be seen in her present state, would be to be taken almost in the doing of the worst crime, so strong would be the evidences of the commission. But her husband—where was he? To be left to answer singly for all consequences—to sustain singly this great dread—to work singly some almost miraculous deliverance from this great danger!—"He is fallen," she thought; "and all this to do will be mine—mine singly." Her pain, her bodily pain, combined with her impatience, and their combined effect
was

was desperation. She beat with her foot, not heeding how she wounded it against the flint or briars. She felt with her hands, not thinking now of the reptiles upon which they had chance to fall. The search was for her husband—for him on whom she had been accustomed to lay her guilt and its punishment. But in vain! she was alone. From terror she turned to rage: she thought herself abandoned.—“He has dragged Pierre to the sea, or up the glen!” she cried, involuntarily; “and after, in the abstraction of grief and penitence, has left me and forgotten me.”

She rushed a few paces down the glen, nearer to the sea, with an intention of seeking the path, which led up the acclivity on the right, so conducting to Fécamp. But her violence impelled the blood again to its new outlet, and her wound opened to it a free passage. She was obliged to sit down, and now first, under the pressure of great bodily pain, she began to think that all things were
not

not possible to her; that there was One who was stronger than she; and that the way which she had chosen might be the worst. In anger of her reflections, as much as for the grief of her desolation, she covered her face with her hands, and wept long and bitterly. Yet her wound trickled; but still, desirous to reach her home before the morning should betray her situation, she again got up, and strove to proceed in pursuit of the path. But weakened by the loss of blood, chilled by the damps of night, sore from her fall, and from the hardness of her late resting-place, disconsolate, yet worn by an angry, a devouring impatience, she could not stir; her limbs mocked her wishes; they tottered under her; they refused their burden, and again she fell and lay powerless, but not again senseless. It was now that her thoughts were poniards, and that her tears were agonies; now when her terrors were swollen by the feeling of her helplessness, and when her anguish was increased

creased by the deliberate view of the inevitability of her danger. Here triumphs were to end, and defeats begin: and the bad power that had heightened the former, was likely to take equal pleasure in heaping up the latter.

The time passed now too quickly. The unhappy d'Osterley would have held it; for the mists, in dissipating themselves, but unveiled her misery; and the morning star, which now twinkled faintly in opposition to the day, but exposed too clearly the sad state into which she had fallen. Once more she made an effort to rise. She might have succeeded in going on some little way further, but she could not sustain the shock of her own appearance. Her arms, her robe, her feet, were torn and stained: while her long hair, descending over her face and neck, hung in unseemly and clotted masses. She looked about for some brook, or well; she could see, she could hear none. The sea was continual in its sound; but it was too far :

far: there was no aid to be sought of it: she had not strength to seek it alone. Again she sat down, and again her tears flowed in abundance, and from the pain of a new thought. She durst not say, God help me!

Up rose the sun, and the birds with him; while some, a little before he could make his appearance, could tinge their yellow beaks with a brighter mimicry of gold, turned their golden beaks towards him, and piped their matins with hail-day gladness. It was pleasant to see the brightness running after the shadows, catching them, streaking them, absorbing them, and finally triumphing in their place with glowing, arch, beam-casting looks; while as its rays ran, they touched the branches of the leaves of trees or plants, occasioned the dews to fall, and even in falling caught them, and even in dying, tinged them with a thousand and a thousand dizzying glances of gay regard; while a quantity of the sweetest odours,
taking

taking flight from the earth, or dropping from the sun's wings, hovered midway in the air, asking all capacities of nose and mouth to feed upon and enjoy them. Once being an infinite lover of morning, I took these things and made a song of them. It has not yet been observed that I dote on song, and therefore I hasten to make the remark. If it were not for an exceeding modesty, I would produce my song; for it is doing one's-self a displeasure to keep one's poetry unpublished, it is doing one's-self an absolute injury to let escape opportunities of its appearance. My song is an antipathetical address of a breaking rapture, and runs thus:—

Morning!—lady of the yellow hair,
Whose glowing face is pictured harmony,
Whose glossy limbs health-streaked, light and fair,
But now were bathing in the eastern sea ;
With thy caresses,
Thou throw'st thy tresses,
Heaven-blazed and sparkling in their sport to me !
I take them, tinted as they are with gold,
And gemmed with dews, emerald, sapphire, pink ;
And so engirt within their ringlet-fold,
I form with thee a gay and loving link :—

The

The hills we've lighted,
And gloom affrighted
Forsakes the valley in the wood to wink.

Now this is a song which the lovers of poetry may read, and which those who do not love, may leave, without prejudice to it, to their taste, or to my story. I could not avoid the occasion of its introduction, or avoid its acceptance when offered. It is hard not to have vanity, and it is vanity not to be natural. If one has a song, one must needs introduce it:—

*Sol'et esse granis cantantibus umbra ;
———— nocent et frugibus umbræ.*

“ No !” murmured the wretched Osterley, as a faint and deathly sickness seized and oppressed the powers of life —“ no, I can go no further ! Here then—here—all—all that I have striven for ends—here I die !—Oh God !—no, no !—I have no right to call upon the powers of Heaven !—Oh God !—no, no !—God must have justice on me !—I must not look towards Him.—My children—will He have
mercy

ADÈLE.

mercy upon them!—Oh God, have mercy on my babes!—and they—oh, Claire! oh, Clotilde!—oh, my children!”

A thick confusing mist hung about all—she could distinguish nothing. Her thoughts became perplexed as her view, and she was fast relapsing into insensibility, when the noise of sheep, and the perpetual barking of their guard, advised her of the approach of the only occupants of these depths, the shepherd and his flock. It was now of little moment to her, it was to fall away like an undiscovered wanderer, and lie to the visitation of sun and wind. The flock passed, together with its chiding companion; while their master, the shepherd, wrapped in his hempen mantle, the general guise of Norman shepherds, stopped to consider the pale and bleeding object that lay stretched before him. He would perhaps have considered a recovered lamb of his own flock with warmer affection. This strange member of a strange *troupeau* embar-

embarrassed him, and what power of relief was present to him, he knew not how to apply. However he called to his dog to wait, and to make halt his charge; and throwing back his mantle, he knelt down to see if yet there were any chance of reviving life—"Non!" he cried, "non!—elle est morte!"

He was not suffered long to commune alone. Upon the ridge of the opposite mountain was seen one, who, light and nimble as the morning, threw his glances on each side, and then with bounds rival to those of the deer, sprung half down the declivity. His eye glanced on the form of madame d'Osterley, and acknowledged its discovery by another quick and penetrating glance. In an instant was the height regained again, and was Claude seen, leaping and waving his hat, and making signs to some one at a distance. He called several times to Liffey, and then again bounding down the side of the mountain,

mountain, was in a moment with the shepherd.

“She is dead! she is dead!” he cried, and because he saw her thus reduced, the tenderest names occurred to him. He called her mother—his very dear mother; he kissed her cheek, pale and cold as it was, and streaked with blood: he quitted her cheek for her hand; he pressed it between his own, and to his heart. He rushed from side to side, from head to foot, like a faithful spaniel, that mourns his friend, and worships that friend in death. He ran a few paces towards the base of the mountain, looked up it, called impatiently upon Liffey, and again returned and uttered passionately the name of, mother! At last Liffey appeared. Claude flew to meet him, and but narrowly escaped being overturned by him in the rapidity of his descent. They leaped together without speaking over brambles, and bushes of fern, and both arrived at the same moment at the side of madame d’Osterley.

d'Osterley. Liffey wrung his hands for grief, and looked, and then ejaculated; and then cried, and then wondered, that a dame he had regarded with so much awe, could be reduced to so pitiable a condition. He called her the great lady, and would have continued lamenting her under every lofty appellation, if the shepherd had not hinted to him the expediency of finding some more fit resting-place for the object of his sorrow.

“Faidth now,” cried Liffey, “that is extramely true, and what I have been drainig about, I can hardly tell. And now, Mr. Shepherd, be so good, if you plase, to name any way of manes to carry the wretched lidy to her own bed; for there, the poor crater, she may die in pace, if she be not dead already, of which I think there is not the laste manner of doubt.—There now! was there ever sane the like, that I stand talking ilegant English to a sarte of a Narman clown, that knows it no more than any one of his

VOL. II. F trape.

trape ! Dites-moi en peu, monsieur Berger," &c. &c.—And Liffey continued in the same strain to demand advice of the shepherd, who seeing without understanding the ready facility of Liffey, regarded him as a wonder. The shepherd remembered Claude ; he had often seen him pass with Osterley, and now recognising the young companion of that melancholy stranger, he acknowledged the interest of a former acquaintance.

The Norman shepherds have a small moveable house, or rather hearse, in which they house themselves at night ; it is on wheels, and they draw it with them to that part of the mountain or field whereon they mean to erect their nightfold. The shepherd in question proposed to Liffey to carry the apparently lifeless lady to the brow of the opposite hill, and from thence to convey her in his bovel to Fécamp. Liffey thought this a most happy proposal, and, with the shepherd, he began to insert his arm under the neck
of

of his mistress, being ready to take this his proportion of the task of bearing her up the mountain. But he was checked, for, with a heavy sigh, she revived. The bustle of preparation ceased, and, as with one consent, the shepherd, Liffey, and Claude, observed a fixed and solemn silence. There was an expression of surprise in the first regard of madame; but that subsided, and she considered each of her companions separately for a few moments. She viewed Claude the last, and, after a little while, she made sign to speak to him. He bent his ear close to catch her words—"Your friend!—your friend," she inquired, "is he at home?"

"No!" replied Claude, "no!—we have sought you both since before sunrise."

"Not at home?—not found?" whispered madame, terror striking to her heart, and again shading her features with a tint of crimson—"not at home?"

"Oh no!" answered Claude—"Liffey awoke me before sunrise, and told me he had waited all night for your return from

the feast, but that you were not come. We have since been to Triport. I crossed the glen by the path nearest the sea, on return. Liffey crossed it by the way above, meaning to meet me again upon the hill opposite——”

“ And,” interrupted madame faintly, but with evident eagerness—“ and you have not found him—not heard of him?”

“ No, no!—not at all!” replied the boy.

“ Take me home!” rejoined the unhappy woman, as closing her eyes she seemed preparing to resign herself to thought, and to the care of her companions.

But it was now for Claude to be anxious for his friend.—“ Do you know—cannot you tell where monsieur is?” he inquired, for the boy had gained the habit of addressing Osterley by the title of monsieur.

Madame d'Osterley suffered him to urge the question again and again before she answered it: and at last her answer was simply in the negative.

“ What

“What then,” cried the boy, with a presumption which had long been certainty in his mind as well as in the minds of Liffey and the shepherd—“what then, was not he with you when you fell from the mountain?—did not he fall too?”

“Fall!” reiterated madame—“fall!”—then considering—“yes, I fell from the mountain.”

“But did he not fall?” demanded the boy with uncommon vehemence—“was *he* not hurt in the fall? Where is he?”

“Lost! lost, I fear!” answered madame—“lost his way in seeking relief—relief perhaps for me.”

“Oh, no, no!” answered the boy incredulous, “no, no!—he knows all the ways, and so do I!—I will go and seek him.” And before any restraint could be put upon his actions, he darted up the glen and was out of sight.

“Take me home,” again said madame d'Osterley; and Liffey and the shepherd placing themselves, the one at her shoulders, the other at her feet, took her up

and began their toilsome ascent. They rested often, and when near the top of the hill, madame felt herself so refreshed by the lively sea-air which blew up the glen, as to attempt, by the assistance of her companions, to walk a few paces. A little way from the top was the shepherd's hearse, and with a repugnance which not even pain and degradation could entirely overweigh, she suffered herself to be prevailed on to enter it. It would at least hide her, and in her present fall, any shelter was to be accepted. Liffey promised a faithful restoration of the night-shed before the night's coming; and the ratification of the promise by madame, was not to be refused. The shepherd returned to his charge; while Liffey now drawing at intervals, and now resting, advanced towards and finally reached his home.

They are not early risers in France; and as, happily, they are contented with little, and a rich soil will produce fruits, even when men sleep upon it, they have
not

not great occasion to be so. I know not that more than a fisherman or two, and an ecclesiastic coming from a visit to the sick, turned round to remark the oddity of Liffey's occupation. And he, Liffey, being a foreigner, it was less remarkable. Strange people of strange habits were the Osterleys conceived to be—nor church, nor spiritual succour; nor, it would seem, spiritual need. There is a something fearfully unblessed in the appearance of people whose principles are not perceptible either by sign or application; and all that unrequired charity can do, is to pity them, being certain that they are to be pitied.

Madame O'Paole had, after the departure of her husband and Claude, composed herself to the reparation of a fitful night. It was necessary to her good-humour as to her strength: and now that she heard a violent knocking at the door, and knew well that it was her husband's hand, she left it to Pauline, the helpmate of her services, to answer. However, there was business for both of them; and next to
F 4 their

their surprise at the appearance of their mistress in such a state, was their curiosity to know its cause and reason. But they had some remembrance of the nature of their mistress; and knew well, that inquiries which she might not choose to hear, must not be repeated. They could understand only that she had fallen from a steep, and that Liffey had found her insensible. To all demands for monsieur d'Osterley, there was but silence—the silence of languor, or the silence of design; they knew not which—and all that they did know of certainty was, that they could not learn enough to satisfy them.

It was a little extraordinary, though a part of the natural courage of madame, that even such advice as Fécamp afforded, she would not submit to call. She sat up in her bed, and making Pauline describe exactly the appearance of the wound in her neck, she gave herself directions for its treatment. It was the same with what she deemed necessary to take as remedies
of

of weakness and fatigue, or as preservatives against the effects of exposure to such a night as she had passed. Her courage seemed reviving; and if the anxiety arising from the uncertain destiny of her husband had not preyed upon her spirits, she would have soon recovered to something of her wonted firmness and self-sufficiency. Her expectation was, to hear of his death; and at this she could not yet pause, for by his loss, by the apprehension of his loss, she found revived the melancholy leavings of a once ardent love; and these too were enforced and aggravated by pity—pity for the sufferings which, at her summons and instigation, he had striven to bear. She imagined that his last hard-wrung assent to her proposal had induced in his mind a quiet determination of sacrificing at the same moment Pierre and himself; and that now they both floated together on the wave, or else were buried in some deep and remote corner of the glen. If so, very

soon would the confusion of a ship's crew at the sudden loss of their leader reach from Triport to Fécamp. If it were not so, then what had happened was what she dared not to speculate upon: the ruin which involved her husband could not fail to reach herself, although there was some mystery in its mode and workings at which she could not guess. And that there was mystery in the whole affair, was too apparently indicated by the blow, and the manner of the blow, she had received. Neither by Pierre, nor by her husband, had this been given; and what fourth person had there been? She ordered Liffey to be called to her bedside, and she bade him seek his master through all the environs of Fécamp and Triport, retain all the rumours he might hear, and above all, she commanded him to say nothing. Here perhaps Liffey would find obedience difficult: but he had been inured to obedience, though not in this matter; above all,

all, he wished to obey—he would strive to be silent.

Meanwhile Claude followed the windings of the glen, till it brought him to the Havre road. He passed it, and struck again among the mountains south-westward, noting all their variations, diving into their vallies, ascending their boldest points, hoping in the first to find, or from the last to discover, his friend and protector in his usual thinking pensive mood. But no! already had he passed every known haunt, all the customary places of meditation, and found no Osterley. The boy, with a sad heart, but an unrelaxing pace, turned back again towards Triport. The sun had gone his height, and was also returning towards his home, when Claude found himself in that niche of mountains, in which, but two days before, he had borne part in the society of Osterley and father Adrian. It occurred to him that here, and at this time, his friend was by appointment to meet the father.

Almost dead with hunger and fatigue, the child threw himself on the grass, but little doubting of the promised rencontre; nor long did he wait before he saw father Adrian turn into the hollow.

“Have you found monsieur?” demanded Claude, as he sprang forward to meet the ecclesiastic.

“Do you mean your father?” inquired father Adrian.

“No, no! monsieur! monsieur!—he is not my father,” answered the boy.

“Not your father!—where then is your father?—who is your father?” demanded Adrian with anxious interest.

“I never had a father! never!” answered Claude.

“And your other parent, your mother, where is she?” asked the ecclesiastic.

“Mother! mother!” cried the boy, embarrassed—“no! I never had one!—But if we can find monsieur, he will tell you all.”

“And is he not coming?” asked father Adrian.

“I do

"I do not know," answered Claude, bursting into tears; "I am afraid he is killed—that I have lost him; and if I have lost him, then——"

"What then? what then, my child?" interrupted father Adrian.

"Then am I without friend?" continued Claude.

"We will see whether that can be," answered Adrian, thoughtfully.

The boy continued weeping before the father, while he, Adrian, with an attention which he could not remit, narrowly observed him. In his looks, in the inflexions of his voice even, he found resemblances which revived his recollection of Adèle—his love for her. There was an impression most inexplicable, but most binding: all the force of all the anxiety of that mother, for the religious bias of her son, was present to his feelings, and was applied to this boy, by a sympathy of interest which was too strong to be suppressed.—"I will take thee," cried the father;

ther; "if it be possible, win thee to myself, then dedicate thee to the Universal Father. We will have that which is mysterious explained, that which is erroneous righted, and from danger and the world I will give thee to the altar."

"That will be the best," answered Claude, simply, as, taking Adrian by the hand, he led him up the side of the mountain, and on the way to Fécamp. Frequently he inquired if it were not probable that they should now meet Osterley, if it were not likely that he had escaped the rocks, and was now arrived at home.

Adrian, who could not perfectly understand what had happened, was chiefly solicitous to find Osterley at his home, to hear the confession he had promised to make, and which promised to have relation to Claude; and then, if it were consistent with all his interests, to obtain the charge of his future appropriation.

It was towards the close of evening when the father found himself approaching
the

the house of monsieur O'Paale, the residence of the Osterleys. He was astonished to see at the door a species of carriage, which, in his long and pious ministry in France, he had but too often had occasion to remark. It was a small caravan, painted black, and ingirt with iron. A crowd of people stood about the door, of women especially, thronging, and peeping, and chattering with a Norman whine, which now and then broke out into a perfect howl. At the door stood two huissiers, or constables. Claude looked up to the father in mute dread. Adrian continued his way, being certain that no obstruction would be offered to him. The crowd immediately gave way for the father, and, as he passed, the most respectful reverences were paid to him; while for Claude rose exclamations of love and pity.

The lower part of the house was abandoned, while from above issued a clamour of strange cries, in strange dialects, which might well have deterred one less accustomed

tomed to the various guises of misery than father Adrian. The confusion of French, English, and Irish, ceased, and a low weak voice was heard engaged in complaint.

“It is madame d’Osterley!” exclaimed Claude, as he left the father, and began ascending to her room.

The father crossed himself for support, and followed the boy. He entered a room, in which were two alcove beds. A lady sat up in one, pallid as the garments in which she was habited—pallid, and with the look of a courage entirely broken. She held a paper in her hand, and against its injunctions she seemed to have finished addressing two huissiers who stood near her. About her neck clung two children, while her servants, Liffey, his wife, and Pauline, opposed themselves to the officers with looks of remonstrance.

“And is it the yang Claude that comes,” cried Liffey, “to assure your ladyship that there is not the last hope for you in the world?”

Madame

Madame d'Osterley sat forward, seeking Claude—"Have you found him?" she demanded, eagerly; and learning that he had not—"Then is there not, indeed," she cried, "the least hope for me?"

"Who is there without hope?" inquired father Adrian.

"I—I am!" answered madame d'Osterley, as she held out the paper which she had been reading towards the father, continuing—"You—you speak to me as a countryman; I know you not, sir. But here—here, if you have experience of French laws, tell me whether this be lawful, and if it have due application towards me, a foreigner? If it have, then say, sir, whether I—a mother—a stranger—wounded—whether I have any thing to hope, or for myself, or for—my children?"

Father Adrian saw that it was an *arrêt*, or warrant of seizure, of the person of madame d'Osterley, signed by the coadjutor, or sub-commandant of High Normandy. No crime was named, no cause assigned,

no

no destination affixed; it was simply to do that which the huissiers had full power to do, to seize the person in question. It was, however, in the will, law, and law so binding and absolute, as to admit of no appeal. Father Adrian did not even look towards the huissiers for explanation; he folded up the paper, and returned it in silence to the object of its address.

"Is there nothing to say then?" inquired madame, hopelessly.

Father Adrian shook his head.

"Then is there nothing to hope?" rejoined madame.

"Of that you can best tell," answered the father; "the lettre is not without some grounds—some cause. If the matter of accusation be bad, the consequences of crime must be accepted. If you have done nothing criminal, you cannot but have hope, a very supporting hope, both in man and in Heaven."

He fixed his eyes on her as he spoke; but hers could not abide them. Her nature.

ture, however, revived against this tyranny, against this unexplained decision, which was to be law. It was a species of law which she had long exercised unsparingly, but it was not the less wounding as an instrument turned against her.

“I will not go upon this summons!” she cried, a momentary colour starting to her cheeks.

Though her words were English, and were not understood, her look and action were well comprehended. The huissiers advanced, declaring that they could not wait another moment, and, taking her by the arms, they would have drawn her from her bed. She eluded them, and Liffey, with eyes shooting fire, burst from his wife, and placed himself between the bed and the officers. The men drew their swords, and would soon have cut down their opponent, but for the presence of the venerable ecclesiastic; he stood between them, on the one hand staying the haste of the huissiers, and, on the other, counselling

counselling the submission of madame d'Osterley.

"But where will they take me, sir? what will they do with me? what will become of my children?"

"There is but one answer," replied Adrian—"they have their authority."

"And I mine!" shouted madame, with a force which the father had believed to appertain to man only.

"But theirs is the strongest—is, in this instance, the only effectual one," cried the father; "though you oppose it, you must succumb to it; it will be obeyed."

"It shall not!" again exclaimed madame; "it takes me at the moment when I am feeble, or I would have submitted to it. And yet, again I protest that I am English, and of power to have a wrong sustained in my person, deeply investigated and revenged."

"There then is hope for you," quickly replied father Adrian; "if this be a wrong, there is chance its endurance will be

be short: and for your power, if you will confide its nature to me, I will struggle to see that that be exercised to your relief—to your release.”

Madame paused. She doubted if yet she dared acknowledge herself, and yet her high pride was not humbled to confession. But all the weighings of inclination and interest were not to be allowed. The huissiers advanced finally, and, with great respect, told father Adrian, that, though the sacrifice of lives should be entailed on the fulfilment of their commission, yet that it must be fulfilled. They prayed the father to counsel the lady immediately to submit, as their errand admitted neither of modification nor delay.

“You hear them!” cried father Adrian; “it is utterly in vain that you risk the lives of your servants—you cannot hope to escape the execution of this *arrêt*. But—but say—tell me, in a moment, on what you suspect your confinement to be founded?

ed? on whom you may hope for its continuance?"

Madame d'Osterley opened her lips, as if to avow; but again a cast of proud resolution passed over her visage: she looked for a moment at the venerable father—she eyed him from head to foot—she had not yet found respect for his calling.—“No!” she cried, “I have no confessions to make!”

Father Adrian drew forward Claude. There was something in the manner of doing this, something in the regard of the father, as well as in the look of the boy, which was pathetic, which was striking.—“This boy, madam——” Father Adrian paused, intently regarding madame d'Osterley.—“This boy—is your son?”

“No!” answered madame.

“In what relation does he stand to you then?” asked father Adrian.

Madame looked at him, till a smile of contempt curled her lips—“I see,” she cried—“I see that this is your law in France; priests come in accidentally, and,
in

in their ministry, supply accusations where there is a desire to make them. I am now, as I ever have been, superior to such arts, and inclined to assure myself that I can overcome them. — Messieurs —” and, turning towards the huissiers, she prayed them to retire a moment from the room, telling them, that in a moment she would be prepared to accompany them.

The huissiers looked cautiously through the apartment, to see that there was no way of escape; while father Adrian, in grief at the suspicions of their prisoner, stood for a moment silently regarding her. For wrong done to himself it was not his custom to reproach. At length — “I have no time, no power,” said he, “to repel your suspicions, and all that I can now pray is, that whether this child be yours or not, you will suffer me to be his protector till you can claim him.”

“And who are you?” inquired madame, with that overbearing pride which was become her nature.

“An

“ An exile, who loves his country, and because he loves it, must not visit it—a wandering professor of his faith, who, when he makes a home, makes it with the friend of his early time, the abbot of Fécamp. With that abbot he—I—which you please—he, the exile—I, father Adrian, will leave the boy, when it is my time to wander, that in my hand, or in that of the abbot, you may find him, at the altar—the altar of the Abbey of Fécamp.”

“ He shall not be——”

The word, or words, which madame meant to utter, or did utter, were lost, for Claude, as if anticipating them, cried out —“ Yes, yes, I will !”

Father Adrian inquired, with the same quickness—“ Why shall he not be of my faith ?”

“ Because his fathers were not !” shouted madame d’Osterley.

“ His fathers, his early fathers, were Pagans, and would you have had his immediate

mediate fathers continue so for that reason?" inquired father Adrian.

The huissiers prayed him to retire, that madame might prepare to accompany them; yet one word more he would say—"You permit—you permit," he cried, willing to make such permission—"you permit the boy to be intrusted to me?"

It was not for Claude that madame was now zealous. Her cheek was rested on her daughter's head, the head of Claire; while Clotilde, the youngest child, was standing upon the cushion, kissing off the mother's tears.

"Say—say," re-urged the father—"say that the child is committed to me!"

"And who," inquired the anxious, the now anxious mother, "who will accept the trust of my—my children? are they to be destitute? are they to be left to huissiers and hospitals? Gracious God——"

She checked herself, as if some sudden pang or fear prevented her proceeding; then changing her address—"Kind sir,

good father, double—double your charge: do you see here, too, children younger, more helpless than Claude; for the love of Him you serve, look to them—pity them!”

“I will do so!” cried the father—“fear not: I cannot leave the children of my countrywoman destitute in a strange land.”

He withdrew, with the huissiers and Liffey; and while madame prepared for her unforeseen and unknown journey, he took the opportunity of praying the officers to be kind in their attentions towards her; to remember her sex and dignity, the uncertainty of her fault, and, in any case, the duty of a compassionate exercise of the authority of office.

“Trath, and that’s extramely true!” exclaimed Liffey; “it’s a mighty great shame, that it is, that people will not remember one another. What the devil now can be meant by this letter de catchup, or catchshe, which comes taking people un-awares, and popping them away, for no-body

body knows how long, or cares where! After my thinking, gentle father, it's a remarkable queer law, and not at all to one's satisfaction. But, to be sure, the whole matter will be judged by the king, which makes it more agreeable. Now, in Dublin, kind father, I remember, you may have fifty judges, at laiste, to look into your affairs, and the devil a bit of comfort at last; the one pazzles the other, and no two think alike of the same thing; and they argue, for the love of fine wards and grate larning, till they forget what a fine thing it is to look down on the unfortunate."

"If you mean, by the unfortunate, the wicked," replied father Adrian, "they must be punished."

"Faidth, there is rason in that!" exclaimed Liffey; "for a mighty hard matter it would be, after having contrived such a number of remarkable fine punishments, to have nobody to punish. Justice is a grate thing all over the world; and in Ireland they have a parliament, and in

France they have a king, and all for the same business, to shew justice to the wicked; but I cannot help wishing, that I can't, that they would not mistake themselves, and be busy in places where they have nothing at all to do. Now, what the devil, I would ask, gentle father, can madame d'Osterley have done, to have tempted either the parliament or the king? A lady she is of extramely grate merit, and wanderful dignity, I've a notion, though now and then with a strange awkward turn in her temper, like every Christian, crater, it's my opinion. Well, then, at the moment when she has lost her husband, my most excellent master, it's an odd sort of thing to distress her, the lady!"

"It is unhappy," replied father Adrian; "but we must wait to have these matters explained."

As he spoke, madame d'Osterley descended the stairs, aided by madame O'Liffey and Pauline, and followed by her daughters. The two last were crying, and praying

praying to go along with her, while she, turning round to them at every step, caressed, and endeavoured to comfort them. She did not weep, and one who had not long known her, would have thought that she did not much feel the painfulness of her situation; yet her air was melancholy, though lofty—it was that of offended pride seeking to hide its susceptibility. But, as she descended the stairs, and approached the door, the vehicle, which was ready to receive her, together with the crowd that thronged and pressed to behold her, broke upon her view; these gave the first sudden shock of her fall—these urged, in an instant, the sense of her great degradation; her heart no longer beat with a regular motion, but leaped with so great and painful a force, as almost to quit its shelter. She pressed back upon her children, calling to Pauline; she kissed them hastily, but most ardently—“Take them—take them to my room!” she exclaimed, while they, as Pauline drew

them back, threw their arms and cries after their mother.

Their mother descended with eager but trembling steps. Her eyes sought father Adrian; she drew him a little apart.—“Good father,” she exclaimed, “I have wronged you—I have wronged you, I doubt not! Forgive me! have pity on my children! they are helpless now; but they may have—they will have, some day, great power—a power which is my due. They are not common—they are not ordinary, I do assure you, father. In my present sad state, I dare not tell you my name; it is one, however, to which, perhaps, you would be glad to render service: but inquire for me under the name which you know—inquire for me here in France—suffer not that I waste my life in a prison. You—you—the clergy, under this system of things, have ever been, deserve ever to be, the hope of the miserable: you alone can inquire out the wretched, whether they lie in dungeons or in palaces. Do not

not abandon me, dear father. Would to God I had known you sooner! Do not forsake my children! do not, I pray—do not forsake my children!”

The fears of the mother wrought so strongly on her nature, that now this wretched mother fell on her knees at the feet of the venerable priest, regardless of all consideration for herself, and solicitous only for her children. Father Adrian, with cheeks covered with blushes, that any one should kneel to him, made haste to raise the suppliant, assuring her, that though she had not addressed to him such a charge, he should have conceived himself bound to protect her children.—“It is my business—my business here,” he cried, “to seek out the helpless and afflicted, and to apply to them the consolation and aid which for them are confided to the church through all its institutions. Comfort yourself then! if you be innocent, you shall have comfort; and if guilty——” He spoke low, and sheltered

himself as he spoke, from all but madame d'Osterley—"And if guilty—repent!—accept with patience and submission these, the visitations on your crime, and put your trust in God."

She bent low, kissed the hand of the venerable ecclesiastic, and shed a tear upon it, which he hoped might be the tear of penitence: she then concealed her face in her cloak, and in a moment mounted the caravan. The huissiers ascended it as soon, and again in a few moments and the crowd was left without its object.

"It's a very indacent thing, that it is," said Liffey, "to ran away with a lady of impartance in that sart of manner, without any sarvant. Was there ever the like seen in our country, good father? And where the devil do they mane to take the poor lady, and what will madame O'Paole say to her children, and plase your hanour? She has been paking at my ear all the time, your hanour, about the bard in the bash, as they call it in England: and
on

on my faidth I belave she'll pratty soon propose that the infants be packed after the mather!"

"Let her presume to treat them with less attention than when their mother was here," cried father Adrian, "and she shall see that the roof which she refuses to them shall not long shelter herself."

It was very well that such a friend as father Adrian was likely to be near the young family of the Osterleys, and to repress the importance of madame O'Liffey; for scarcely was the caravan out of sight, before that excellent wife began to dry those eyes which, for fashion's sake, she had damped at the departure of her mistress, and to feel the re-investiture of her authority. She shut the doors, and began to toss the pendants of her turrets. Liffey knew the signs, and retired behind father Adrian, who was now bidding Claude wipe off his tears, and prepare to follow him to the abbey.

Madame, seeing herself cheated of the

opposing front of her husband, lowered her topsail honours before the mild bearing of the ecclesiastic, and with a little circumlocution began to address to him her important question.—“Monsieur—monsieur Abbé, voilà en peu ! il y a deux petites demoiselles que cette femme-là vient de laisser. Monsieur, je voudrois vous en parler*.”

“Well, madame,” answered Adrian, in the same language, and with his usual mildness—“well, madame, I am willing to hear you.”

He knew well the subject at heart, but it was his way to let the heart develop itself, and so to know whether it needed encouragement or correction.

Madame begged to say, that the house in which she had the honour to address him was her own; that the children that were in it were not her own; that her house could shelter them, if they could pay

* Sir ! sir, just look ye ! there are two children that yonder woman has left : I would speak to you about them.

pay for shelter; but that if they could not, there was room *without* for them.

"I shall remember you, and observe you, madame," answered father Adrian; "and as you are kind or negligent towards the children of your master, shall you be dealt with. I shall promise you nothing, because that which you may receive may come too soon, when it shall come. This house belongs to the abbey. It was nothing. Monsieur d'Osterley has made it what it is; has well paid you, as the report is, during his residence in it. I doubt it not; and you do not deny it. Well then, madame O'Paole, for what more you may do for the children of monsieur d'Osterley, you shall be paid: but if you do ill towards them, you shall be so paid. I go about to see that justice be done—I will see justice done by you, madame."

Madame O'Paole was never so severely dealt by as by the priesthood. Her selfishness and injustice she dared not conceal from them, and whenever the season

of confession came, came that of mortification and reproach. Now the selfish do not like mortification and reproach : never voluntarily impose it on themselves, though always meriting it ; and for such, for all indeed, confession, with the consequent approbation or reproof of good or bad feelings and actions, is happily ordained. But now madame O'Paole stood in a perfect fidget of humiliation. To look little in her own eyes was bad, though a badness she could very soon commute, by rapid risings of her internal self-esteem ; but to look little in the eyes of her husband, above whom she had ever been queen—to look little in the eyes of Pauline, above whom she ever had been mistress and tyrant, was the height, the excess of mortification. To be chided and stripped of her boast ; to lose her honour and her house, her command and power ! this she owed to an impertinent priest. It was sad, she thought, that these people should have the power of restraining people from doing the

the best for themselves in the worst for their neighbours. If madame had been so capable as she imagined of combination of thought, she would have gone on thinking that it was hard that such people troubled themselves with anticipations; that they did not go along with the law, guiding and governing folks in their trespasses to a certain point, and then defining certain absolute corporal amends. However, she contented herself with making reverence to father Adrian, and assuring him that she was infinitely glad to throw herself and deserts upon his justice, and that the children of the Osterleys should continue to be faithfully served.

Father Adrian received her assurance with ready assent, and taking Claude by the hand, he conducted him to the abbey.

The sun was sunk into the ocean; some of his rays yet shot upwards, indicating from whence he was fallen, and shewing that he carried his brightness along with him. The vespers were finished, the choir

was

was vacant, when father Adrian pushed aside the little canvass door which led into the abbey-church. Where churches are invested with so little awe, that for their preservation they are obliged to be locked up, there, I do not fear to say, can be no true religious feeling. The father pushed aside the little canvass door, and suffering Claude to enter first the abbey-church, followed him. They descended seven or eight semicircular steps, and found themselves before an oaken screen, which, by the lightness and beauty of its carving, admitted a view of the centre aisle, of the choir, of the gilded altar, with its chaste perspective of cloud and sky, with its guard of cherubim and seraphim. The tapers glimmered, gaining with every fading tint of the sun, a stronger and stronger light, shewing that the ray of Christian hope burns brightest in the darkest seasons; shewing that the house of God is never abandoned and left desolate, but is
always

always open, a refuge for the wandering and a light to the bewildered.

The father had design in suffering Claude to precede him. He anxiously watched him, but he did not what he had hoped he would do, go immediately to the first of the range of pillars which formed the northern aisle, and seek the font. But the father touched him on the shoulder, as he stood admiring from the opening of the skreen, those things which appeared to him curiosities beyond—he touched him on the shoulder, and the child immediately turned and followed him. The boy observed the action of his conductor, and imitated it. He renewed the baptismal sign upon his forehead and breast. The father then took him by the hand, and with a slow solemn pace led him up the centre aisle. There was a flight of three marble steps to the choir, or precinct immediately conducting to the steps of the altar. The floor of this precinct was of marble, chequered white

white and black. The father entered, crossed himself, bowed low, and again advanced to the steps of the altar. Arrived at the first step, he did the same; and the boy in all, with a look of mild and chaste solemnity, observed the same form. The father retired a little way, leaving sufficient space between himself and the ascent to the altar for the presentation of the child. He knelt, and with hands embracing the sides of Claude, so held him forward, immediately opposite the silver cross which shone between the tapers. He uttered a prayer in Latin, with a deep clear voice, which lowered and lowered, till, though the prayer was still continued, its accents were not heard, till, by the motion of his lips alone, it was perceived that the father yet prayed. Claude regarded the cross unceasingly; his eyes uplifted, his hands advanced a little before his breast, and pressed together as if in supplication. The effects of the sun's last rays were reflected eastward, and the light clouds

clouds which there took the yellow tint, reflected it again through the high-arching windows of the church, throwing upon every object a mild and placid, but pale hue. I pretend not to account for the delusions of vision, or to excuse father Adrian for the error of a moment. He fancied one ray more distinct, more definite than another, to glance from the window left of the altar, to strengthen, to irradiate, to resolve itself into the form of the lost Adèle. He fancied her descent in front of the altar, with a countenance beautiful as it had been in her life, but bright in sadness; with hair falling over her garments, and as if streaming from the wave; with, as the only variation of the paleness of face, and neck, and robe, the occasional clinging over her person of green and drooping sea-weed. Here, with a foot light and unsounding as a thought, she stooped from the ray; and here, with a look mute and sad, but beautiful as it could be rendered by the irradiation of
heaven,

heaven, she regarded the priest's offering. What the fancy of father Adrian had formed, it continued to regard; and to its creation the venerable ecclesiastic seemed to address himself. While Claude, swayed by some impulse impossible to explain, now sunk on his knees. Father Adrian placed one hand on the boy's head, the other he advanced towards the object of his imagination, till the features of that object, changing from the expression of affliction to that of joy, brightened—illuminated—faded—retired upon—became undistinguishable as the fleeted ray. Immediately, mournful, dirge-like swellings of the organ, rolled up the aisle and filled the church; and till these ceased, father Adrian and Claude remained prostrate before the altar.

The music certainly *was*, for the organist had lingered in his loft beyond the time of vespers, and in friendliness to the devout impressions which he saw prevailing, had chosen thus to assist them.

For

For the fancy of father Adrian, I leave it, with the ghost of Cæsar, to be rejected by the strong heads, and met at Philippi:—
Quid igitur timeam?

The father mounted to a cloister gallery which ran down the northern aisle of the church, and passing through a small doorway, led Claude to the well-known apartment of the prior. The good man received, smiled upon, and blessed him; giving orders that on the morrow he should be introduced into the *sacristie*, that performing its duties, he might rise, *gradatim*, to the priesthood.

Meanwhile madame d'Osterley pursued her way in night, in uncertainty and sullen sadness. She knew nothing of the road she was going, nor yet would she inquire. She knew nothing of the destination of her journey, nor it would she demand. The huissiers, her companions, spoke not to her, nor did she address them. The night waned, the morning rose, and with it became perceptible one of the finest
views

views which the cultivated parts of the world may boast. Nor can I adequately describe it without giving the name of a famous city, of a famous river, of a noble mountain; and if I give these mountains, rivers, and cities, their proper names too soon, I develop a mystery, I betray a secret, and in my love of truth, tell my story unskilfully. But on the left, as the caravan drove along rapidly, too rapidly, could nothing be seen but trees, overtopping trees, through all the variations of a very wide and unequal surface, plunging hill and dale through a great extent of country into the one, well-merited generic name of forest. It was such a forest as we dream not of in England, as we have not space of ground to supply—the haunt of the wild boar and of banditti—a depth, in which the hunter lost himself, and the outlaw found a secure home. But nothing could exceed the beauty of the morning-tossings of oak, and ash, and elm, and aspen, and broad-leaved sycamore,

as

as their branches knitting into embraces, sent salutations to one another, and sent breezes fresh with dew and health to the whole region. The road taking the course of the more level ground, admitted sometimes views of valleys of trees, sometimes of deep and abrupt glens, of wooded ravines, which left one startled at the thought of their "brown horror;" while on the right, the road formed the brow of a mountain, which itself formed the side of a continuous but most varied valley. Here, spreadings of grass and corn-fields, extensive orchards, knots of groves, gleamings of chateaux, and the perpetual winding of a smooth, glassy, glossy river, made the variety of the varied valley. Thus on the left the forest, on the right the long and rich dale, one wanted to see some further opening to the sky, some outlet or on the one side or the other: it was furnished. Suddenly the mountain on the right terminated, or formed the beginning of another range of mountains running

running parallel with the line of the river, which, here taking another direction, and growing in width and beauty, flowed expansively and majestically on, craving and obtaining for itself an union of its silver with the blue of distance and the sky. Almost immediately at the point of this sudden and bold turn, rose opposite a bold and sudden elevation of cliff, the summit of which was touched with fragments of fortifications, with hangings of falling towers, with enough of the remains of war to shew that the city, at the foot of this cliff, on the side of the river, had once been thought worthy of a strong defence, had had bold defenders, but successful enemies. And that city, seen over its walls to fill a valley, to creep up the sides of opposing hills, to occupy the command of a rich and navigable river; seen with absolutely countless spires of churches and monasteries; with its strong towers, its gilded domes, its terrace gardens—the view of that city was yet such as to declare

clare her importance. Of these things madame d'Osterley could not but catch a glance, for at her side was a small grated window, with a curtain undrawn. Perhaps, as there are people, who, without any known cause of fear, have never entered a large town without feeling a something of desolateness, perhaps at the view of this large and important city, madame d'Osterley had some sensation of terror. The truth is, she was a little changed, and could feel fear. Thus far she had felt a strong arm; she might have to bear the pressure of a heavy one. If she had had the sources of comfort in her own heart, she might have been comforted at the view of so many spires in the town; for here they marked the abode not of dissensions people, but of men who thinking the same, were united for the same purpose, that purpose, the protection of the feeble, the solace of the afflicted, the redress of the injured, and the reclamation of the bad. I began my story with

with a truth ; all things change by time, and in a little time how great changes ! The spires remain in this city, but the dogs of the revolution having littered beneath them, the churches are become stables. On the marble floors of the altar, I have seen the blacksmith performing his daily toil. *Cum autem videritis abominationem desolationis stantem ubi non debet : qui legit, intelligat.*

Madame d'Osterley listened to catch in the discourse of her guides the name of the city to which she was approaching. She felt assured that her journey would terminate here ; but she had yet too strong a recollection of her own right, and of the privileges she had abused, to descend to question her companions. However, she heard indistinctly the name of Rouen, and it was enough ; her suspicions were certainties ; it was to Rouen that she approached—the hill opposite, the hill of St. Catharine, so famous in the siege of Rouen, by Henri le Grand. She
would

would have felt interested in approaching the French capital of our kings, the place of abode too of her own family for many ages, if she could have felt another interest than that of her own unhappy situation. But it was not thus that her ancestors had entered Rouen. They had entered it in the suite of kings, or at the head of armies; to plan triumphs, or to repose after victories; or some of them, grey in years and honour, had entered it to rest in it their final term; to appropriate a part of their gainings to the less happy and honoured; to disengage themselves from the vanities of the world, and to learn to die in peace. But for her!—why was she approaching it?—to die perhaps, but not in peace.

Great cities, like many great and many little people, are fine objects at the distance; fine, for the things about them; fine, for the matter of contrast and effect; fine for any thing but themselves. It is thus that I would ever see them—at a

distance. And in this I do charitably by them, desiring and seeking to see them only to advantage. The city of Rouen has all charms till you enter it, and has many charms when you are in it; but for these you must look, and look attentively, and with many offences to cross your view. I have nothing to do in it now, but to follow madame d'Osterley a little way along the border of the Seine, to turn on the left into some one of the many narrow, winding, dirty streets which there offer themselves, and after innumerable changes, and great perplexity of indirection, to notice her arrival in a large square, in which, I think, is a market of vegetables. In the time of Louis Quatorze, three sides of this square were composed of an old building of many dates, of which the gateway in the centre of the second side was of the time of our duke William. This building had been the palace of the dukes of Normandy, the kings of England; but now, in the days of

of Louis Quatorze, it was used as a prison. It was under the gateway of this palace of our kings that madame d'Osterley was conveyed. The light of day was lost on the sudden, and a gloom, heavy and portentous, hung over her, as the caravan rolled heavily under the arch, and at about midway of its breadth, stopped at a low vaulted iron door. One of the huissiers descended; he pressed a ring which hung at the side of the grate, and the deep heart-striking sound of a huge bell replied to his touch. Keys rattled, the iron door creaked and groaned, and turning, shewed a dapper man, with a lively eye, a powdered wig, a small cocked hat, and with two dark-looking gaunt-boned attendants. The governor and his suite stood to receive the unhappy d'Osterley, who, unspeaking, descended from the vehicle, and unrequested, passed under the iron doorway. The huissier delivered a paper to the governor, and immediately his charge ceased. The door was again

H 2 closed,

closed, and the wretched d'Osterley, with a heart cold and fallen, with a sensation of hollowness, of lost heart, followed the governor, carrying in her hand a small bundle of articles of apparel. Another grating was unlocked, and a stone turret staircase being ascended, a long gallery displayed itself, which seemed to take in the half of this side the square. Low doors, at distances nearly equal, were on the right of this gallery; while opposite, and high in the wall, were narrow arches of panes, admitting light to the whole. Near the end of this gallery, the governor giving the keys to one of his men, bade him open the door of the next cell. The man obeyed, and while he was doing this, the governor turned to view his new guest. Remonstrances or supplications were ordinary to new guests; but now there was nothing complained of, nor was there any thing besought. The face was English; the lips therefore were not accustomed to the French. The governor
was

was satisfied in a moment that his subject could not speak a word of French, and therefore she was silent. But she did not weep. He thought, and thought truly, that a foreign wrong might be wept in native tears; that an English wringing of the hands, or tearing of the hair, might not be altogether unsuitable to a French calamity; that stamping and making a noise might not be inexpressive, even though both should be done in high Dutch. Yet this lady was mute, and apparently very tranquil. Perhaps she was proud. This was a suggestion easily listened to and received; and the English are considered to be proud. I have known of our being compared to the Spaniards, as of as great *fierté*. The governor was a little embarrassed by the unembarrassed patience of his guest; and whether it were the effect of pride, of stupidity, or of great experience in similar accidents, he could not tell. At last, the door being opened, and still the prisoner standing at a little

distance, with still the same fixed gaze upon the floor of the gallery, the governor, who was himself all activity, began to wonder and to be irascible. The misfortune was that the prisoner knew not French, so that it was in vain for the governor to speak. He began making violent motions, as if he had been gesticulating to some dumb object; but these not being observed, he advanced briskly towards madame, with the intention of taking her by the arm, and so drawing her into the cell. His quick advance occasioned madame d'Osterley to lift up her eyes from the ground, and to regard the governor. There was something in her regard different to that of most of his subjects. He gave way a few paces, and pointed towards the cell. Madame passed him and entered it. It had the appearance of a slip between two walls, longer than broad; with, at the further end, a dull melancholy light admitted through a single ledge of panes. This ledge ran
imme-

immediately under the roof; an aperture, a small chasm being provided for it by a sloping of the thick wall inwards, almost desk-wise. Beneath was a low wretched bedstead, with even a worse mattress upon it, and over all a rug, of such a colour and sort as scared all hope of rest. The floor of the cell was of stone, but was black and greasy, with damp and dirt; while the walls shewed nothing but a face of rough unfinished masonry. Yet no part of this did madame d'Osterley observe. She entered, and seating herself on the bed, with her little packet in her lap, she again directed her gaze towards the floor.

"Madame est bien méditative *!" cried the governor, as he came forward to take the packet from his prisoner, and to examine what it contained. He found nothing in it, or prizable, or condemnable, so he restored it, and then, followed by his suite, went away. Perhaps madame heard

H 4 the

* Madame is very thoughtful.

the key turn and withdraw; but this seemed to give no new course to her eyes or thoughts.

When again, after the lapse of three or four hours, some one entered with breakfast and dinner, conjoined in one, the wretched woman was found in precisely the same position: a vessel with soup, and the as everlasting *chou*, was placed at her feet. At seven in the evening another portion of the same dainties was brought, and exchanged for the former. The prisoner was found still inert and unobserving, with this difference only made in her position—that she was seated higher upon the bed, with her back reared against the wall, and her face turned towards the door. Yes, there was a little further difference: a deep, and apparently struggling, sigh broke now and then from her heart; and sometimes she put together her eyelids as if to let a tear disseminate itself and dissolve between them. Thus lonely and unsolaced, even by a light, was she left to pass

pass her first night in the palace of the kingly patrons of her family.

In the morning a man entered, and imagining with the governor that it would be in vain to address her, he motioned her to follow him. She inquired with a springing alacrity if she were at liberty?

The man replied, that she was to look at the sky through a grate, and to taste its air for half an hour.

She then prayed for a change of privileges—for a book—~~some~~ water. Neither the one nor the other could be accorded. Again she closed her eyes to waste a tear between their lids; and again propping herself against the wall, relapsed into thoughtfulness.

The very trifling variations of this habit during a week, I shall not stop to notice; but, at the end of seven or eight days, so extraordinary an alteration was perceptible in the appearance of the unhappy woman, that I must bestow a word, simply a word upon it. Her complexion, which had en-

dured the dissipated habits of a London life, the chances of a wandering life, and the anxieties of an unhappy one, without losing its brilliancy, was now, in the little space of time I have mentioned, become so faded, that neither softness, clearness, nor life, was in it. Even the very features of her face altered. They could not be otherwise than handsome—the traces of a worn nobleness would cling to them; but they lost, not every day only, but every minute of the day, something of that consistency of beauty for which they had been remarkable. The mouth contracted into that locked complacency of grief which is almost the character of despairing sorrow, drawing on each side into fixed and deep wrinkles those cheeks which had lately been round and fresh nearly as the cheeks of youth. Below the eyes there widened a semicircle of an olive tint, while those eyes, which had so lately possessed every power of expression, now glared with an undirected ardour which it was difficult

difficult to regard, or else fell upon their object with dull and spectral glances. The hair too, that remarkably fine material of beauty, was in one week become an ornament which matched the appearance, but not the age of the wearer; much of it was turned, the rest fast turning, to a bright silver. Thus sat madame d'Osterley, on the low bed of her cell, observing nothing, addressing no one, and moving only when the weariness of a long retained position compelled her, by the impulse of bodily pain, to change her place. And here, let it be observed, was the same courage, the same force of mental persistence, which before we have observed in madame d'Osterley, but under another direction. Nor was she more dejected than might become such courage: she was enduring what she had never guessed at for herself; but that, which for any, the most trifling object of her desires, she would have heaped upon others. There was surely much cause for inquiry how this could be—how the same

things which were so easy to impose, were so hard to endure. The loss of London and its triumphs had made her impatient; the loss of all the conveniences, nay, privileges, of life, had made her mild. How mentally strong are they who have never known bodily pain or inconvenience! For many years, the greatest proportion of her life, madame d'Osterley had not known these, and never had she fancied them likely to be the allotments of any part of her life. With them, being entirely different to any thing ever known or imagined, were thoughts entirely different—were feelings entirely different—were pains which did not speak, for she was mild—were agonies which did not cry, for she had courage.

But I hasten to have done with these matters. Yes! Yes! I thank Heaven they are not mine! I will leap with the lightest that is gay, and run with the swiftest that is free; and though I am obliged to stop and reprove the wild in
their

their gaiety, to reproach the wicked in their freedom, yet will I with the first release myself from the necessity, and strike again into the path of the free and gay.

CHAP-

CHAPTER III.

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—Puer in pædagogio mistus pluribus dormiebat: venerunt perfenestras (ita narrat) in tunicis albis duo, cubantemque detonderunt; et qua venerant, recesserunt.

C. PLIN. *Lib. VII.*

.....

This, and much more, that wise man said :  
 But we have men *sans* wit and letters,  
 Who all unseeing, and unread,  
 Know all things better than their betters :  
 Who sit and talk us by the hour  
 Of things most certain—for the rest,  
 They know not, and allow no power  
 To be of loftier means possessed.  
 I pity them, and wish they would  
 Forego their little understood  
 To learn a little more—*Apprenons !*

*Prosper Letaché.*

AT the end of the period I have mentioned in the preceding chapter, the seven or eight days of the confinement of madame d'Osterley, the man whose business it

it was to enter her cell with provisions, found her insensible to his approach, though not to her own misery. Her groans told him that she lived, while the few words which she uttered told him that they were addressed to death. She called on death, but not on Him who has the power of life and death: she called on death, in the hope that his dominion would be eternal: she called on death, in the hope at least of the mitigation of present pain. Weak hope! sad resource! ineffectual prayer!

The prison-man was about leaving her to the company of her anguish, for he had been accustomed to supplications, to have his authority, or real or supposed, acknowledged by those about him; and he could not understand or excuse that pride which pleased to suffer, and would not stoop to complain. He was about to leave her, when some spark of mercy, some dying of the heaven in his bosom, took flame, and urged him back again. He could do no thing:

thing: there was nothing to be done. He was not known, nor regarded: he was even frightened by the restlessness as well as by the appearance of the object before him. No attention was paid to his questions. The sufferer turned, and turned; her cheeks swollen and black; her lips so increased and so discoloured; her hands clenched and burning; her frame agonized and distorted. He fancied she had taken poison, and he rushed with all eagerness to demand assistance. Now one would think that a pragmatical, well paid leech would be called in, with a certain duty to perform, and no more—with a certain stipend to receive, and a fixed resolution of doing the least possible for that stipend—with a power of calculating pretty nearly the chances of life, but utterly incapable of one effort, of one word, which might alleviate the pangs of death. No indeed! no such one was called in. A counterpart of death came in—one thin as death, and pale as death—one of the house and lineage

neage of death, but, unlike death, free from wickedness, from bitterness, and corruption. *La Sœur de la Charité*—the sister of charity came in; one whose very look was kindness and mercy—whose touch was tenderness and piety—whose words were soothing and consolation—The ministry of soothing, of mercy, of charity, by an order of females self-devoted, and one—one I say, in their principle and source, and that principle and source no undefined system of philanthropy, but the same with truth, being religion. Such an order cannot but be the glory of woman, and the blessing of a state. I am afraid we should have philosophers and little boys mocking in the streets, if we had such an order busy on their errands. But with that I have nothing to do. One might mock too philosophers and little boys, and after, correct them. But the sister of Charity entered the cell of madame d'Osterley, her black veil thrown back upon her modest cap of lawn, and leaning upon

upon her shoulders—thrown back, that at a glance she might see where the wound was which needed remedy. At her breast hung a silver cross, which shone fair and chaste upon her mourning robe; while at her side hung her rosary.

The sister advanced to the bed of the sufferer: there was a softness in her voice which almost stilled pain. The sufferer, hearing what she had not heard since it had occurred to her that she might require it, a pitying voice, looked at the sister a moment, less in reply to her question than to its manner. But that was all she could do; a burning and inexorable fever preyed upon her, and she could but mark its rapacity by low moans. The sister, however, soon ascertained its exterior cause, the neglected wound in her neck, and soon, by embrocations and liniments, soothed and subdued it. Her care was then all inducements of sleep to collect and apply, not forgetting to demand from the governor whatever was necessary to render

render sleep alleviating and effectually beneficial. And the last faint consciousness of the prisoner, as she was sinking to sleep, was happily yielded to the words of the sister, as she addressed one of the governor's attendants, telling him to lock the door of the cell, for that she should watch at the side of the invalid till the morning. So did she watch, reading the History of the Martyrs, and between whiles marking the fall of the hour, by saying the Ave Maria to a division of her beads, so leaving another division for another hour, and thus giving refreshing periods to the dull-est season. Sometimes, wearied by the bending to her lamp, she suffered her book to rest on her knees, and while her long white fingers marked the paragraph to which she had read, she leaned against the rough wall of the cell, and thought, or else breathed quietly, a prayer for the stranger by whom she watched; or sometimes, sensible to the chill of night, she got up and paced softly from one end of the cell to the



the other. She had thus done, she had paced backwards and forwards for a little while, and was coming again to retake her seat on the bed, and to resume her reading, when, struck by the glare of her lamp upon the features of her charge, she stopped to observe those features: she had seen them before, she thought—or had seen some which had much resembled them: they were not of France, she thought. While she was reflecting where she had seen them, or to what country they belonged, madame d'Osterley, at ease by reason of the applications to her wound, and refreshed by her long and quiet sleep, unclosed her eyes, and saw the compassionate and pious sister standing near the foot of her bed, and intently regarding her. Her hands were clasped on her bosom, and, by accident, the little silver cross which hung there, falling over her fingers, stood advanced, as if by design of fixing attention to itself. The light gleamed upon it—gleamed upon the placid, beautiful

beautiful countenance of her who wore it —gleamed upon the fair and merciful hands which advanced it forward, and so tempered the obscurity of night and the cell, as to make that obscurity harmonize with solemn views and devout purposes. How sad appeared the past, and how chimerical the designs for which its evil had been dared!—"In the midst of life we are in death." What triumph shall I seek then, by fraud or wrong, since though to-day is, to-morrow may not be? How sure were it to take the one way marked by my hopes, marked by my fears, marked by the wisdom of my fathers, marked by the inspiration of their teachers, marked by the will and word of God! I take it, and am secure—I take it, and am at peace. No longer shall "I reel to and fro like a drunkard," laugh when I feel no joy, mock in my own despite, hate what my soul bids me love, love what my soul and Revelation bid me hate; no longer be a wanderer and an outcast from the home prepared

prepared for me, the home of assured blessedness and lasting peace! No, I will take that way, I will return to that home! I see the sign which never misleads! I hear the invitation which never deceives! Both humble me, yet both exalt!—both chastise, yet both bless.

I have nothing more to say about the matter. Sister Marian saw that the attention of madame d'Osterley was fixed upon her little silver emblem of faith; she saw that quick thoughts of self-infliction were passing in her mind; that these suffused her eyes with tears of sorrow or of penitence, perhaps of penitential sorrow; and she waited till she might hope that these had had their full effect; and then putting the little silver emblem of her faith in her bosom, she took her seat at the side of the afflicted. It is not my office to receive confessions, or if it were, it would be my duty to retain them. Sister Marian told madame d'Osterley that it was not her office to receive confessions,

fessions, and prayed to be allowed to send to her in the morning the confessor of the prison; but madame, though willing to receive the latter, as well as sister Marian, to her confidence, would now, now on the first impulse, declare all her malady, and hear if a remedy might be hoped. Yes, yes! there might! Claude must be restored; every injury, to the fullest capability of means or life, redressed. And, where these might be in vain to offer, the irrevocability of wrong was to be absolved, by such means as the instructed and empowered should indicate, by fasting, prayer, penitence, and works of charity. The sister infringed no right, assumed no duty, but such aid and consolation dealt out as suited her sex and profession, as was agreeable to her own pure heart and well apportioned attainments. And, as the morning broke in upon the prisoner and her consolatrix, the last, to the surprise of the former, finished one of her admonitions in English, and  
with

with a smiling and pure accent of the language.

"And now," continued the sister, "now, since you have not hesitated to tell me all which regards yourself, look at me—see if yet any trace of my country live upon me! If there be none, I will requite your confession, by a confession."

"Your country!" exclaimed madame d'Osterley, regarding the sister—"are you of England?"

The sister could not at first answer the question—nor indeed was an answer necessary: the very difficulty to tell it, told all.

"Am I of England?" she cried at last—"You shall judge of that.—Are the Talbots English?"

"Lady Mary Talbot?" asked madame d'Osterley, at the same moment recognising her whom she had seen when a girl at the court of James the Second.

"Sister, Marian!" answered *la Sœur de la Charité*, with a sweet and gentle smile:

"and

"and is it not sad that I have neither mystery nor personal injury to produce as cause or excuse for this final adieu to country, family, friends, all early habits? —I have neither. This was my way of life, and I was obliged to cross the water to find it. The Talbots loved once to make wounds in France; I, thankful for an asylum in it, have every wish to heal them."

Nor was the wish to be doubted by those who saw the sister; still less by those who knew her: and thus a descendant of that Talbot, whose name was terror, was now busied in nearly the same sphere of action, but in actions how different! The one, as a soldier, busied in burnings, in ravagings, in all the work of devastation; the other, as the daughter of the soldier, in soothings and consolings, in all the business of piety, of active charity.

From this time, the *sœur* Marian supplied madame d'Osterley with many comforts, and above all, with that of con-

firmation in her good purposes. The prisoner recovered to the state of an easy advanced convalescence; but bearing always in her progress towards health, an assurance that the time of strong endeavour, indeed of strong desire, was past. Little of the much once designed was now desired. The leavings of pride were so few, and these so subdued, that almost it appeared impossible, that the triumphs now viewed at a distance, had ever been striven for. More than all, it seemed impossible that, to the attainment of these triumphs, the character and happiness of a husband had been sacrificed, and the assurance of her own conscience. And that husband, who had loved so well, as to have relinquished all happiness, character, the very chance of life, to her requests—where was he? And that mother, who seemed to have forsaken a society which she was formed to grace, and had braved the pain of suspicions which were a wrong to her, for the love of her sole offspring—  
yet

yet had seen that offspring torn from her—where was she? Here were crimes deep and irrevocable—enough to confine the sick to the period of convalescence—the penitent to the work of tears. Where was Osterley, and where was Adèle?

Thus passed three months, with, against cold, and the various incommodities of a prison, but the consolation of good resolutions, and the occasional conversation of the sister Marian. It was now the latter end of November. The chill of the Norman winter was beginning, and against its force madame d'Osterley had but a weak and unprotected frame to oppose. She was sitting in the gloom of early evening, feeding in her heart its own reproaches, wondering, but not complaining at the absence during the preceding three days of the *sœur de la Charité*, when she heard on the sudden the voice of the governor at the door of her cell. The door opened, and with the governor she beheld him who had taken charge of

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12

her



her children—father Adrian. With no thought of his object, with no time for a thought of it, she sprang forward and seized his hand, inquiring for her children.

“ Well! well!” he cried—“ they are all well, my daughter; and so shall you be, for you shall see them.”

Madame d'Osterley nor heard nor heeded more for an instant. She retreated to her bed, and turning down her face upon its pillow, she wept a prayer of thanks. Meanwhile the governor, in presence of the proper authorities—dear! I believe I am wrong; gaol-keeping people are the principals in these affairs, I fancy. Well then, the governor, surrounded by his thumb-screw turnkey attendants, exchanged papers with father Adrian—giving to the venerable father the order for the confinement, receiving from the venerable father the order for the release of madame d'Osterley. The measure was soon meted. Madame was soon with a relieved heart without the door of her cell,

cell, nor was it for some moments that she perceived an incapacity to walk proceeding from feebleness or desuetude. So great too was her anxiety to get forward, that this perception was the more painful.

“ I cannot,” she cried, and catching the arm of father Adrian, she saved herself from falling—“ I cannot proceed ; a moment—wait a moment ! I have much to do, father ; and yet I must find strength !”

“ You have indeed ! you have much to do !” answered father Adrian, solemnly ; “ your trials are nearer than you imagine, my daughter. I would you could have a moment for their preparation.”

“ How ! what !” exclaimed madame, with great alarm. The governor giving some directions to one of his men, descended from the gallery with the rest ; and that one, bearing in one hand a bunch of keys, and in the other a lamp, waited at the head of the stairs, while madame d’Osterley rested for a moment, reiterating

her question—"How! what! have you then seen sister Marian or the confessor?"

"I have seen both," replied father Adrian; "but it is not from them that I learned more than your imprisonment—the place of your imprisonment. It was never known that the seal put by any one of us to a duty was ever broken; we confide not either its keeping or its mark even to one another. It is from another that I have learned all."

"From my husband!" cried madame d'Osterley, eagerly; "and where is he?"

Father Adrian was silent. He looked at her earnestly, but with pity; then—"Can you bear to see him?" he inquired.

"Yes, yes!" returned madame; "it is my wish, my hope, my prayer! Is he too free?—No! Well then, for me he is in prison—by me he shall be freed. Yes, I can see him! I must see him, that he may know me as I am, and forgive, if it be possible, the ruin I have brought to him and to his family."

She

She supported herself on the arm of father Adrian, and as thus they descended the turret-stairs, crossed passages, and again descended and again, conducted by their attendant, she heard from the father, that from the period of Pierre Aignet's first visit to Fécamp, notice had been given to the authorities, to surround and watch the house of madame O'Paole, and not to suffer its inhabitants to quit its door without following and observing them; that, by consequence, on the night of the fete of Triport, they, the Osterleys, had been followed by the delegates of this authority, and been traced to the discharging of a pistol against Aignet; that Aignet had received a wound in the arm, but of trifling result; while Osterley, under the commission of Aignet, had, with information of his attempt, been referred to the lieutenant of the province, and by him been sent to Rouen; from the same source had flowed her own commitment.—“Being,” continued the father—“being an exile

ile from my country, for designs which I never harboured, and for the guilt of an ardour which I make no scruple to confess, I do not accept an appointment here; I exercise my ministry wherever I find an object, and I find objects every where. I ramble through France, and friends of college, or of accident, I have every where. The confessor of this prison knows me, and, in obedience to your husband's prayer, he wrote to me, requesting me to come to Rouen. I have not been able to mitigate the rigours of your husband's case, for against him is a plain and aggravated offence charged: twice has he attempted the life of the same person, and he must rest until the return of Aignet from his voyage, before the charge can be again heard. But for you have I been to Paris. I would not agitate you with a knowledge of my efforts, until assured of their success. We have here some authority: I think we should have, for it is our principle to act in Christian love. A brother, in

in profession, near the king, has interested himself for you : you are free, and to be sent to your country."

Madame d'Osterley pressed his arm in gratitude. She would have knelt and blessed him, but this was not the place in which to evidence her feelings. Scarcely had she, while listening to the father, observed how far they were descended, or into what sphere of wretchedness. She found herself in a passage, hewn out of rock, and scooped, it would appear, into chasms on each side, of which the entries were filled by iron doors—by grated doors, so low and arched, that at first it was doubtful whether they were indeed doors or windows of some lower cells. The floor was damp, and, excepting in one narrow streak, or path, worn by the foot of centuries, was very rough. Lanterns hung at nearly equal distances, and being lighted for night and day, for here was no other light, they shewed, too surely and unhappily, that the chasms between which they shone

were tenanted. The rock, on either side, as the floor, was humid, and was marked by traces of snails—by traces which, as the lamp passed, or as the ray from the pendent lantern fell upon them, took different hues, striving to illumine the dulness of this sphere of misery by variety of colours.

The guide stopped, and threw open the entrance to one of the caverns. The father whispered an admonition to madame d'Osterley, that she might sustain the appearance of courage, and strive to console her husband, and added, that since his, the father's, absence at Paris, a change had taken place in the feelings and manner of the prisoner, from which it was hoped that an interview with her would relieve him.

Such preparatory information was indeed necessary to the support of madame d'Osterley's courage. She entered the cavern, and found it scooped, shell form, sinking and narrowing to a point, from the door inwards. Towards the centre, it was loftier than the human stature required. A

lamp,

lamp, which was not consonant to the appearance of the place, lay on the floor, flaring momentarily, and casting rays which as momentarily it retracted. Madame d'Osterley could not at first distinguish another object than this light; but directing her eyes from it a little deeper in the vault, she at last perceived the sister Marian kneeling, and presenting a cup to him who seemed to be the prisoner.

"No!" cried he—"no! you would poison me! I will not drink it!"

Though madame could not recognise the face or form of her husband, she knew his voice in that of the prisoner: she hurried forward, calling on the name of Edmund, and fell at his side, upon the straw which was his bed.

"Anne! Anne!" he exclaimed, in the instant of seeing her—"I thank you! I am glad you are come; pray look here!"

He paused, and seeing that she hid her face on his shoulder, and seemed afflicted, he put his arm round her waist, and press-



ed her tenderly to his heart. He paused, and strove for a thought, and then—"Was it yesterday we parted? I thank you, I am better, greatly better. Pshaw! pshaw! do not weep about it; they have taken away the furniture, 'tis true, but they have left me, you see, ha, ha, ha! The thought is a great deal too ridiculous, 'ha, ha, ha!'"

His laugh was hysterical, and creative of a pain in those who heard it, which produced almost the same disposition. The sister and father Adrian, at the same moment, put their hands on their breasts, and turned away; while madame d'Osterley, at first checked a little in her tears by surprise, now wept and sobbed aloud.

"So," continued the wretched prisoner—"so you cannot forget them, Anne! Well, we will go into another room, though I prefer this. A little cold, perhaps—a little cold; and, at noon, quite dark. It is there the pleasure! it is there the pleasure! Really, Anne, you distress me!

me! will you never suffer me to be happy? Have I not loved—do I not love you, to my soul? one can but give one's soul. Be still about it, and we will kill the villain! I can bear any thing but your tears, Anne: I will kill him, since you ask me. Will my soul content you?"

He withdrew himself from her embrace, and held her gently at a little distance from his breast. Her head drooped, her tears fell in showers; nor could she, nor dared she, regard her husband, for fear of the change and ruin she might there have to mark.

"I see," continued the prisoner—"I see well the pride and resolution of your ladyship; you despise me, you resolve to leave me—go then! Would—would to God that I had never seen you, Anne! You boast of what you possessed: fie! that is not generous—what did not I possess?—But you are melancholy! Come, let us go into another place; I have been here too long."

He rose, and the clanking of a chain  
startling

startling his unhappy wife, she too, almost at the same moment, sprang up. Now first she saw the alteration which remorse, and bodily pain, and imprisonment, had wrought upon his person. The lamp glared before him, and shewed the wildness of his glances, the contrast of his dark unshorn beard, with the sickly, shroud-like, paleness of his cheeks, the meagerness of his worn and hollow form, and the loose and tattered beggary of his garments.—“Oh, good God! good God!” she exclaimed, as she fell down again at his feet, and rested her face upon her hands.

Her husband seized the exclamation—“Pray for me,” he cried, as, putting his hand upon her head, he buried his long pale fingers in her hair—“pray for me, and for yourself! and if——Father!”

Father Adrian approached.

“Father, do you think that prayers for the dead are heard in heaven?”

The looks of the father answered.

“They are heard, you think?—Then,  
Anne,

Anne, pray for that poor mother, on whom we had no pity."

This was the continual, the unappeased pang. The wretched prisoner seemed, in the moment when he surrendered himself to its force, to regain, under its influence, a more connected recollection of the past: and more, he regained too with it a more consistent idea of his present situation and duties. He now turned towards the father, and leaning upon his shoulder, he was silent, as if in thought. It was by the encouragement of these moments, and by the amelioration of the state of his imprisonment, that the good father hoped to win back the wretched man to reason and tranquillity.—"Compose thee, my son!" he cried—"compose thee! prayers and masses have been offered for that unhappy mother—innocent as she was unhappy—peaceful now as she was innocent."

The prisoner raised up his head as the father was speaking, and seemed drinking in of those serene and holy impressions, of which

which the words of the father were organs.—“ You have prayed for her, and said masses; will you pray and say for me your masses—your holy masses?”

“ Learn first, my son, to wish that they should be said for you!” enjoined father Adrian.

“ I will!” replied the prisoner, with that alertness which was the sign of his malady—“ I will; come and teach me!” and immediately he sat down, motioning to father Adrian to sit at his side.

The father, as I have said, had determined to encourage the prisoner in these moments of more consistent thought; he therefore bowed to his invitation, and placed himself beside him on the floor of the vault.—“ Tell me then, first,” said he, “ do you think that mercy is a property of heaven?”

The prisoner took hold of the chain, which appended from his waist to the side of the cell, and rattled it, with an arch, but

but a glaring look, implying its sound to be his answer.

The father was embarrassed, not with the thing itself, but how to frame his answer, so as to retain an interest for the question in the mind of the invalid. Before he could reply, the prisoner spake, his idea gone—"Why do they chain me," said he, "in my own house? is it not unjust? is it not iniquitous? Will you say masses for them? Good father, they will say masses for you too, and they shall be heard in heaven. And for the sister there, I think she gives me poison, yet I cannot die. What did you say? mercy in heaven? yet I cannot die! No, I must see Claude first, and, after that, be tormented of the victim—Adèle! You knew her, father; and I—I knew her cries, but did not regard them; and that woman—that miserable woman, that kneels and weeps there, she would not hear the innocent woman, that rushed after her—that rushed into the waves, and howled with them,  
and

and cried, and called 'Pity!' And you will say masses!"

"There is the greatest need, my son!—Be tranquil; I will not talk to you now of these things—be tranquil; think only of the mercy of Heaven—you have thought too much of its vengeance. We go to repair the past—we go to Claude—we go to give him back——"

"Not to his mother! not to his mother!" shouted Osterley, in piercing accents of despair, wringing his hands, and pacing to the full length of his chain in a paroxysm of madness.

Madame d'Osterley, as she still knelt, stooped her forehead to the floor of the dungeon, and strove, with hands upon her ears, to shut out the agonies which entered by them to her heart. She could not do so; the clank of her husband's chain, the accents of his despair, the echoings of his cries, rung horror which would not be obstructed.

At length fatigued, exhausted, the unhappy

happy Osterley returned to his straw, and sinking upon it, lost the keen sense of his misery in a momentary unconsciousness. It was now that father Adrian prayed madame d'Osterley to watch the instant of his recovery, and in it to endeavour to awaken his reason to the sense of her intended departure for England, of her intended restitution of Claude, and of her designed efforts, by the way of family influence, to interest the government in obtaining or his, Osterley's, release, or else a milder treatment.

She dried her eyes, and composing her features, she approached the sacrifice of her once proud and violent temper. He lay panting before her, his eyes closed, his lips convulsed, his hands clenched, his whole appearance that of a present, most painful, but unconscious dying. Her tears came again, and rained in plentifulness upon his head and face; with these she mingled caresses and soothings, while her soul took to itself, in the bitterness of penitence,



nitence, all which she saw of his sufferings, whether by remorse, or by the actual imposition of prison and chains. In scarcely less sorrow, stood father Adrian and the *sœur de la Charité*, observing the wretched pair, and inwardly addressing Heaven for pity upon both.

“Revive, revive, Edmund!” cried madame d’Osterley; “revive, and listen to my purpose, and bless it, that it may prosper; without some word, or some look of pity and pardon, I cannot live to execute my design. Revive then, Edmund, revive; look at me—listen to me—pity me—pardon me!”

The tremour of the prisoner stilled, his eyes opened to such light as the feeble and ineffectual lamp afforded, and to the view of the pallid and changed features of his wife, as, fraught with penitential grief, they hung over him, supplicating pity. He seemed to know whose features they were, not to be unconscious even of their expression; but a stupor—if a stupor may be

be imagined which is not altogether a deprivation of sense—tranquillized all his senses. He regarded his wife, heard her words, received her caresses with an equalized feeling, seeming sensible to them, but not moved by them. At last a faint smile disclosed itself upon his lips: she kissed his lips—the smile still remained.—“Anne!” he cried, “Anne!”

There was a something so melancholy, so grave-sounding, in the tone with which he called her name, that scarcely could she believe it proceeded from him.—“Yes,” she replied—“yes, the wretched Anne!”

“Anne, go back with you! go back!”

She removed herself, shocked, and fearing that now, in the moment of deepest sorrow, he would testify a repugnance for her. He was sensible of her fear, and again, with pitying kindness, articulated her name.

“Tell me,” she said in reply—“tell me if you have any wish: I come to do it. Above all——” She hesitated for some time,

time, while he, with an inquiring glance, waited for her to say further—"above all, I come to pray you to forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" reiterated Osterley, with a glance which evidenced a confused intellect—"forgive you! what have you done?"

"Brought you to misery!" answered madame d'Osterley.

A quivering liquid brightness shone from the eyes of the prisoner as he received this confession; his lips too motioned, as if to refuse it, but no utterance was heard. At length—"Go back with you!" he repeated—"go back!"

Again madame d'Osterley moved with shocked feelings, and again her husband perceived her pain; but he now explained himself, though feebly and in a word—"No, no—go back to England!"

"I go!" replied madame—"I go to restore Claude to——"

"Claude! Claude!" reiterated Osterley, with the same deep melancholy tone with which  
which

which he had called on his wife—it was the voice of one entombed—“Claude! let me rise up and see him!”

“He is not here,” answered madame.

“Bid the father bless him!” rejoined the prisoner, his voice yet lower, more inward: it faded, while his eyes dulled and closed.

“And you—you,” cried his wife, “will you not bless him? Bless me too, for not again may I have place to ask your blessing for him, or for myself.”

She was not heard; a heavy and dead stupor was fallen upon all the faculties of the prisoner; he slept now, unknowing of those about him, unconscious of their and his own sorrows: yet did madame d’Osterley desire to wait, that yet again at his waking, she might pray his forgiveness, for this was a first object with her. Ever since her acquaintance with misery, and with that best relief which the *sœur de la Charité* had taught her to apply, she had desired, with even an intemperate fondness,

ness, to make confession to her husband, and to obtain his pardon. But he slept; and now she was about to leave him, and she believed for ever. The key turned in the door of the cavern, and the allotted time of visitation to the prisoner being past, the father Adrian admonished her that their conductor waited. She imprinted a last kiss on the chilled and hollow cheek of Osterley, and led by the father and the *sœur* Marian, she mounted from his dungeon.

It was with a heart scarcely less afflicted, that on the following morning madame d'Osterley left her friend, the sister Marian. She could well have reposed in the bosom of the same society, during what remained to her of life, unfitted indeed for the active offices of its members, but participating their views, and consoled and enlightened by their presence. She hung upon the kind sister, praying her best ministrations towards the remaining  
prisoner,

prisoner, and promising to hasten back that she might attend upon him.

Father Adrian waited in the *calèche*, prepared to convey the penitents to Fécamp. He was about to deprive himself of an idolized object of his natural affection, and of his religious duties. It was indeed to him a sacrifice of great severity, to forego the hope of that destination he had proposed for Claude. He must and would prosecute his claims upon the boy, both in concurrence to what he knew to have been the desires of Adèle, and to what he thought to be the course of the boy's lasting interests. But another guardian yet remained, and to his superior right of appropriation the father bowed. If the partial argument for his own opinions had been dearer to him than the rights of nature, he might have left the Osterleys to the progress of justice, and removed Claude beyond their knowledge, arrogating to himself the charge of his destination. But thus was not the father.

To the natural guardian must the boy be referred. And for the rest, the father submitted to a higher government, knowing, that though to argue and design be ours, to promote, or to prevent, is but a look from Heaven.

To travel in a *calèche*, with a well-instructed and unpretending good man, though it should happen to be in November, must be more agreeable than a journey upon the same way in July, with huissiers for guard, and an iron-belted caravan for vehicle. Yet I dread November! it is the dullest of the months, finding us with tastes of summer, and presenting us with the bleak, unmitigated view of dreariest winter. And now, looking from the brown eyes of brown and leafless woods, or the rugged face of chill acclivities, November was of the dreariest. Hoarse came the wind from that interminable forest, which, but a little while ago, I described as heaving with breezy gladness, and nodding with plumed beauty.

ty. Unvaried in dolorous gloom were its dim skirts; and further, if the eye dared to penetrate, there was unstreaked blackness to blind it. While valley-wise was neither richness, nor verdure, nor song, nor invitation, nor promise of any soothing. Towns were without voice, and villages without gladness. Abandoned and desolate were all the resorts of mirth, and relaxed and hopeless seemed the fatigues of labour.—I could lie down and die here, seemed man to say, as now said madame d'Osterley—or here—or here! There is no life! it is every where to die in November.

Perhaps it would be advisable to make a minute description of Yvetot, Ypreville, Gourville, and so on to Fécamp, or else to lose a wheel, and overturn the carriage. Yet I am loth to dislocate a shoulder of father Adrian, or to heap upon madame more woes than she has been at pains to provide for herself. It is happy for us that accidents in travelling are more rare



than safe arrivals; and that when they happen, they frighten and then amuse us more frequently than do us harm.

So now father Adrian and the penitent rolled down the mountain which rises south of Fécamp, partaking, but not enjoying, the opportunities of view which that eminence afforded them. They passed close to the abbey, and the father thought of him who was about to be torn from its holy shelter—of him, who was about to be thrown upon that tempestuous world, against which to bear up, all the force of truth, and all the stoutness of courage, are requisite.

Madame d'Osterley, with the impatience of a mother upon whom all depended, resorted to the children who looked to her for all. Soon stopped she at the door of madame O'Paole. That lady received her with more form than kindness, and shewed her to her children, who, like twin hopes, lay smiling and slumbering in the embrace of each other.

Liffey

Liffey was at sea, pursuing in his own boat that most ancient and venerated art, among the professors of which the wisest, as well as poorest, the most courageous, as well as meekest of mankind, were found. Madame O'Liffey insisted always upon diligence on the part of her husband—relaxation and indulgence as her own part. As he had now no master, she was doubly his mistress; and if any thing could have made him thoughtful, careful, wise unto the world, his wife, and himself, it must have been the invocations, provocations, counsellings, and threatenings, of that wife towards himself. Though many years madame had lived at the sea's closest side, yet she knew not, not she, high tide from low tide, or whether the tide was under the government of the moon, or of the man in the moon. Yet if it did not happen to be the time of tide when madame happened to desire it, there was no more reason in the little head of madame O'Liffey than in the loud howling of the

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wind

wind itself.—“There is a tide in the affairs of men!”—Often did Liffey desire that some tide in the affairs of women would sweep madame O’Paole to its own bosom, and then sweep her back to Fécamp, with something more of compassion in her bosom, or of reason in her views.

Liffey was now on the sea; and while madame O’Liffey was contenting herself with the hope, that now since the mother of her charge was returned, those profits which she had deemed presumptive would become real, the penitent was left to watch the sleep of her daughters, and to concert measures for her and their swift voyage to England.

Meanwhile father Adrian returned to the abbey: he entered the church, and there, nearly in the same place in which he had devoted Claude, he found Claude, in robe, and rabat, and hood, lingering after his companions. The boy loved his ministry. Being night without—November night too, the tapers which were distributed

tributed through the church, or before the altar, or upon some tomb, or in some of the chapels of the aisles, shone full and unopposed. Their effect in this triumph over night, was solemnity; and the result of that effect upon the heart was devotion. Any sacrifice of the heart to the intention of religion, is not to be thought of without reverence. If pride, if anger, if any passion favoured by the heart, yet forbidden by the conscience, be rejected and subdued, how superior and to be venerated is he who conquers it! Perhaps Adèle, in the appropriation of her child, had proposed to herself some sacrifice of pride. Perhaps father Adrian, in the restoration of the son of Adèle to England, was sacrificing his most partial desires. Yet in this his doing was every feeling of humility: there was none of the pride of doing rightly. His fears were many, that never again should he be permitted to guide his favourite; that to the direction of other and more feebly influenced teachers, his ways

would be submitted. Under the weight of these fears, but certain of the course to be pursued, the father advanced to Claude, and, unperceived by him, knelt at his side. It was strange, that again, as at the dedication of the child, soft and swelling notes broke from the organ, and rolled smoothly up the aisles. The father felt elevated with serene hope; a consolation instantaneous, but powerful, solaced his feelings, and with them mingled a gratitude for the chance which had thus twice aided his devotions. But at the moment of this thought, as if his gratitude should be beaten back, and his consolation be derived from its own unaided source of action, the strains of the organ clashed, burst into discordancy, and with the superadded riot of shrieks and wailings, shook the foundation of the chapel. The side window, nearest the altar, flew open, and a sudden and wild gust, accelerated as it seemed by the swift passing of some one in loose  
and

and flaunting garments, flickered the lights to their extinction.

The father fell, his forehead touching the marble, while Claude, on the contrary, starting up, looked hastily round, and perceiving the father, imagined that it was he who had passed in front of the altar. The boy, however, as he dared not disturb what he conceived to be the devotions of his friend, stole down the choir, and mounting to the gallery which roofed the lateral aisles, he closed the window through which the gust had broken. Returning he found the father on his way to meet him.

“Now, go—go, my child—leave the chapel: it is late,” said the father.

“And shall you rest?” inquired the boy.

“Perhaps till morning,” replied the father: “in the morning I must see you.”

Claude went his way, leaving the father to think of, and petition for him.

If father Adrian had been a weak man,

or a man of weak and unestablished principles, he might have derived persuasion to the course of his desires in signs and omens: but he knew that *spiritus ubi vult spirat*, and hath the capacity of sound. On the mountain, on the wave, and in the solemn shade of the house of holiness, had he listened to the wind, and now, why should it not sing to its own list? He had no reason to give why it should not, and he had heard from it no repeal of his recorded duty. His course was direct, and he would pursue it. He rested through the night in the chapel; in the morning early he took a lamp and ascended to the dormitory. In the first of its peaceful divisions slept Claude. He saw that the boy had a veritable fondness for his present duties. His missal lay on a chair at his bedside, and his chaplet crossed his cushion, and was yet retained in his right hand. It was an infant Samnel, whose work was ever of the Temple, and whose chaste slumbers

slumbers were wreathed by the odour of sacrifice and prayer.

The father sat down, and addressed letters to the family of Claude in England. All which had happened he related, and he subjoined some written appeals and testimonies of Adèle to himself, touching her anxiety and desires for her son. He slightly hinted the wish which he had wished of accompanying the boy to England, and of witnessing his investiture in his rights. He complained nothing of the suspicions, on account of which he, with pain and loss to himself, had been expelled his country; and with relation to those suspicions, he but expressed his hope, that their entire confutation would be allowed, in the readiness with which now he had forwarded the means of restoring the lost to his own. The day broke, and the father roused the sleeper. He took him to the prior, and together they descended to the mass. It was said, and the prior tying a small



ebony cross to the neck of the boy, blessed him, and bade him remember Fécamp, and, if it should be possible, return and recommence his duties there.

Not less occupied were madame d'Osterley and her household. Of these, Liffey was the most active. It had been surmised to him that he was to visit England. Now madame O'Liffey de Paole had also a strong desire to visit England. But the ladies of France have no confidence in the sea, or taste for it. They are not travellers at heart, or in custom. Now madame O'Liffey, like thousands of her fair countrywomen, could not be made to understand for why she could not go to England by way of Switzerland, or Italy, or Constantinople; for why, in fine, she could not reach England without the aid of water, and, above all, sea-water. She was not, however, on this occasion, invited to brave any dangers. Madame d'Osterley found it would be necessary to take Liffey, and very highly  
necessary

necessary to bribe the madame O'Liffey to the permission of her husband's absence. This permission once gained, Liffey was all activity. He found a vessel in the harbour, bound back to Newcastle, with commission to touch at Dover. She was to sail at noon; and perhaps to the hurry of this prompt departure, was Liffey to be indebted to his wife for the absolute surrender of his now more than ever loved person. Could madame have had time to reflect upon her probable loss of company, or scarcity of fish, she might have revoked. But so it was! On the one side was Liffey, full of the gentlest flattery; on the other was madame O'Paole, agitated and uncertain how much she was to hope. The first promised to return laden with fortune; and the last had not time to doubt his promise. Madame looked to gain in the return of her husband; and monsieur to be at peace in the absence of his wife.

There was now peace between England  
and

and France. It was the hope of madame d'Osterley to proceed with the quickest speed to her country ; and at the time of restoring Claude to his family, to work a reconciliation with her own. Humiliated and fallen she must appear to both ; yet the pain of such a consideration she accepted meekly, as fit to mingle with the bitters of her punishment. But by the interest of her immediate connexions, she hoped to obtain such an interference at the court of Versailles, as should effect the quick liberation of her husband ; and for this, she desired first to seek her immediate connexions. And now, with Claire in one hand, and Clotilde in the other, feebly and mournfully she walked round from the house which she had so long occupied, to the bow, or furthest extremity landward of the harbour. Madame O'Liffey trotted now before, now behind, now a little on one side, bending with cloaks and boxes, and replete with the high importance of dispatching her husband,

husband, no one knew where, in search of profit and honours to an inconceivable amount. Father Adrian was in advance with Claude, who, as he perceived the grief of the venerable man, and felt its reciprocation, could not but inquire for why he should quit France and the priory, and the serving of incense at the altar? The father could not answer, and he but wept the more.

The tide filled the basin, the wind flapped in the sails, the sails waited but to be distended, and the crew with hands upon the ropes, waited but the word to give the vessel to the tide and wind. Liffey stood below with his foot upon the last step of the ladder, holding it firm, that madame d'Osterley and her charge might descend in safety. He stretched out his hands, and received first the charge, and then the mother. Crowds of Norman ladies, of the class of madame O'Paole—crowds, with steeple-toppings, which now and then in their eager glancing forward, clashed

clashed ruinously against each other, stood crying and clamouring upon the edge of the basin. The Norman accents of madame O'Liffey—accents always whining, and now surcharged with whining tenderness—were almost lost amidst the clatter of accents less tender, but as high. She flung reproaches to her noisy friends, adieus to her departing husband, with rainy abundance; and as the shower fell on every side, people found it difficult to divine whether she herself might be for land or sea, and whether her twirling and unceasing action first towards land, then over the sea, might be the effect of grief or madness. People were scandalized at the little attention which Liffey paid to her emotion; and the most charitable fancied that it was because he found himself so occupied with his charge. But Claude was not there. Madame d'Osterley was obliged to look up in search of the boy, but instead of seeing him, she caught a glance of the distressed little countenance of  
of

of madame O'Paole, and narrowly escaped the catching of one drop of anguish from her eye, and another from her nose. Thankful for her escape, she removed herself a little further back, calling upon Claude, and, notwithstanding her own real sorrows, something affected by the troubles of madame O'Liffey.

The pilot had his hand upon the rudder: a word only was wanting to the departure of the vessel; but still was Claude seen appending to the breast of the venerable father: the word was given, and as the vessel heaved from its position, to the flow of its element, was Claude lowered from the breast of father Adrian into the arms of Liffey. The boy yet sought with tearful glances the countenance of his friend, and when he could not find it, he retired to the side of madame d'Osterley, and sobbed adieu to Fécamp and to France.

Madame O'Liffey de la Paole ran round from the depth of the port to its entrance, followed by a troop of whining friends.  
Their

Their turrets of pink, and blue, and silver, shone as they ran, marking the swift procession of the phalanx; while their petticoats, playing see-saw from side to side, now shook their foldings over the yawning waters, now brushed in their hasty vibrations whatever matter of stone, or lime, or coal, happened to rampart the narrow path on the right. Their way was narrow, but their progress was sure, for madame O'Liffey was their leader. She reached, and her cohort reached the strait communication between the harbour and the sea. There did she stand, like some towering genius, half her form given to the void between sea and sky, and the other half but tiptoed to the earth. Her attitude and look were those of Sappho: both were figurative of love and of despair. As the vessel passed beneath the conjuration of her air and sorrow, some few of her tears fell upon the deck, but these dried; the bark glided on—and still was madame O'Liffey seen  
filling

filling the air with sighs, and heaping tears upon the waters.

Cheerily did the vessel move, favoured by the combined impulse of wind and tide. A brighter November day had never shone to give life and hope to travellers. Madame d'Osterley sat near the cabin stairs, upon the deck, her children on each side, her eyes eagerly penetrating through distance, and resting with her thoughts in England. Yet she inquired why she had left England, for what she had sinned, and to what end she was returning? The answers to these questions comprised all which could expose the vanity of the purposes she had cherished, the wickedness of the means to which she had had recourse for their attainment, and the righteousness of her present subjection, disgrace, and pain. An observer might have read her sorrow in her countenance, and seen, blended with this, the softening of penitential hope. In her occasional regard of Claude, was the expression



sion of an exceedingly touching, though modified grief. It seemed that she delivered herself entirely to subjection to that child, and yet dreaded that there rested not to her sufficient power of testifying her submission. And he, as now he witnessed her pitying regards, or caught the mild tones which she addressed to him, with a manliness of character which was peculiar to him, went to her, shook away his own sorrows, and held himself ready, with the alertest address, to sustain, and guard, and squire the forlorn woman.

The *falaise*, or proud shore of Normandy, could not stoop; yet did it take the disguise of distance, and seem to diminish in stateliness: while the waves which had lately rolled against it, now thronged back again to a shore as loved. Tight was the cordage held, full in its dimension was the sail spread, and fairly and fleetly did the vessel glide for England. I could cull some very pretty things out of my poetry, and insert here  
perhaps

perhaps with effect. But I do not like to give an air of fiction to what is veritable; or to subject the progressive events of the life of Claude, to the flights of my imagination. I shall therefore suffer the matter to rest here, and not set about to piecemeal my poetry.

Madame d'Osterley looked till the sun set in England; then did she descend to her cabin, and breathe a patriotic prayer, that still it might rise in England, gilding ever her prosperity, glory, and honour. The night was friendly as the day had been. A propitious breeze continued its impulsion; while every ripple that chatted to the keel and then saluted it, ran rearward, striving with a throng of ripples, to advance that keel upon its way. Like the aggregate of society, these little particles were strong by union; these too, set a jarring, would have risen higher than they would have found right or capability of retaining themselves, and falling,

ing, must have occasioned noise, and crushing, and waste.

There is an independency in the wind, which dearly accords with my nature, and wars against my acquirements; which shews me what it is to be free, and convinces me that it is not here I must be so. The wind has its nature and office; we have ours. And now the morning rose, and the sun, like a bright youth, with the dew of early layings yet fresh upon his face, looked out in light, and gaiety, and vigour. But the wind was fallen into a gentle fanning pastime. It was, as if in vengeance for my upbraidings, to be a very bright and exquisite day for November; such as I have sometimes witnessed upon the Kentish coast, and such as sailors always regard with suspicions of bad intention. The vessel was to rest, or weary itself, by a slow and lingering motion; was to look fair, but do nothing; was to lean its whole weight upon the flood; like an idler in the flood of life,  
who

who puts forth no effort to aid, advance, or prevent retrogression. Now—now every foot of land which was to be seen, was well known to madame d'Osterley. The point of Dungeness was already rearward, and the indentations of the Kentish bay, so slight as not to menace irregularity, were all seen; the crescent of fine blue, the undulating spread of bubbles and murmurs, sparkled and sounded; while the edge or margin, now white as pearl, now green as emerald, reflected all its variety. Here a plain, which had hinted advantages to the Gaul or to Cæsar, exposed its added graces of cultivation: there a port was seen, or there rose a village, with its authority of villa and steeple, shewing where was society, where its protection and chief hold. All was here which might make a country admired, and make it happy; and that, without which a country is but little estimable, lettered association with the past.

Madame d'Osterley sat on the deck, surrounded

rounded by no homage but that of English sailors; yet she sat, though thoughtful and unhappy, in a queenly state, to which no present homage was denied. She was the only female on board, and was seen by all to be of that rank of females from which queens might be chosen. Her face and figure were of the character to enforce homage; and though both bore the traces of time and of calamity, yet they so bore these, as to make the respect paid to her, a reverence of the will. As a mother also, her claims were strengthened. Three children lay at her feet—such as might have tempted the claims of a people: while Liffey, though obliged to talk, stood at a little distance, speaking in whispers, and intimating, by signs of timid glances, for whose sake it was that he restrained himself from speaking louder.

There was one part of the bay to which madame turned an almost constant regard, and when the noon was something gone by, the vessel passed nearly opposite to it.

Madame

Madame d'Osterley seemed on the point of speaking, but she checked herself. In November, noon lies on the threshold of night. The evening was near, when madame requested to be put on shore at the Castle of Sandgate. The boat was immediately lowered, and madame, guarding, as from the moment of her departure from Fécamp, the small red case in which were the letters of the sister Marian and of father Adrian, descended into it. Her daughters, with Claude and Liffey, followed, and in a few minutes they were all put on shore below the castle.

Madame professed her intention of passing the night at Cheriton, and sending Liffey to some of the hovels near, she waited upon the beach till he should return with the required aid. She doubted her own strength; she felt that it would be necessary to seek the nearest friend. Through the day she had cherished a desire, upon which she would now endeavour to act. It was not far to Cheriton;

VOL. II.

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with

with the aid of Liffey she might reach it soon after the nightfall.

The evening already deepened, and though she could not permit herself to be impatient, the time of Liffey's absence, and her own consequent inactivity, seemed long. She sat down for a moment upon the beach; her recollections thronged and dizzied; she got up; she looked westward; a blue haze rested upon the spot from which, six years before, she had heard shrieks and implorings—implorings which had often since been repeated to her ear, which she heard now. A blue haze rested upon the spot, as if veiling and consecrating its terrors. Some one spoke—some one, of whom the voice resembled that of Adèle. Madame d'Osterley started, and looking down, the sweetness, brightness, and beauty of the face of Adèle, she beheld reflected in the countenance of Claude. Again she sat down upon the beach, endeavouring to recollect her purpose, and the courage necessary to its enactment;

enaction; and again the fluttered moving voice of Adèle came to her ear: it was Claude who spoke—"Is this England?" he inquired; "it is very sorrowful!"

"Very!" replied madame d'Osterley.

"And," continued the boy, pointing westward, "how dark it is yonder!"

Madame looked at him earnestly—"The gloom of death is there, my boy!" she answered.

"Who died there then?" asked Claude.

"Adèle," replied madame d'Osterley.

"Adèle!" resumed Claude—"who was Adèle?"

There was no answer given, for Liffey came, attended by half a dozen women. The air rung with his harangue: he declared that he was just arrived from Norway. One of the women had sailed frequently with her husband; she therefore knew the cardinal points, without doubt too the cardinal virtues; she declared the ship to be in course, if he would, for Norway, but not to have come from there.



Liffey vowed she was right, and then assured her that he was now making a descent from the East Indies; she declared the vessel to be a Newcastle trader to the coast of France. However, Liffey introduced these women to his lady. Of these madame d'Osterley retained three, and giving Claire and Clotilde, together with a few packets, to the charge of these, she prepared to leave the beach, and to take the way to Cheriton, attended by Liffey and Claude.

It was at this moment that she discovered that she had left her letter-case in the boat; she had disengaged her hand from it at the moment of stepping on the shore, and, in the flutter of excited feeling, had forgotten it. It contained those letters of father Adrian to the family of Claude, to which he, the father, attached so much importance, inasmuch as they embraced the testimonials of the desire of Adèle with respect to the destination of her son; it contained also letters of the  
sister

sister Marian, relating also to Claude.—  
“ I must regain it !” exclaimed madame d’Osterley, on perceiving her loss ; “ let a boat be put off, and follow the vessel we have quitted !”

It was the time of high-water, and every boat was out, and busy in its employ. Liffey shouted, but he was not heard by the crew of the receding vessel ; or, if he had been heard, he would not have been regarded. Thus it was only left to madame d’Osterley to send from Cheriton in the morning to Dover, and so regain the case.

Uneasy under this accident, yet with confidence in the honesty of her late companions, she again began her way to Cheriton. Though feeble and fatigued, she did not find that way long or tedious ; perhaps, indeed, as she approached the manor-house, she wished it had been yet farther removed from her. It was too near, too full of attachments of painful memory ; but, happily, the dusk, which

was only not that of night, effectually screened her from the observation of those about her, and she could think of the past, review scenes once well known, and yet preserve herself from all but that common curiosity with which a stranger is ever viewed.

At the gate which led to Cheriton House, she dismissed the three women, and entering it, followed by Claude, her children, and Liffey, she advanced to the porch of the great door, as it was called. Frequently did she stop, and place her hand across her breast, as if to sustain that heart which now fluttered with painful eagerness, which now drooped with chill despondency. She drew the bell-wire, and the dull deep vibration of the sounds which answered her, appalled her. She remembered when she had heard an acuter ringing rise on the wind, from the door of the house opposite; but that had been the ringing of an impatient sufferer, demanding the child she had lost—this seemed

seemed to be the knell for that one's dead, sounding in the scene of her loss and misery. Again she drew the wire, and again a similar reply was made to her.

"Trath, my lady," cried Liffey, "it is for all the world like at a fete in France, when every body laves his house to its own kaping; if you will jast give me par-mission, I'll give it a pale for the last time, that if Death be in it, he may larn how to quake."

Madame d'Osterley shook at his remark—Cheriton House shook at his peal—Death quaked not at Liffey's threatening—but Life, in the person of madame Justine—now, by far-back commands of our friend the vicar, madame Justine Leclerc, quaked at his summons.—"Who is dere? vhat is dat?" demanded Justine, as she climbed a high chair, and so peeped through a small square of four panes, which opened near the top of the hall-window; "vhat, tear me, do you vant at dis time of de night?"

“ Ah, ma foi ! je vais trouver ma chere madame O’Paole encore \* ! ” exclaimed Liffey.

Madame Justine, hearing the French spoken, began to lose her fears, to regain her confidence.—“ Est-ce que vous êtes Française donc † ? ” she demanded, with great alacrity.

“ Oui, je suis vôtre cher neveu ! Venez, venez, ma tante—venez m’embrasser ‡ ! ” cried Liffey, softly, below the window, trying to play with Justine, but endeavouring to conceal his play from madame d’Osterley, who now coming round from the porch, appeared in front of the window.

Justine could distinguish the figure of a lady, but not the particular traits of that figure.

“ Does any of the family reside here ? ” asked madame d’Osterley.

“ Yes,”

\* Ah, faith ! I am going to find my wife again !  
e you French then ?

‡ Yes, I am your dear nephew ! Come, come, aunt—come and embrace me !

"Yes," returned Justine, shortly; though if she had answered in French, *madame* would have immediately and naturally followed the affirmation "yes."

"Who?" inquired madame d'Osterley.

"I—I do myself!" answered Justine.

"I see that—I guess that!" replied madame, and continuing—"However, be pleased to come down and speak to me."

"For what should I please to myself to come down and you talk? It is not de time for de conversation until de morning, near to nine o'clock. I cannot do a such ting!" answered Justine, with the pertinacity of a cautious housekeeper.

"It is very right that you are so careful," said madame d'Osterley; "but you may with safety speak to me—I am lady Anne Oswestry. I knew your lady; I am come to visit her tomb, to pray you to shew me to it."

"Lady Anne! lady Anne Oswestry! Dear me, I did hear Leclerc speak of dat lady of de family! Is it dat you have no

doubt in de vorld dat you are miladie Anne?"

"No," answered lady Anne, mildly—"no, there is no doubt of that; open the door, I am weak and ill."

"Vell den," cried Justine, yet hesitating—"vell den, if you do not doubt dat yourself miladie, it is not for me to do dat. But, pray you, miladie, is it dat you do come direct from de Italie?"

"No, from France now," answered lady Anne.

"Ah, vell, you would not tink, miladie, dat de France is my own country—you would not imagine dat I vas of de French. Eh bien, je vais vous ouvrir la porte, madame. J'y vais! J'y vais!"

Justine descended, and retreating to the depth of the hall, she drew from behind a screen which stood there, the candle which she had there concealed; again she crossed the hall, and withdrawing many bolts, she at length opened the door to lady Anne and her family.

The

The traveller, as if glad of the first resting-place, entered, and immediately sunk into a chair, while Claude, who followed next, and who, since the return of madame from Rouen, had found much to love in her, placed himself at her side, wondering at her new title, and wishful to catch the confirmation of whatever else she might be about to say, by an attentive perusal of her face. One hand on the back, another on the elbow of her chair, he placed, and being tall, his height admitted of a gentle and graceful inflection, so that, while the head of lady Anne fell almost upon his breast, his face drooped over hers, mutely but tenderly noting all its variations.

Claire and Clotilde stood with their hands upon their mother's knees, their eyes following hers; while Liffey, now that Justine advanced with her light, and took her stand of observation and inquiry immediately opposite to lady Anne, remained a little in the rear, indicating great

L 6                      respect



respect for the dame, of whom the rank was now ascertained.

Justine held the light so that its glare fell on the countenance of lady Anne, shewing its paleness, its languor, yet its anxiety—shewing too its testification of family.—“Oh dear, miladie Anne, you do me seem to be dead by your fatigue!” exclaimed Justine; “vill you have de pleasure to tell to me vhat it is dat I may do it for you?”

“Yes,” rejoined lady Anne, slowly, and covering her face with her hand, but not hiding the large rolling tears which fell on her bosom—“yes:” and as again she spoke, her temples, which had touched the breast of Claude, rested upon it. The boy lowered his arm from the back of the chair, and curled it round the neck of the mourner, so giving her a firmer and more assured support—“Yes,” sighed lady Anne, “I am worn, and almost dead. I know not whether I may yet see the family; but if God give me another day,  
much

much may be done; they may do for me what may be left.—Oh, Claude! Claude! surely I die!”

“No! no!” exclaimed Claude, “you must not die! you shall not die! not yet! I love you too——”

His voice failed, checked by audible and painful sobs. Yet, as far as it had sounded, it had awakened the surprise of Justine; she held the candle a little higher, and now, instead of directing its light upon the face of lady Anne, she sought to throw it upon the features of him who commiserated her. Her surprise was heightened, and now any glance of that countenance which she saw, was enough to ensure her best services; she came nearer—she continued to gaze—she desired to put questions—“And you,” she cried—“and you, mon enfant, tell me when is it from where you did bring your mamma?”

Claude replied not. Lady Anne replied not. It was to her that Justine addressed her farther question.

“Et

“ Et ces trois infans, madame, sont-ils tous—and dese infans, if dey be every one—altogeder—Dear me! Je suis etourdie!—Dear me! Je ne sais pas ce que—I do not know dat vvhich I am gone to say. I do avow to you que je suis—dat I am in an extraordinary astonishment to know all dat may concern you every one. Dites moi, mon bien cher, dites moi; comment vous appellez vous \*?”

“ Je m’appelle Claude de Fécamp†!” answered Claude, brushing away his tears that he might look at the questioner.

“ Claude de Fécamp! Claude de Fécamp!” exclaimed Justine, in despair—  
 “ Claude de Fécamp! dat is noting to me at all! Je n’ose pas l’esperer‡. Oh, it is a folly for me to make dese excellent happies ideas!—Madame, miladie, I do pray you to let me do someting for you—any ting at all. I do sleep in all de beds every  
 night

\* What is your name?

† I am called Claude de Fécamp.

‡ I dare not hope.

night one after de oder; so dat, madame, if you will give yourself de pain to rest. Mais miladie, quit dis desert and give me de happiness to you conduct de parlour. Come, madame!"

"Stay," cried lady Anne; "tell me, does the vicar, Mr. Trellis, live now at the parsonage?"

"No, miladie; he is gone away long time to Saltwood, where he is rector and chapelain of milord. Ve have here one monsieur Spencer curate; but he is not comme l'autre—he is not so pretty, dat is so good man as de oder. Je ne l'aime pas moi \*!"

"And how long," asked lady Anne—"how long is it since Mr. Trellis left Cheriton?"

"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Justine, "you do make come back to me de times very sad. After de loss of miladie—ma, ma chere ladie, he did lose himself, and fall into de dark melancholy: and so did I, ma-

\* I do not like him.

I, madame—and so did I! Nobody did tink what loss I have in my shild—my dear shild—my Adèle.”

The old woman made haste to a chair, and taking up the corner of her apron, with it she caught her tears as they fell.—“ So, miladie, after dat most shocking business, perhaps it vas a year, dat he did go to be at Saltwood. But a long time before dat, he did come to me and say, said he—‘ Miss Justine de Papon, because as you have a lease left you of dis house, you vill be allowed in it to live until de end of all time. Mais parceque vous êtes—but because you are here, it is my advice dat you do marry, vidout every consideration, monsieur Leclerc.’—‘ Monsieur,’ did I say, ‘ je vous remercie mille fois—I do tank you a tousand times; but I do not at all tink—tink—tink to marry me yet.’ Eh bien, miladie, he did imagine dat it vas proper for me to accept monsieur Leclerc, and to oblige him, I did not myself oppose. But it was not suitable. C’est un bon

bon homme. He is good man, monsieur Leclerc, but he is not—my rank—altogether. Cependant—very soon——”

“Where is your husband?” interrupted lady Anne.

“It is dat which I desire to tell you, miladie. It vas very soon after dat monsieur le vicaire did make great recommendation of him to de family at Saltwood, and dat he did go and leave me here vid myself.”

“Is Johnson dead then?” asked lady Anne, with a look of eager interest.

“Fort subitement, madame! dat is, he did die vidout say one vord, all in one moment; and because he did die, my husband did part from me.”

“Can I,” asked lady Anne—“can I enter the church to-night, do you think?”

“And I too?” demanded Claude, with impatient curiosity.

Lady Anne turned and regarded him; then, kissing his cheek, she promised that if she went, he should go.

Justine

Justine was long in answering, for here was a recollection which was ever revivable in sadness.—“Is it,” she asked at last, in a feeble and quivering voice—“is it dat you did know my shild—my madame Adèle, miladie?”

“Adèle!” cried Claude, “Adèle!—what is that name?”

“Oh, do not ask me of—oh, do not ask of me!” exclaimed Justine, with that quickness of emotion to which her countrywomen give no restraint—“Oh, do not ask me! I cannot tell you. Dere is not—dere never vill be in de world anoder so sweet shild as my—my own Adèle! Oh dear, dear, dear!—Mon Dieu! comme je me souviens de tout—comme je vois tout!—Oh, Adèle! ma chere Adèle! ma bien-aime! ma perdue\*!” The violence of her grief passed, and she remembered the question of lady Anne—remembered it

\* Good Heaven! how at this moment I recollect all—see all!—Oh, Adèle!—my dear—my well-beloved—my lost!

it with every feeling of love for her who could join her tears—for her who had known her mistress.—“ Pardon, miladie Anne!—pardon!” she cried. “ As you did love my shild Adèle—but I cannot remember myself vhere you did see her—vell den, as you did love her, you vill let me be sorry dat I have lost her. Oui, miladie—yes, madame, I do keep always a key of de little door of de church, because on de Monday morning I do put a pretty bouquet of de sweet flowers at her head, and at her feet, and on de Sunday morning I do take it away.”

“ Why,” asked lady Anne, feebly, but with a look of fervent fondness—“ why do you take away the flowers?”

“ Because dey do tell me dat some of your people vould be angry against my—what do you call dat vord?—my superstition. But it is not dat in de vorld, it is my affection. Why do dey put dat vord superstition vid my flowers? It is my



my love, I tank Dieu—it is my love for my shild!”

“It is so,” answered lady Anne, fully believing—“it is so; and if I should have any power here, your flowers shall lie upon your child’s tomb through all the week, and be renewed on Sundays.”

“Miladie is too good!—Vell den, miladie, is it now dat you may have de key?”

“Yes, now,” answered lady Anne, solemnly. She directed that Liffey and her daughters should be shewn into the apartment inhabited by Justine; that Justine should conduct her and Claude to the church, and then return to prepare for her guests. And further, she desired that measures might be taken for sending at an early hour on the morrow to Dover, to reclaim the letter-case left in the boat.

Supported between Justine and Claude did lady Anne, with a slow and feeble pace, ascend from Cheriton House to the churchyard. The mystery which had invested Adèle, her sudden death, the excessive

cessive grief, and after melancholy of the vicar, the custom permitted to Justine of passing the night of the anniversary of her mistress's death till midnight in the church, and near the tomb—all these circumstances had made the grave of that unfortunate stranger a subject of many reports, a place of awe and great fear. Even her religion, with that of her domestic, unknown as it was in its principle, and ignorant as people were of the design of its ceremonies, had contributed to make herself an object to the few about, first of suspicion, and then of interest; it contributed now in the minds of the few about to invest her tomb with shades of more than usual solemnity, to transform it into a haunt of strange appearances, into a scene loved by the spiritual guards of virtue, guarded and wept by angels. When only the funeral tapers placed by the hands of Justine glimmered upon it, they were the torches of an incorporeal troop; when only Justine knelt and wept before it, they were visionary forms

forms which were seen upon it, and the sighs heard were those of mourning deities; so impossible is it to root out from the heart what has been called superstitious feeling—to eradicate impressions, which, corrected and defined, become evidences of immortality. They mounted to the churchyard, and as they passed, meaning to enter the church by the door which faced the west, similar notes to those which I have already noticed, were sounding from the loophole of the tower. A low and mournful vibration, as of some keys struck fearfully, ascended, passed, and died.

“It is pleasing,” said lady Anne Oswestry.

“C’est triste \* !” sighed Claude.

“Oh, I do love dat,” exclaimed Justine, stopping, liberating herself from the arm of lady Anne, holding the lantern above her head, as if to light the spirit of the  
wind,

\* It is sad.

wind, and looking upwards as if to see its play.

Lady Anne and Claude stood listening too.

"Oh, I do like dat," exclaimed Justine; "it is tender to my heart, and oftentime do it speak to me in dis vay, when I do pass near, crying for my shild."

They passed round the tower, and Justine opening a little arched door, which is there fronting the west, prayed her companions to rest a moment. She crossed herself, and prayed secretly. It was but for a moment that she thus delayed: she put down her lantern, and drawing from a little box two black tapers, she lighted them, and with one in each hand, she quitted the tower, and proceeded up the centre aisle of the church towards the chancel.

Lady Anne and Claude followed slowly. In the chancel, on the left of the altar, was the tomb; it was of the finest white marble; at its foot, facing those who approached

approached the altar, was the chaste carving of a small medallion: the circle was beautifully twined with cypress, and in its centre was the name of Adèle. Two crystal vases were upon it, filled with the choicest flowers. Justine and her companions paused solemnly, and bowed. The good woman then ascended the steps to the tomb, and placing the tapers between the vases, she kissed the marble, then went away, leaving the grave to be watched by its new mourners.

For some time lady Anne stood supporting herself upon the shoulder of Claude, regarding without a word, or even sigh, the quiet and fair sepulchre she was come to visit. The silence was so perfect, that the boy Claude feared, and he knew not why, to break upon it with any, the slightest sound. Stooping, he passed from under the pressure of his companion, and going tiptoe to the first step of the tomb, he sat down upon it, inclining himself so that his right arm fell over the second  
step,

step, and that his face, though turned towards the medallion, and a little below it, was seen by lady Anne. Till this moment she had regarded the medallion, and Adèle—Adèle—Adèle, had filled her gaze; that now, with the face of Adèle full before her, in that of the awed and drooping Claude, the thought, name, and person, were too powerful in their combined representation. She fell, convulsed with agony, at the feet of Claude, and washed them with her tears. Silence, which had brooded here so lately, and so sternly, was now a fugitive before the cries of an afflicted spirit, and sobs, and groans, and lamentations, thickened and echoed in the place of quiet.

“Why is this?” asked Claude, stimulated by the loud grief of lady Anne to an ecstasy of sorrow—“why is this?—why do you kiss my feet and call on Adèle? And what—what—tell me, I pray you—what is there so terrible in that name? I love it! I adore this tomb! If I rest

in England, I will come to it and weep near it often. And see—see”—as he spoke he pressed his lips to the centre of the medallion—“see, I kiss the name of Adèle!”

The tapers flared instantaneously, and so strongly, that at the same moment both Claude and lady Anne started from the ground. Lady Anne retreated a few paces from the sepulchre, but throwing her hands wildly towards it, and shrieking violently. Claude followed, affrighted.

“She is there!—she is there!” shrieked lady Anne. “Look, look! she will not hear me! she throws back my penitence, as I threw back her tears, and I am lost!”

The lights, exhausted by their own glare, shrunk back, diminished—nay extinguished; and lady Anne, falling insensible upon the pavement before the altar, was left to Claude, and to the darkness.

## CHAPTER IV.

This dark-brow'd Tristesse loves me much ;

But should she ask me if I love her,  
I'd soon betake me from her touch,

And shew I'm mightily above her :  
I do dislike her—fly her—flout her,  
And strive all ways to let, or leave her ;  
Oh, would that man were born without her,  
Or else might find how to deceive her !

*Courons ! courons ! vite ! vite ! vite !*

*Prosper Lecaché.*

I CAN scarcely go to Saltwood without being reminded of Henry the Eighth. Saltwood belonged, so far back as 1036, probably long before, to the archbishops of Canterbury. Never was right more sacred, by years or application. Henry, with the proffigacy of one who gave what was not his own, bestowed it upon his favourite. Since, it has often enough changed masters : and the castle, once a

M 2

blessing



blessing to its neighbourhood, and an ornament to the country, is now a ruin. To the right of the gate of Saltwood Castle, allowing a sweep of park, which secures its independence and stateliness, stands, as I imagine, Sandon Castle. It is a square, with corner towers, a species of building of which I am very fond; it is in the best state of modern preservation: it is of stone, so white and pure as to have the air of marble; and about it spreads so velvet-like a green, that nothing can be finer than the contrast. The castle admits a view of the sea, but at the distance, and by favour of vistas of very noble trees which diversify the park, and of very playful hills which wanton on either side beyond. I love the sea, from its hum to its loud bellow—from its smiles and dancing, to the rough beating of its tempest. And this reminds me of some very pleasing things which I have said or written about it. But for the Castle of Sandon: there is a fine gate which appertains to it;

it; it bears turrets, and is like a small model of the castle itself. Over its arch is the shield of the Richboroughs, crested by an angel, who now and then turns out a shrew. In the centre of Saltwood Green, between the ruins of the archiepiscopal palace and the park of Sandon, is the village; and a little beyond, upon so gentle an eminence as to see all, yet boast nothing, stand the church and the parsonage.

It will be remembered that the vicar was used to receive very magnificent promises from good lord Richborough. Six years are gone by, and the earl still promises, and the vicar is still contented to remain where he is. But there is some change in the situation of the vicar. After the loss of Adèle, the vicar grew melancholy: he loved to stray to her grave; he gained a habit of talking to himself, of being negligent of his dress, and sometimes he walked out after dinner without cassock: once or twice he was seen marching without cane. He became indeed so

raptured, that Debby feared a bewildering; and Julius imagined signs of death. Debby had an instinct which foretold evil: Julius had a nose which scented marvels. Debby knew that evil would come of marching without cassock or cane: Julius saw that evil was very fast coming, lighted by three candles burning blue, and four spreading smoke.

At last, to avoid disorder at home, and to oblige lord Richborough, the vicar consented to leave Cheriton. It was to go to Saltwood, a distance of perhaps a league. After his removal, his mornings were at the first very generally given to Cheriton, and no doubt it was a matter of infinite surprise to his patron, how a man of so lively a disposition could be so fond of journeying to graves, or suffer himself to be so often found musing in the shade of unfrequented aisles. But so it was; the vicar left his friends to wonder at their list, while he still journeyed to Cheriton, glided into his church, and hung for a length-

lengthened period over the vase of flowers which surmounted the tomb of Adèle. He returned, a little solemn perhaps—sometimes even sad. His forcible representations induced Justine to give her fair hand to Leclerc, though not without some remonstrances in behalf of the blood of the De Papons; and, by his interest with lord Richborough, the lease, which had been granted to Adèle, was transferred to them. The vicar allowed not of other neighbours to his vicarage. And here again, the vicar seeing the desire of Leclerc for employment, and knowing his faith, recommended him to lord Richborough, and had him placed upon the establishment at Sandon Castle. There was one partial evil against which the vicar saw no remedy. The earl had never had but two friends at Cambridge, or since—the vicar, and the lord Tewksbury. His lordship loved much to be amused, and did manage, by a happy love which he had for the arrangement of accent upon English verse, to amuse him-

self for an hour and a half, or two hours, in the morning; but, in the evening, he liked to see the vicar at table, to hear his good things, and to witness the merry glancings of his humorous eye.

The disposition of lady Susan was altogether different to that of her brother; she had an enjoyment of the vicar's mirth, but yet she understood not the vicar. Undivided power was the love of her ladyship: and it was peculiar to the delicacy of the vicar, never to seek a private influence in families. Lady Susan knew not this. In his visits to Sandon Castle, he saw on what terms of submission he was to be received. He stopped away. He received a message from lady Susan, to which he replied, still resting at the vicarage. The next day, another invitation came from lady Susan. The vicar again replied, but remained at home. On the following day it was lord Richborough who wrote to him, and as his brother: in the evening the vicar was at the castle.

Lady

Lady Susan looked at him not alone proudly, but fiercely. There was not the smallest alteration in the manner of the vicar; and as he sought no victories, he desired not, in the quiet of a concealed triumph, to nourish a selfish pride. On rising to go away, lady Susan could not hear his address to her. He remained before her, quietly and kindly regarding her, till she could not but hear him.

“Lady Susan,” he said, tranquilly, “you do not understand me. If you think me other than the friend of lord Richborough, you mistake—if you think that I will be other than his friend and adviser at Sandon Castle, you mistake—if you think that I am ungrateful for that I owe to him, or slow to acknowledge it, you again mistake. I am here, and willing to come here, because in this way he requires my acknowledgment; but I owe also much to God and my profession. To these I have higher duties. I shall not trouble your ladyship to hear an explanation of these

M 5

duties;

duties ; I shall content myself with saying, that they will not permit me to submit to the caprice of any man, or any woman. If you scorn me here, you must scorn me elsewhere ; and elsewhere I profess myself as much your teacher, as that of the poorest of your servants. Thus, then, if I descend from the character of teacher to that of companion, I must be met by a respect a little more familiar, but not less attentive."

"Certainly ! very good ! very excellently good and right ! and I should like to hear it inserted in one of your sermons," exclaimed the good earl. "Yes, Susan meant that, and so did I, and so did all my family. We know you very well, very well indeed, my dear vicar. God bless you !" he cried, pressing the vicar's hand with the warmth of sincere feeling ; "I have no greater pleasure than to see you ; Susan knows that—ha, Susan ?—perfectly well knows that, and loves you for my sake."

Lady

Lady Susan advanced. The vicar seeing her intention, took her hand before she could present it, and kissing it, with a smile of the gentlest cordiality, bade—good night. The difference was settled, and the vicar continued his visits to Sandon Castle.

Lord Tewksbury was now on a visit there, with the neighbour of the castle, sir Samuel Oswestry, and the son and only child of his sister, Charles Crumpton. I am about to introduce myself into one of the richest rooms which was ever seen, and what is extraordinary enough, considering the extreme feebleness of my nerves, I am about to introduce myself unflutteringly. I will not be awkward, I will not be abashed; I will know what to do with my hands; I will not punish my lips; I will not, on the other hand, attempt to shew an indifference. It is November; so, as all besides myself are busy, I will sit down on a crimson and gold settee, and look at all; nor this will I do with a glance of all-  
M 6                      knowing



knowing superiority, though it were hard to answer for one's thoughts. In the saloon of Sandon Castle I am; and whether first I shall talk of that on which I tread, or of that on which I sit, I know not. The Richboroughs had been for many ages the most splendid of the peers of England. Having received from the eighth Henry the grant of domains on domains which had never belonged to him, and which never could belong to him, they had continued to appropriate these to their own purposes of personal splendour, and were now rich, to the poverty of better interests. The saloon in which I am is hung with crimson silk, doubled with festoons of gold fringe; the roof is a paint of Rubens, bearing some allegorical reference to the fall of Saltwood Castle; but as allegories are not generally interesting, I will leave the paint, advising people to go to Flanders and La Hague, and see all they can of Rubens. The chairs and sofas are richly carved and gilt, and carrying

rying cushions of crimson and gold. No sultan had ever his foot rested upon a more magnificent carpet; so rich are its materials, so bright are its colours, so perfect is its workmanship, that the foot becomes sultanic by the touch. Lord Tewksbury and Charles Crumpton, the vicar and lord Richborough, make a party at whist; while lady Susan and sir Samuel Oswestry run gauntlets at chess. I am sitting upon a rich settee, very near the fire, with one leg turned over the other, with looks of smiling now at the flame, and now at the flame of lady Susan's eye.

It must be observed, that this lady is now opposed to the elder brother of the wretched Osterley — opposed too, to a suitor of nearly thirty years. A second brother, and with little more than a commission in the army, had captain, and afterwards colonel Oswestry, aspired to the hand of lady Susan Sandon. But lady Susan at a very early age had attained to great discretion: she had guarded the colonel

lonel in attendance, to the end, that if a higher offer should not be made, his offers might be accepted. She had foreseen the impossibility of finding any suitable connexion for her brother, and at his death, she knew that, in default of heir male, the earldom of Richborough merged into a barony, and following the female line of descendants, would, with the vast fortune of Richborough, become her own. An aunt, who had loved, as aunts generally do, the youngest children, had left a large fortune to be divided between the earl and his youngest and favourite sister, lady Anne. This circumstance, perhaps, had tended to beget a jealousy, a dislike between the sisters. Then Anne was the youngest, and Heaven had decked her with uncommon beauty. We have seen, aye, the dilapidation of fortune, the waste of beauty. Lady Susan had now as much beauty and prudence as had ever belonged to her; and indeed it was the beauty of prudence which was her particular gift.

She

She was altogether dependant upon her brother; she had little other fortune than that which he might give her; yet she was more than rich, being queen over him, and his kingly riches. Since the days of his boyhood he had not lived without her—he could not now live without her: her affection and attention were unremitting and undisputed; and the certain indisputable recompence would be, the barony and estates of Richborough.

But it may be demanded why lady Susan had not set bounds to the obsequiousness of colonel Oswestry—why she had not bestowed herself upon him, or allowed him to seek another? Has the treachery of time been never talked of? At first lady Susan hoped for better things. ' They came not. Then 'Anne, her sister, with the insolence of beauty and fortune, seeing one she loved, took that one in the person of an Oswestry. It is certain that so much rancour swelled in the heart of lady Susan against her sister, that that  
alone

alone was sufficient to divert her choice from its first object, and since her sister had chosen an Oswestry, to induce her to scorn an Oswestry. The time passed, and the colonel went abroad with the army of Marlborough, and saw younger officers mounting above him, and gained for his own proportion of emolument, blows, and grey hairs, and a hacked sword, and a retrenched toe. In a moment of disgust he threw up his commission, and retired to his brother's seat near Newington, where, for rage against the Whigs, he groaned a Tory. His brother, the baronet, sir Lydden Oswestry, died suddenly, leaving his wife and only child, an infant son, to the protection of the colonel. Lady Oswestry passed suddenly; the son followed as quickly; and the colonel from being poor and embarrassed, was now the baronet and a rich man.

I am afraid I have seen somewhere a scale of love, thermometer fashion. If I have not, I beg to have the credit of the  
origi-

originality of the thought; how on the one hand it ascends from temperate—how on the other it falls with a shock, and lies freezing nobody knows where. The loves of sir Samuel and lady Susan were now calculative; on the one side, busied with questions of how much shall I gain, on the other, of what may I lose. It was yet, as it had long remained, a settled point that they should marry. It might be soon—might be ridiculously sudden; but was not likely to be, or sudden, or soon. In the mean time, a widowed sister of the baronet, a Mrs. Crumpton, with her son, were become the companions of his hours. These two were the high favourites of lady Susan: she called the mother a superior kind of woman—that is, she was artful; she styled the son a docile and very charming youth, and familiarly appelled him Crumpey—that is, he was a lout, with some cunning for capacity. It was not likely that she should marry soon, to the dispossessing of these, her friends,  
of

of the shelter, the very welcome shelter, of Newington Lodge; and yet, if she should once admit that they or their interests were oppositions to any interest of hers, the fabric of their favour would in an instant be cast down; Crumpey would be appelled a booby, and his mother a very disagreeable woman. There was a strange concord among them, and a something fearfully ominous lowered in the sphere of their certain yet unwarring antipathies.

I wish I could describe the baronet, how stout he was, and tall, and fierce and black-favoured. He had been a man of fashion and expensive habits, and when a younger brother, had supplied a famished purse by winnings from the young, and thoughtless, and deceived. He was now a country gentleman—a careful country gentleman, with just as much virtue as he had possessed in his youth, but more economy. He was putting by rents for his nephew, as he believed, and regarding all below the Richboroughs and himself as  
below

below humanity. Wit had he not—heart had he not—learning had he not; and what he had, besides pride, and ignorance, and money, I cannot tell. I cannot think that he was of the same sky under which I am writing; for be it remembered, that from the cliffs of Dover to the plain of Romney, is an ever-living love of fair, and warm, and genial skies. We do not roll amid fogs, nor congelate by long and stern winters. We can at any time beat off the clouds, and emit a promise from the sun that to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, shall be consecrated to bright rays and pleasant breezes. The damps here leave but their freshness; their rosy fattenings, their dullings, their taintings, they bear away. This is our midi. From what cold climate came this man then? and yet I feel that by ascribing such, or such effects of moral dispositions to the power of climate, I furnish excuse to cold-hearted, selfish, unjust men, for actions so presumed suitable to the temperature of their



their natal air. I think it will be best to leave the matter as it stands, and go on with this sir Samuel. How, I ask, could this man live under such a sky, and yet escape its influence? How could he scowl beneath such a sky? There must have been something scowling in the original constitution of his heavy brow, or else there was something deficient in that which makes the brow sunny, light, and plastic—the soul. He had a soul—a sort of a soul—a kind of an indifferent thing in fashion of a soul, but no more like a soul, than I to Hercules.

And so beneath this sky, lived this man, with a brow which suffered not soul to sit upon it, or to wink beneath it. And yet he was a gentlemanly man, and did much twinkle and nod. Much that his sort of soul did, was by nods; or thought, was in twinkles. In the days of the queen, and of the first George, nods and winks were almost as fashionable as they are now; but then they were a little more  
delibe-

deliberative. And then sir Samuel was the gravest, most imposing in his mien. Miens were grave in his day. His words too, though not flowing, were unstammered. He was free of this fault, or this perfection. He did speak distinctly. He thought before he spoke, therefore he spoke surely. It is not more certain that he had two hands, than that he had two meanings. Who then shall say that his sort of soul was not the best? If all terminate here, it assuredly was the best. If the result of calculations, if the success of designings, if the ends of the most politic plannings, might continue to crown an unblanched head, to gratify an unfading eye, to feed, and invigorate, and sustain, from age to age, a robust and undecaying body, then might one affirm that the sir Samuels have the best sort of soul. But it cannot be; so then bounds should surely be put to the provisions of that soul, which is only valuable in relation to what it heaps up here. Reason, how mighty soever,

soever, is nothing against the experience that man dies: men then, who by the very nature of their sort of soul, are reasonable in all things else, should surely be reasonable here, and limit their selfish provisions. Sir Samuel was indeed the wisest of men; as his eye told, when it told any thing but bold and impudent pride. His eye smiled in the company of lady Susan, of lord Richborough, and of queen Anne; but upon most besides, it looked a master's graciousness upon his dog, or a dog's ferocity upon a beggar. He fondled his nephew—for your wise men have their weaknesses. Such men are partial now and then, yet are they almost sure to let the best of their blood run to waste. He loved his nephew, and that nephew's artful mother; and he much wished that his estates now in course to fall to Claire, should fall to his nephew. There was, I know not what, in all his views, of designs fighting against right—of desires rising against justice. Yet as  
every

every one of his designs, as of his desires, contemplated to the most accurate nicety, what was prudent and wise, so was this sir Samuel a most prudent and wise man, without being just or righteous. Now as to his figure, it was such as to give great advantage to worldly wisdom. Great, that is to say tall; square, that is to say strong; well-turned, that is to say justly proportioned. In the German or Dutch war, he had lost the first toe of his right foot, so that in the matter of his gait, his pace was measured, to prevent a hobble, and his shoe stuffed to prevent a pinch. I must remark, that a colonel such as sir Samuel, ought to have well profited under such a general as Marlborough. Not at all! Marlborough so loved to profit himself, that he allowed of no competitor. He conceived himself the proper guardian of all occasions of profit; and so gave to his enemies blows without mercy, and to his friends much glory. Marlborough suspected his colonel to be thirsty as himself;

self; he therefore did not trust him. Such men will co-operate, because singly man is weak: yet will they not diffuse themselves, for they know by concentration men are strong.

Sir Samuel was now habited in dark green velvet, embroidered with gold; and his red-heeled slipper lost none of its point for want of toe. A connoisseur in toes might have discovered the reestablishment of the lost member. There was its gentle rise, its easy fall, with its accommodating and simple turn round towards its brethren; and with the natural and flat display of its cornigerous expansion. A conscientious chiropedist might have sworn it was a toe. It, together with the line of face and figure of sir Samuel, was now seen with advantage, as recumbent, but easy and thoughtful, the baronet sat finessing his knights against the queen of lady Susan. It must be remembered, they were playing at chess. Lady Susan had, in general, the triumph; for, to the power  
of

of thought of the baronet, she added a quickness of perception all her own. While then he was finesseing here, or calculating there, she, by a *coup de main* which mocked all calculation, scattered knights, made bishops scamper, and put the king himself to his wit's end. At this moment, while I was looking at sir Samuel, sir Samuel designing against the queen of lady Susan, she, with the hand of a master, came down upon us, secured her own queen, and captived that of her adversary.

"The game is gone," said sir Samuel, with the despair of a too sensible general.

"Going!—it is going, I think," returned lady Susan, with great vivacity; and then, sure of her combinations, looking towards her favourite, young Crumpton—"Well, Crumpey," she exclaimed, "are your adversaries very cruel?"

"To their utmost, madam," replied Crumpey; "his lordship sweeps all."

"Ha! ha! ha! very excellently good!"

VOL. II.

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cried

cried the delighted earl—"I sweep all, you see, Trellis, all!—not at all beholden to you—what d'ye think of that, vicar?"

"That it is provokingly true, and that I must content myself with your lordship's sweepings."

"Very uncommonly fine, vicar—you do say the best things! and—zounds! I want a king!—There is a helpless queen for you!"

"Why then," cried lord Tewksbury, good-humouredly, "your broom is bare, and your sweepings are not clean. Lo here!"

"Lo there! my good lord Tewksbury," exclaimed the vicar, "your broom is too biting; 'tis a scratching broom, that tears what it cannot take."

"Oh, upon my life!—oh, do permit me!—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the good lord Richborough—"the best, the most exquisitely good thing, my dear vicar. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You

“And,” continued sir Samuel, “and you make more noise with your losses, than we do with our gains. I wish you would be droll and silent.”

**"A loser, and not noisy!"** adjoined lord Tewksbury.

“Have done with you, vicar!” cried the good earl Richborough, “have done with you!—ha! ha! ha!—I will not be set a laughing in this way.”

“Which shall shortly come about,”  
exclaimed lord Tewksbury.—“Richbo-  
rough, you have revoked, so that some  
N 2 tricks.



tricks are mine, together with a victory for which I have not fought."

"But for which notwithstanding you have made your adversaries bleed," cried the vicar.

"Zounds!" exclaimed lord Richborough, quickly, "I am sore!"

"And I smarting!" rejoined the vicar.

"Ay, if you had not been so smart," continued the good earl, "I should not have confused myself, and lost the tricks."

"Nor have disappointed me, and lost the game!" added the vicar.

"What shall we do, vicar, ha?" inquired the earl.

"Be quiet and unhappy, like sir Samuel," replied the vicar.

"Excuse me, Mr. Vicar," cried sir Samuel, "I am in the flush of hope."

"So were we," rejoined the vicar; "but Hope, sad jade, is full of revocations—she plays tricks, and loses them."

"Making people angry in their pride!" cried sir Samuel.

"Check!"

"Check!" called lady Susan.

"Is sir Samuel angry?" asked the vicar, as a new game commenced.

"Cannot be better!" exclaimed lord Richborough.—"impossible! nothing can be better!—But now, vicar, you must be silent!—must, upon my honour!—I cannot be made to lose my calculations, and my money, and my game together. We must be grave."

"Of what indecorous levity have I been guilty, my lord?" gravely asked the vicar.—"If to rejoice in the prospect of success, if to mourn its failure, be not in nature, then am I a frivolous and ill-judging youth."

"Have done with you, vicar!" cried the good earl, with a look of true enjoyment.

"If——" continued the vicar.

"Have done with you, vicar!" again cried the earl.

"If," continued the vicar—"if in the flashes of my lord Tewksbury's eye I see

smitings and death, if in the curlings of his coadjutor's eyelash I see death and smitings——”

“Fear not!” interrupted young Crumpton, the coadjutor of lord Tewkesbury—  
“fear not!”

“Little Crumpey bids me not to fear! —No, little Crumpey—commendo tibi me, ac meas amores.”

“My dear Mr. Trellis,” cried lady Susan, “your rolling Latin has lost me a bishop.”

“Is it possible, my lady?” quickly asked the vicar: “can a heathen sound overturn a Christian substance?—It cannot be, unless by combat of the vapours. His lordship was vapourish.”

“I have lost him, however,” answered lady Susan, with her eye upon indemnifications.

“He is blown away!” rejoined the vicar.

“I would you had been in the same gale, Mr. Trellis!” said quietly sir Samuel.

“It

"It is a windy wish, to be opposed by wishes," retorted the vicar.

"Have done with you, Mr. Vicar!" exclaimed lord Richborough—"would you have sir Samuel flying?"

"I would overtake him if he flew," answered the vicar.

"Very finely excellent!" cried the good earl—"If he flew!—ha! ha! ha!—I do believe that. But now we must be grave, for I am going to do very great matters."

"Laugh then, I beseech you, Mr. Vicar," enjoined lord Tewksbury, "for if Richborough grows determined, and you grave, I shall be persecuted, and young Crumpton——"

"Cramped!" finished the vicar.

"Have done with you, vicar! it is too much—no! no! no!—poor little Crumpey.—Well then, I lead. How say you, Mr. Vicar, a heart?"

"Non possum!" cried the vicar, making a wry face.

"Ha! how is that?—zounds and the plague!"

plague!" exclaimed his lordship—"why, vicar, you do nothing!"

"From a plaguing impossibility to do any thing. It is a degenerate age!—Virtue is your lordship's portion—virtue mine; we must contemplate ourselves and be satisfied."

"Faith, I am not at all satisfied—I find myself excessively teased," cried the good earl.

"Why, would you forego your advantages, my good lord, and resort to baseness and prosperity?" asked the vicar. "I would not be prosperous, if I could."

"On my honour, that may be your opinion, but it is not mine!" cried lord Richborough. — "Ha!—stay!—who is that? Leclerc?—what do you want, Leclerc?—Ha!—what!—with lady Susan? well!"

Leclerc stepped to lady Susan, and whispered some message, which seemed at the first to excite her surprise, then her pride—"Let them wait, and tell them  
that

that I am astonished—that—you know what to say—the thing is so highly inconsiderate—so improper.”

Leclerc withdrew, and lady Susan went on beating sir Samuel from all his resources of science and ingenuity, and making his field bare of heroes. Again Leclerc entered. Lady Susan turned, and seeing his irresolution, knew that he entered for the same object. Her brows fell, but could not shade the fire of her indignation.—“It is extraordinary, Leclerc,” she cried, “that you should enter a second time—it is amazing! I cannot understand it: do pray explain—explain it to my lord and Mr. Trellis.”

“I am very unhappy dat it is so, miladie; but de stranger does say dat she is quite ready to die.”

“Stranger!” exclaimed lady Susan, indignantly—“stranger, and dying! why what have I to do at this moment with a stranger and dying? do you not know very well, that it is my invariable custom

to hear of those things after breakfast? If every moment is to be broken in upon in this way, no moment, no place, no company, free from intrusion, I must be no other to people than their slave."

"Ha! what—what is this?" asked the earl.

"It is a lady and her children dat do die at de door, my lord," answered Leclerc.

"Good Heaven!" cried the vicar, starting from his seat, and throwing his cards to young Crumpton; and, without asking permission, or making apology, he was on his way to leave the room.

Lord Richborough, together with his friend lord Tewksbury, were in a moment ready to follow the example of the vicar; but a noise at the door held them all mute and listening.—"I have not a moment, and must—must make my way to your lord!" sighed a feeble and dying voice.

"And," cried a strong and animated voice, in opposition to some resistance offered to the prayer of the weaker one—

"and,

“and, upon my soul now, what do you think that I am here for, but to make way for my lady?—Get back with you, sir, and let my lady pass! what do you mane with your impudence? don’t you know what is due to my lady Anne Oswestry, the greatest lady in the kingdom, I have no doubt of it?”

The servant was thrust from the door, and at the moment that every one in the saloon exclaimed—“Lady Anne Oswestry!” the door opened, and that unhappy person, though scarcely recognisable, by reason of sickness, grief, and suffering, was seen to enter. Her bending frame was sustained, her failing steps were guided, by a boy, of whom the countenance denoted all of intelligential and truest sympathy; while immediately after followed her two children, like twin sisters, born in, and nurtured by sorrow. They crept close to their mother, as if afraid, yet seeking to hide their faces in her robe. Lifey, though startled on the opening of the

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door



door by the burst of splendour, with one wide and desperate step from the matted passage, introduced himself in a line with the procession of his mistress and her children, and would have continued his march, if Leclerc had not uplifted his hand against his breast, and thus prevented his advance.

At first, lady Susan, though exclaiming with the rest her sister's name, on hearing its vociferation by Liffey, refused to acknowledge her sister, in the poor and faltering person who was now before her. She had not seen her during more than twelve years, and when she had seen her, fortune, pride, ambition, great spirit, great beauty, had shone in her person, flung their advantages in her path, and combined their several promises of glory. At first she could not recognise, in so poor a creature as now intruded upon her presence, the sister she had taught herself to envy, and then to hate.

But not long she was allowed to be uncertain of the truth—"Is my sister—is  
Susan

Susan here?" asked faintly the sufferer, as, guided by Claude, she advanced towards a sofa at the upper end of the saloon.

Lady Susan did not answer.

Again—"Is my sister here? Who are all these? Where is lord Richborough?"

"Here! here, Anne!" answered the good earl, as he flew forward, and received his sister into his arms. He clasped, and held her for some time upon his breast, Claude and her children standing round, and looking up, as if anxious to hear her whom they had followed speak again to them.

Lord Tewksbury, mean time, took young Crumpton by the hand, and motioning to the servants and Liffey to leave the room, followed them. At the same moment the vicar and sir Samuel drew forward the sofa, to which lady Anne had, on her entrance, hastened; and, as she declined from her brother's embrace, they would have guided her to a seat upon it, but she made an effort to restrain them, and

and again, with searching eyes, looked for her sister, inquiring too—"Where is Susan?"

At length her regard found lady Susan. She looked mournfully, but fondly, at her sister, and as if expecting some return of mingled mournfulness and fondness; but, in truth, her sister was lost in surprise, and knew not how to receive her—how to look upon her. The sufferer sighed deeply, and tottering forward, fell upon the sofa; she spoke not, nor could any one present ask her of her griefs or her desires; all stood before her, even Claude and her children, as if inanimate by surprise, or powerless through fear, while she looked yet steadily, but still affectionately, at her sister. After some time her eyes turned upon the countenance of sir Samuel Oswestry, and she seemed to recollect her purpose—"You know where Edmund is," she said.

"No," answered sir Samuel; "where is he?"

"Mad,

"Mad, and in a dungeon!" she answered, with a voice which seemed to communicate with the echo of fearful tidings, and to be fitted to its prolongation.

"What, your husband! your husband! poor Edmund Oswestry?" asked the compassionate earl, as he sprang forward to the end of the sofa, and throwing his left arm round his sister's neck, so propped her throbbing temples on his shoulder—"Where is he, Anne? where is your husband?"

The sufferer looked up to the countenance of her brother, as that kind countenance fell drooping over her; but her eyes were surcharged with tears; and now, in passing from her heart to her lips, all words failed, and were lost.

Claude, who had learned to love her since she had been kind to him, and made him her stay and support, could not bear her tears; he flung himself on his knees at her side, and pushing away the arm of lord Richborough, he supplied its place by his

his own, clasping her neck, and shedding tears and caresses upon her bosom. This action revived her recollection. It was not probable that she should live to journey further: that which she had to do must be done here; and to do right to Claude was her first and dearest object.—“ Claude! poor Claude! kind heart and excellent—where is thy mother, Claude?”

“ Here! here!” sobbed the pitying and caressing boy.

The jealousy of the companions of his childhood was excited, and they threw up their hands, and solicited, by signs of love and tenderness, the attention of their mother. They gained it: a look of energetic, but despairing affection, met them, and afterwards went in quest of some friend—some protector, on whom to lay the charge of their infancy.—“ Susan, my sister, come forward, I pray you!” cried the mother.

The vicar instinctively grasped the elbow

bow of lady Susan, and, unthinking of the impropriety, urged her forward.

The mother snatched her hand, and so held her for some time, looking wistfully, but not speaking. At length—"Can you never love me?" she inquired; "can you never pity me?"

"Yes, Anne, yes, I do pity you—I do forgive you!" answered lady Susan.

"Forgive me?" inquired the sufferer—"forgive me? did I ever do *you* wrong too? Say not that I have, for, Susan, I have done so much wrong, that now, in the time of my pain and dying, though I repent all—yes, all—truly, earnestly, religiously, repent of all, I cannot expiate all. No, no, I have seen her! I have seen her! she wore frowns and terrors, and on her brow was written a horrible sentence.—Oh, Claude! Claude! Claude! clasp me! hold me!"

She turned towards Claude; each fell upon the other's neck—each was silent in the embrace of the other. Lady Susan began

began to join her brother and the vicar in their emotions of sorrow; she sought for her handkerchief, while sir Samuel, the brother-in-law of the sufferer, stood alone unmoved, with a countenance dim and thoughtful, but collected.

The vicar was the first to speak; he saw that the sufferer needed medical advice, as well as spiritual consolation, and he whispered to lady Susan his intention of sending for a physician.

The sufferer heard, and immediately forbade the prosecution of his design.—“No, no!” she cried; “go not, vicar; I have business for you here. Physicians can now do me no good; it is the Physician of the soul I need! Him I need, who shall help me from this depth of apprehension and terror, to the hope of forgiveness and life; and if—if——” she clasped her hand, with the fervour of almost frantic emotion—“if any of you have formed designs in pride, and not in righteousness, thinking to live long and to be high and  
to

to be happy, lay them down—forsake them—forget them, or they shall requite you and themselves—shall gnaw you—shall feed on you—shall glut themselves with your groans and agonies—shall——” She struck her forehead, and fell back breathless on the sofa.

The vicar approached, and knelt at her feet. Several times he attempted to speak, and as often his voice failed him: his tears rolled over his cheeks, and the swelling of his breast declared the painfulness of his feelings.

“ Lady Anne,” he cried, “ look up! look up from your disconsolateness. Here is no one to condemn, but many to pity, to love you, to sustain you by their love and pity. I am—I——” he could not proceed for the strong obstructions of his full and tender sympathy—“ I am—a poor wretch in these matters, for I have no words with which to declare my master’s mission. Lady Anne—my poor child!—my daughter!—for now you are  
so.



so. Well then, my daughter, listen to me!"

The sufferer upraised her head, and looked at the venerable vicar, like an erring, but a penitent, child, towards an afflicted, but a forgiving parent.

"My daughter," continued the vicar, "I am sure that there is nothing which you have done, which, in the sight of Him whose minister I am, these your tears and sufferings shall not atone, empowering me to give you, through Him whose I am, a full and free remission. Look up then; fulfil the work, after the suggestions of that angel whose dwelling is—your conscience! Tell me all!—tell us all! I will give you, by delegation, nourishment to peace and everlasting life: and these—these—a brother—a sister—another brother—why do I reckon them?—all brothers and sisters, we will study, while you remain here, to make a welcome home to our sister who has rambled far; and, when fatigued, you take your rest

rest for ever, we will lay you in the grave, remembering you still in prayers, and with tears."

"Oh, vicar!" cried the sufferer, "that which is done——"

"Must be confessed," said the vicar; "that they who are invested with the prerogative may condemn, or remit.—Where is penitence, is no rancour. There, error, and pride, and sin, have been, but are not; and there shall not be condemnation, but remission. What says my daughter?"

Her countenance was fast changing: she herself seemed terrified at her own helplessness; yet a listlessness, of the progress of which she was entirely conscious, was mastering, bearing down those emotions of terror. She strove to hasten: she would have answered the vicar—she would have replied to his adjuration, and received his blessing; but colder—and more—and yet more powerless she became. She sought her sister—"Susan! Susan!" she

she whispered; then having secured her sister's attention, while pointing towards her daughters, she continued—"They are mine! their father is at Rouen, in a prison! liberate him—mine was the crime! And——" her voice acquired a little more force—"hear me, Susan! Guard—I pray you guard my daughters."

"I will—be assured I will—I will be to them as a mother!" answered lady Susan, softened—entirely subdued by the entreaties of her dying sister.

The sufferer pressed her hand, and smiled her gratitude. Then—"Sir Samuel!" she called.

He advanced.

"Seek your brother!—seek my husband!—seek the father of those poor girls—the sad, the wretched Edmund! He is at Rouen!—remember, at Rouen! Will you seek him?—will you free him?"

"Doubt it not: I will," answered sir Samuel Oswestry.

A moment, and the sufferer closed her eyes,

eyes, not as in forgetfulness, but rather as in search of recollection. She started with renewed energy, and called her brother and the vicar. They stood on each side, sir Samuel between them. Again—"Frederick! Vicar!" she called, and with a glance of terrified eagerness, she regarded first the one, then the other. There was the impression of something yet to do—of some commission the most important—of some charge the most solemn. But what charge, what commission, what duty she had of which to acquit to herself, it was but too evident she could not recollect. She paused. It glanced. She shrieked the name of Claude so piercingly, that the roof of the apartment opposed as it were the vibration of her cry, and sent it back, for yet it eddied and quivered long and piercingly. Claude was upon her breast. With a last effort of strength she held him forward, advancing too herself, and seeming to address her brother and  
the

the vicar, for her lips motioned—but not a word passed between them.

The earl and the vicar bent themselves towards her, catching the boy in their arms, and endeavouring to hear her charge respecting him. She continued: she strove to address them, but there was no utterance. An expression of the most poignant and desperate agony took place upon her features, as, surrendering the boy to her brother and the vicar, she once more fell back upon the sofa. Her efforts, and their great pain, were evident—too terribly evident. Claude, afflicted for her, frightened at the contortions of her countenance, threw out cries the most impassioned, violent, and rending. But in a moment, with the quickness of the thought, ceasing these, he sunk from the hands of the earl and vicar, and drawing from his bosom the ebony cross of the Prior of Fécamp, he held it devoutly up before the sufferer. It is the sign of peace; and now, in the moment of pain and tribulation, its effect

was

was tranquillizing. The pains of the afflicted had been swelled by the unbroken, unrayed view of disappointment. This sign recalled to other views—the view of sufferings relieved, of sins acquitted, of heaven attained. The penitent contemplated it: her features calmed, and assumed the placidity of patience—of patient expectation—of benignant hope. She spared one look from it to the boy, who imparted to her such a sign. She smiled pleasingly and gratefully upon him. He held the cross higher. Her regard and smile rose with it—from it—unto Heaven. Death passed at this instant, but not without leaving his shade upon her: her cheeks took his hue; her eyes were quenched, yet was there a smile upon her lips; but she was—dead.

END OF VOL. II.

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